

January 18, 1941

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



George Windsor, Citizen of London

Cabled by Quentin Reynolds

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LEFT: Here you can see what Nature's Protective Blending does to protect the red fox. So easily does he elude the hunter's searching eyes, that dogs must be used to track him down.

BELOW: Out in the open, however, the red fox could easily be taken, even with bow and arrow. But this wily creature is too smart to be caught like this. He takes advantage of Nature's Protective Blending.

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gargle Listerine Quick!



A careless sneeze, or an explosive cough, can shoot troublesome germs in your direction at mile-a-minute speed. In case they invade the tissues of your throat, you may be in for throat irritation, a cold—or worse.

If you have been thus exposed, better gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at your earliest opportunity. Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the germs on mouth and throat surfaces known as "secondary invaders". . . often helps render them powerless to invade the tissue and aggravate infection. Used early and often, Listerine may head off a cold, or reduce the severity of one already started.

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Tests have shown germ reductions ranging to 96.7% on mouth and throat surfaces fifteen minutes after a Listerine gargle. Even one hour after, reductions up to 80% in the number of surface germs associated with colds and sore throat were noted.

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why Listerine Antiseptic in the last nine years has built up such an impressive test record against colds.

Fewer and Milder Colds in Tests

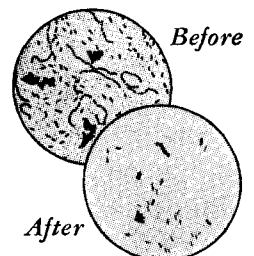
Tests conducted during nine years of careful research showed that those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not gargle. And fewer sore throats, also.

So remember, if you have been exposed to others suffering from colds, if you feel a cold coming on, gargle Listerine Antiseptic—*quick!*

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

HERE'S HOW LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

The two drawings at right illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



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JANUARY 18, 1941

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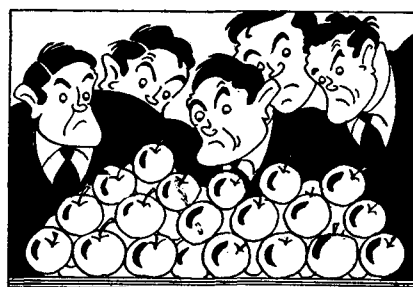
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COVER

LAWSON WOOD

ANY WEEK

PERHAPS we're a bit late with this, the football season having come at last to an inevitable end with the exception, of course, of the Greeks and the Italians, who seem unable to get out of the Albanian Soup Bowl. But this just goes to show you how the lads in at least one of our better football universities die for their alma mater. Mr. Ed Haldeman of Hollywood reports: "I am on my way to San Francisco on the Daylight Limited. Pretty soon I am sitting in a blackjack game with these college boys, who are on their way to play their traditional rival for the final game of the season. In about half an hour I notice that these big athletes are pretty boisterous and upon close scrutiny I find that each has a very large bottle on his hip. I take a few bucks off these boys, who are getting stiffer and stiffer, when in walks a small, dapper, traveling salesman party who sits in the game after listening good-naturedly to remarks about his race and religion. In five minutes this little party wins the deal and two hours later he still has the deal to say nothing about all the boys' money and two bucks of mine. The bottles are now empty and the college athletes are beginning to feel very sad and squeamish, when in comes the water boy with word that Father So-and-so is coming. The priest is a good guy who has come along to see that everything goes all right with the boys. The boys throw the bottles out the window and in comes the Father with a big bag of very red apples and, what's more, he sits down and makes each boy eat all of his apple, as he tells me apples help to keep his boys in condition. To my great surprise these boys lose the game twenty-one to nothing, and I am told that next year they are going to cut down on apples."



IF WE hadn't received, in the nick of time, a fiercely indignant letter from Captain Myles Thorberg Benz of Hartford, Connecticut, we might have started out on this weekly adventure in high spirits. And no columnist has the right to do that. As you know, it is the columnist's bounden duty to find out what's going on and get sore about it. It sounds easy but it isn't. Captain Benz's letter for example. Somebody has been telling the captain that munitions workers are making themselves ridiculous by buying silk shirts and champagne and otherwise "flaunting

their war-born wealth with outrageous disregard for taste and morals." The captain wants us to inveigh hoarsely against this dismal display of human weakness. But somehow we can't push ourselves around to it. And it's chiefly the captain's fault. For example, he fails to include in his letter the reasons why a high-income group like munitions workers shouldn't wear silk shirts and guzzle champagne. We're sure we would if we could afford it. Perhaps the captain has overlooked the possibility that the silk shirts and the champagne are mere gestures and, as such, good for the soul that has crept along for many lean years on denim and beer. Many years ago we resolved that if we ever came into money we'd do what a boyhood idol, Uncle Ellick Willard, did when his brother died leaving him a windfall of two hundred and forty dollars. Uncle Ellick Willard was a sort of handyman in our village. When presently the lawyer handed him the money he bought an abandoned trolley car for two hundred dollars and the rest he invested in cakes and a large cask of root beer. Then he invited all us kids to the trolley car to eat and drink with him. That party will be green in our memory while memory lasts.

CONGRESSMAN MARTIN DIES to the contrary, we have plenty of evidence that Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's F.B.I. is energetically on the alert. There is Mr. Rafael Escallon, a Cartagena, Colombia, student of journalism at Syracuse University, for example. Mr. Escallon's father is a newspaper proprietor in Cartagena. A year ago while a student at a Virginia prep school, Mr. Escallon wrote several pieces for his father's paper, one of which was somewhat critical of England's failure to help Poland and Czechoslovakia fight Hitler. Someone in Colombia sent the article to someone in Canada. From Canada it was mailed to Washington. Immediately a couple of G-men appeared at the Virginia school. They were still investigating Mr. Escallon for Nazi infection when the young fellow moved on to Syracuse. Our man called on Mr. Escallon, who said that he thought he'd finally convinced Mr. Hoover's investigators that he is honest. "It was very interesting, most flattering," said young Mr. Escallon. "Your F.B.I. told me that they were very glad that I realized that geographically it was too difficult for England to send help to Czechoslovakia and Poland. I hope that when I am a full-fledged journalist my articles will be so widely read by important people."

WE HOPE it isn't too noticeable, but we are in rather a hurry to finish this column that we may plunge into the excitement of Idaho Potato and Onion Week. It is just about to commence and we are warned by its sponsors to

make no effort to preserve former potato-and-onion-week records because they're doomed. If we survive we shall proceed immediately to Peanut Week which will be followed without pause by Hot Tea Week. Our participation in all of these and more has been urged, but we don't know. Our mail fetches us the 1941 schedule of weeks and we find that ninety-six weeks will be nationally celebrated. Nevertheless, we shall probably be unable to refuse bids to quite a number of these mad carnivals. In fact, we're already committed to Sew and Save Week, Canned Salmon Week, Be Kind to Animals Week, Notion Week, Spark Plug Change Week, Straw Hat (Tentative) Week, Iced Tea Week, Dog Week, Letter Writing Week, Macaroni and Noodle Week, Hard of Hearing Week, Sweetheart Week, Pajama Week and (we can scarcely wait) Lie Fallow Week. We have a feeling that the latter week will be more or less necessary if we get that far.



NATURALLY this magazine is never surprised by the enthusiasm of its readers. We get it out that way. And yet it was not until we published the inspiring story of Mr. Irving Davidson or Schnitz, "The Mayor of Forty-fourth Street," that wild applause broke out before publication. For two days before this here Schnitz saga entered the mails or appeared on the newsstands we were receiving congratulatory post cards. Ever since the clamor has grown in intensity. It is a coincidence, of course, that each day's harvest of post cards is mailed at the same hour, at the same post office—Schnitz's. They seem also to have been written with the same pencil in the same hand. Naturally we can't account for this and we're not trying. Knowing that Schnitz would be interested, we called him up and told him of the phenomenon. "Soiteny is funny," said Mr. Schnitz. "Soiteny is. Please to read a sample to me on the phone." So we read one from Mrs. I. Katz. "Gents," wrote Mrs. Katz. "Give us more dope on this here character Schnitz quick next coming edition in near future. Some boy." We told Mr. Schnitz that we had dozens like Mrs. Katz's. He seemed nonplused. But he soon regained his speech.

"SOITENY is," said Schnitz. . . . W. D.

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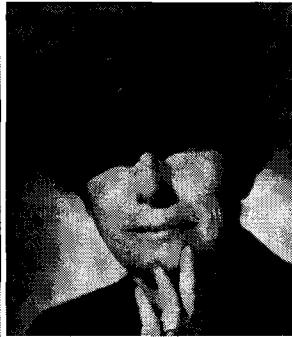
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BOOKS YOU WILL SOON BE READING

— they are all Book-of-the-Month Club Choices...



Ernest Hemingway's new novel, *FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS*, was the Club's November choice. No book in recent years has received such universal and warm praise from all critics.



Margaret Armstrong in *TRE-LAWNY* has written a biography of "one of the most genuine originals of our race;" it was our October choice, and is rising swiftly on all best-seller lists.



William Saroyan's new book, *MY NAME IS ARAM* is a delightful puckish picture of a small boy which, we have a hunch, may go the way of Clarence Day's *Life With Father*.



Franz Werfel's new novel *EM-BEZZLED HEAVEN*, is the Club's December book—a quiet, deeply thoughtful work in an entirely different vein from the exciting *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*.



Willa Cather's new novel, *SAPPHIRE AND THE SLAVE GIRL*, is her first book in five years. The scene is pre-Civil War Virginia; it is in the mood of *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.



Hans Zinsser's book, *AS I REMEMBER HIM*, was a Club choice just prior to his death; if any book deserves its present place, among the top best-sellers in the nation, it is this.



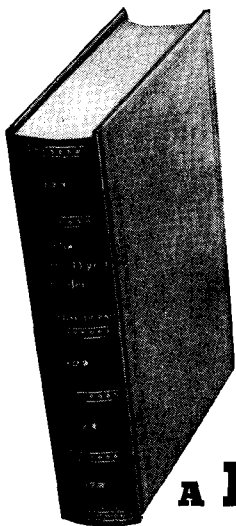
Jan Struther, with *MRS. MINIVER*, is a new author to Americans—instantly and widely introduced, as so many authors have been in the past, when her book was chosen in August.



Gontran de Poncins, a Frenchman, has written *KABLOONA*, an extraordinary book about Eskimos—beautifully translated and strikingly illustrated. It too will appear very soon.



Van Wyck Brooks' *NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER* is, in the opinion of many, even more absorbing than *The Flowering of New England*. It was our judges' choice for September.



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FEW people realize that writers who now have become as famous as Pearl Buck, Clarence Day, Stephen Vincent Benét, Sigrid Undset, Hervey Allen, John Steinbeck, J. B. Priestley—and a score of others little less known—were first introduced to a nation-wide book-reading public by having one of their books selected, and then distributed to every tiny corner of the country, by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Fully a million perspicacious book-readers—in the families which use the Book-of-the-Month Club service—now rely upon it to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in.

Time and again you buy the "book-of-the-month"—not knowing it has previously been chosen by our judges—merely because some discerning friend has said warmly: "There's a book you must not miss." How sensible to get these books from the Club, since you pay no more for the books you buy, and save enormously in other ways.

Here is the simple procedure: You are not obliged, as a subscriber of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

You receive a carefully written report about the book-of-the-month chosen by our four judges, *in advance of its publication*. If it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

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In addition, there is a great money-saving. More often than not—as the writers and books mentioned above demonstrate—our judges' choices are books you find yourself buying anyway. *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

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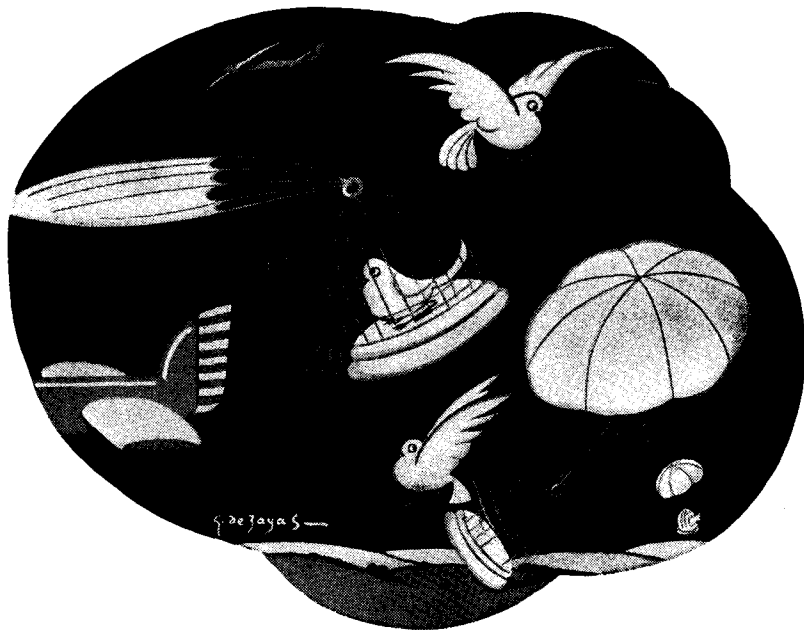
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Or apply to your local Junior Chamber of Commerce



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

As it is too dangerous to release Army pigeons from planes traveling at high speed, the birds will soon be launched in metal cages equipped with parachutes. An automatic device opens the door when the forward movement of the cage has been slowed up sufficiently for the pigeon to take to the air.

Not long ago, a Harvard professor conducted a test among 1,500 persons before whom he played two phonograph records, asking the listeners to state which they preferred. Fifty-nine per cent concurred with "critics," who, he said, had liked one or the other, and ninety-six per cent did not realize that the recordings were identical.

Water must be added to certain antifreeze materials to keep them from freezing. For example, pure ethylene glycol solidifies at 10 degrees F. above zero, while a 50-50 mixture solidifies at 40 degrees below zero. Pure glycerin freezes at about 60 above zero, while a 70 per cent glycerin and 30 per cent water mixture freezes at about 34 below zero.—By W. J. Arthur, Charleston, West Virginia.

The largest pari-mutuel pay-off in the history of American horse racing was won by a poolroom proprietor in Anna, Illinois, on August 14, 1939, when he placed a daily double \$2 bet on "Merry Caroline" and "Joy Bet," running at Washington Park in Chicago, and received the whole pool, which amounted to \$10,772.

Among the many slang and colloquial words and phrases that originated in England and were in common use long before the birth of the United States are: Beat it, booze, frisk, grub, gyp, hick, kid, lousy, mammy, mob, mooch and racket.

As there are twenty-nine different-sized teaspoons in use in this country, few of which hold an exact medicinal dosage of one eighth of an ounce or one dram, a true medicinal teaspoon will soon be supplied free with each prescription by all American druggists.

Canada's Pelee Island in Lake Erie lies wholly or partly south of the northern boundaries of twenty-six of our forty-eight states.—By Jay E. Adams, San Antonio, Texas.

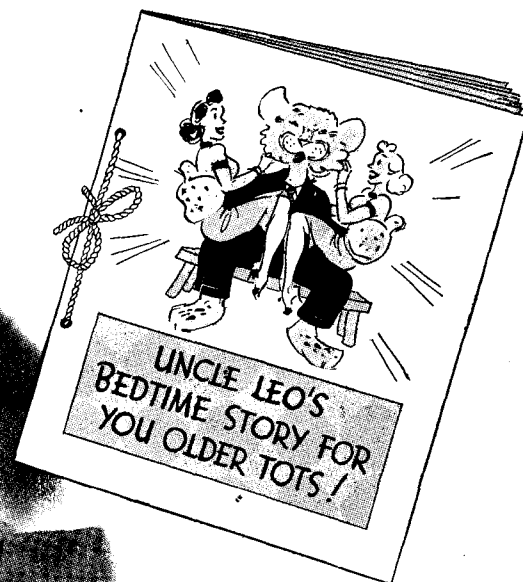
The world's largest airplane, the new Douglas B-19 bomber, has 8,000 horsepower, or double that of almost all steam or electric locomotives, is large enough to transport a crew of ten and 125 fully armed soldiers and can fly to Europe and back without refueling, having a capacity for 11,000 gallons of gasoline, or a quantity equal to that carried by a railroad tank car.—By Joseph Trojan, Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

As The Billboard, a trade journal of the entertainment world published in Cincinnati, has been, for many years, the clearinghouse for mail addressed to the thousands of show people who are constantly on the road, the War Department was obliged to recognize this magazine recently as the "permanent address" of about 750 men who registered for the draft.—By Harold Ziegler, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The annual tax paid to the federal government on tobacco and alcoholic beverages exceeds \$1,200,000,000, or a sum larger than the assessed valuation of all real estate in such great cities as Baltimore, Cleveland or Pittsburgh.

When a man dies among the Warramunga, a tribe of Australia, his wife, mother, sisters, mother-in-law and sisters-in-law are placed under a strict ban of silence and have to use a gesture language for from one to two years. As they often continue this custom long after the ban has been lifted, it is not uncommon to find the majority of women in many villages talking only with their hands.—By Daniel Price, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



Cary, Katharine and Jimmy
are three jolly chums from P-H-I-L-A-D-E-L-P-H-I-A



A blue-blooded heiress (spirited, sporting, scandalizing) gets herself engaged to a self-made stuffed shirt (pompous, petty and prudish)! When she sets out to deflate him, the feathers fly! You'll love the way Katharine Hepburn bowls him over.



Besides the stuffed shirt, there are two other fellows—they both think Katharine is rare, reckless and racy. Cary Grant is the ex-husband who's crazy about removing the 'ex' and Jimmy Stewart is a reporter who hates his assignment but loves the subject of it!



Champagne flows...moonlight beams...and things look pretty romantic to Katharine and Jimmy around midnight! They look pretty suspicious to a couple of other fellows but the whole scene will be a laughing matter to you!



It's anyone's guess who's going to meet Katharine and the parson at the finish line! But it's a fast and racy story to the amazing end! (No wonder the play rocked and shocked Broadway for a solid year.)

Cary *Katharine* *James*
GRANT HEPBURN STEWART
in
The Philadelphia Story

with **RUTH HUSSEY**

JOHN HOWARD • ROLAND YOUNG • JOHN HALLIDAY • MARY NASH • VIRGINIA WEIDLER

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart • Based on the Play by Philip Barry

Produced by The Theatre Guild Inc. • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by **GEORGE CUKOR** • Produced by **JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ**



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Wing Talk



TWO of our greatest natural resource assets for air defense are being neglected: spruce and lakes. In the Pacific Northwest, and in southeastern Alaska, crowding down the shaggy mountainsides for hundreds of miles along the shores of the Inside Passage, are boundless forests of tall Sitka or western spruce. It is straight-grained, light and strong—the best all-round wood material for airplane rib and spar work. Now that all of us want to see our skies blackened with American planes in a big hurry, aviation engineers are contending out loud again that "wood-and-fabric" planes can be made as strong as those of metal alloys for all except the highest-performance ships, and treated to be no more combustible. There is a heat point where dural, the aluminum alloy most used in planes, will burn like film.

Widespread devotion to all-metal construction grew here at least partly because of the necessity of "selling" the air. In the first years of plane travel horror of the idea of fire aloft, or of parts breaking off, were serious deterrents to public acceptance. To the average person without technical knowledge, metal is a symbol of strength and non-inflammability. The engineer knows there are qualifications. Anyhow, air safety really came with government regulation, federal airways, businesslike operations and responsible personnel—so that today it makes no difference to your expectation of life whether the planes you travel in are made of cast-iron or tissue paper.

There was another factor in the swing to all-metal. The industry was engaged in the elusive chase of the ship that would be "stamped out" in a few big chunks. Plastics may bring that time-and-labor-saving process before this war is over. At present, however, manufacturing economies remain in a toss-up between the number of man-hours required for riveting alloy sheet skins and man-and-woman hours for stretching, taping, sewing and doping wing fabric.

In Europe wood-and-fabric was never so completely sidetracked. The Germans never made the mistake of becoming addicted to but one general construction type in either planes or engines. The Wellington bomber is among British ships using wood-and-fabric. Pictures recently observed of the

famous Hurricane pursuit assembly line reveal wood ribbing and sparring. Last-moment advice, however, is that England is now going all-metal simply because her aviation wood reserves have run out.

The argument between "w-f" and "a-m" runs along many scientific alleys in which your reporter can't guide. You hear about "specific gravity" (spruce wins), and "effective strength in compression" (aluminum wins). About physical characteristics, splintering, deterioration, longevity and such things. Much of this discussion, now say fliers and engineers alike, has been invalidated by the European war's demonstration that in the application of air force the life of the airplane, a comparatively inexpensive military weapon, should not be considered.

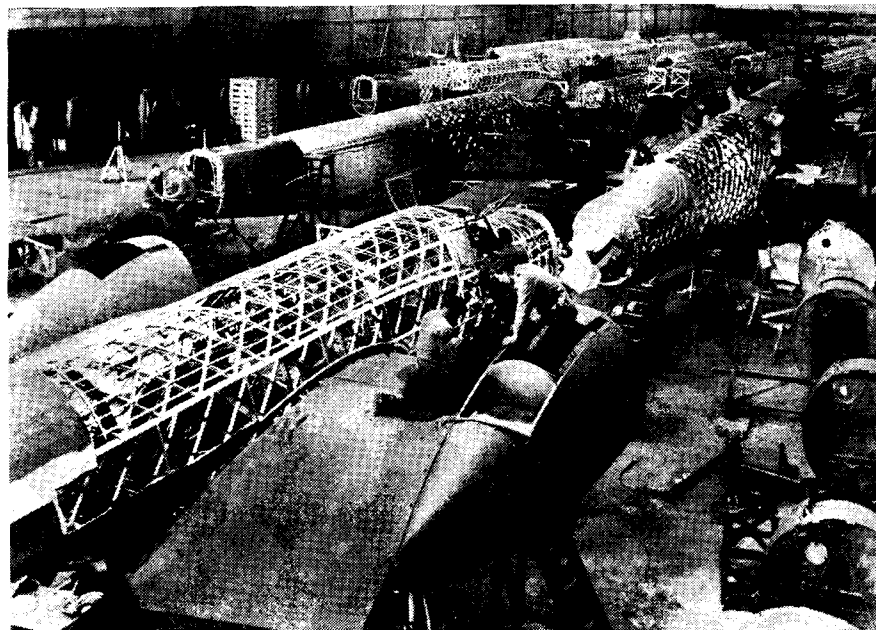
From this side line it seems: Metal construction has great merits. Wood-and-fabric has merits, too—certainly for all plane types in lower-speed brackets. And the designers of your country's sky armadas feel that, quality being acceptable, in this emergency need of quantity, both types should be exploited. Meanwhile, the world's greatest source of fine spruce, owned by us, stands virtually uncut.

Our foremost plants for the manufacture of pursuits, bombers and transports are wholly committed to a no-longer-necessary "sales" premise—and, what is more binding practically, machined and tooled only for it. Wood-and-fabric scarcely persists with us, except for gliders and light planes. Not the least danger, mourned by aeronautical engineers, is that this country is threatened with complete loss of its once great and outstanding skill in the art of airplane woodworking.

Lakes, next week.

WE'RE great for reversing things. In the last war the famous Liberty motor of Packard—miracle of its day, and best for many years after 1918—was block-mounted on trucks and driven to the top of Pike's Peak for tests under altitude conditions. This was the highest point in the United States then accessible by highway. There were no planes available in which the engines might be set. Today, planes are piling up in hangars—waiting for motors.

W. B. C.



Wood and fabric go into Britain's Wellington Bombers

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"Commercial airline passengers are good life insurance risks. Connecticut General was a pioneer in granting them full coverage at standard rates. We place no restrictions upon air travelers using the scheduled airlines of the nation."



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"We congratulate the Air Transport Industry on its record of efficiency—and in doing so, remove all restrictions on coverage of air passengers of these carriers in the United States, placing them in the same class as those using other forms of transport."



MR. JOHN A. STEVENSON, *President, The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, Philadelphia:*

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Over 3 million passengers flew more than a billion passenger miles in the past year; nearly 4 million will travel a far greater total of miles by air in 1941!

This is dramatic evidence of the essential place the airlines now occupy in the nation's transportation system.

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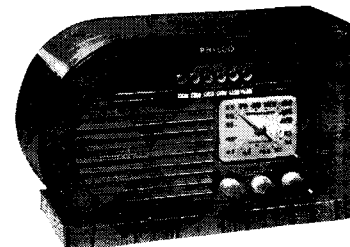
All these new joys, in addition to startling improvements in radio reception, are yours *only* in a Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph.

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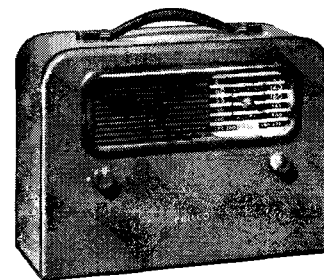
PHILCO 608 P Radio-Phonograph illustrated above, brings you these new Philco achievements at a popular price. Automatic Record Changer, powerful 9-tube circuit, amazing American and Foreign radio reception with new kind of Overseas Wave-Band. Handsome cabinet of hand-rubbed Walnut. Only \$12.95 down.



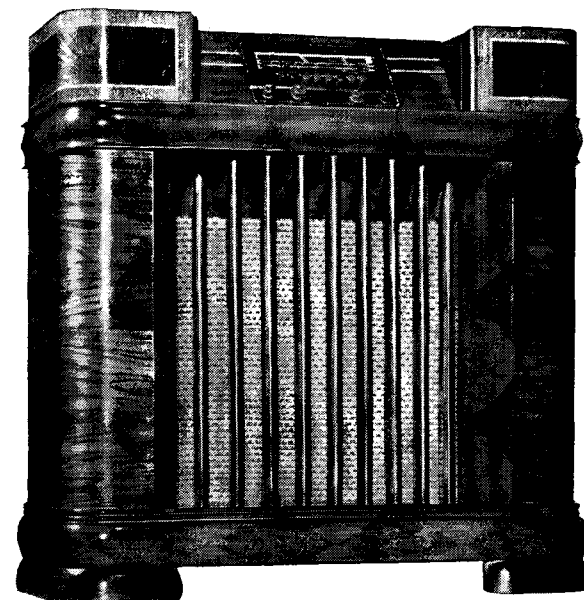
PHILCO-Transitone PT 4. AC-DC. The gleaming beauty of an ivory-finished plastic cabinet and the finest tone quality ever achieved in a compact. New, powerful 6-inch Oval Speaker, Beam Power output, Improved Built-In Loop Aerial, Illuminated Horizontal Dial. Many other models, from \$9.95 to \$19.95.



PHILCO 231 T. An amazing AC-DC table radio at a record-low price! New Overseas Wave-Band, Built-In American and Overseas Aerial System give powerful short-wave reception. Beam Power Pentode output. Six Electric Push-Buttons. Walnut cabinet with graceful modern lines. Only \$29.95.



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Prices, F. O. B. Factories . . . subject to change without notice.

Tough as Whitleather

By James Street

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Mister Plunkett didn't know much about patriotism but he was the best soldier Andy Jackson had when he fought the Battle of New Orleans

MISTER WHITLOCK PLUNKETT'S gaunt, lined cheek brushed the cherry stock of his rifle gun and he moved the long octagon barrel a bit to the right until he got the bead he wanted, his silver sight dead center on the Britisher's chest, two inches above the crossplate, at fair buck range.

He squeezed his whole trigger hand, exerting a quarter of a pound of pressure, and a splinter of fire flashed in the pan. His rifle cracked. The enemy skirmisher jerked erect, then lurched, clutching at a tree trunk as he fell. Mister Plunkett ducked and darted twenty paces to the left and the spot where he had been was mowed by fire.

The somber expression in Mister Plunkett's cold, gray eyes never changed. His eyes, shadowed by bushy brows, were bloodshot from fatigue and were swollen puffy from powder. His scraggly brows and long hair were shot with silver and he looked like a determined undertaker out making business. He had killed a man, a British sharpshooter, one of the King's Rifles. He knew the soldier was a sharpshooter because he had worn a jacket of Sherwood green, a custom handed down from the days of Robin Hood. The Green Jackets were harder to hit than the Red Coats and were better men in the woods than their musket brothers.

Mister Plunkett measured a charge of Eagle fine superfine grain powder with his eye and began reloading. He spread a greasy rifle patch over the muz-

zle of his gun, selected a ball from the supply in his mouth and shoved it down the barrel with his hickory ramrod. He tapped the ball three times to set it just so and then he primed with fine, fine superfine.

He looked first to the east, studying the swamp over there, and then the stunted cypress woods in which he was hiding. Then he glanced to the west, across the cane stubble of Chalmette, along the two ditches the Americans had dug and down Rodriguez Canal that ran from the swamp to the Mississippi River. He counted again the eight batteries along the ramparts, an embankment just behind the canal two thirds of a mile long. The ramparts were of mud, fence rails, barrel staves and cypress boughs, five to eight feet high and four to ten feet thick. They had built the ramparts in two weeks, taking two days off to repel the British. They had tried cotton bales, but they caught fire too easily. Gumbo mud was better.

It was a right fancy job of work, Mister Plunkett thought. He hadn't known Southerners had enough get-up-and-get to do so much work in such a hurry.

He measured the field again. Must be nigh eight hundred yards from the woods to the river. Mighty little space for an army to work in. The ditches petered out just before they reached the woods and Mister Plunkett's outpost. He wondered why Andy Jackson hadn't dug the ditches into the woods. Perhaps it was a trap. The British might mass there to avoid the ditches. But they still must cross the canal



The Royal Scots Fusiliers and the Forty-third Monmouthshires charged, with General Pakenham leading them

and ramparts. It was a needle's eye. And it'd be easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye. . . .

He glanced through the cypress at the body of the Green Jacket and, confident that he was safe for the minute, propped his rifle against a tree and took a thong of whitleather from around his neck. There were twelve knots in the thong. Mister Plunkett tied the thirteenth and muttered, "Thirteen down and six to go."

Mister Plunkett, No. 1 Rifleman of half-breed Pierre Jugeat's Choctaws, hadn't traveled alone from Eastport, District of Maine, to Chalmette to defend New Orleans because he loved New Orleans. He didn't give a cobbler's curse about the town. He wasn't particularly interested in the causes of the War of 1812 or in the results. Mister Plunkett was fighting because he had a grudge and had made a vow. He didn't give a whoop about preservation of the United States. He thought the states a bunch of brawling, poor little republics that were always hollering and mouthing about liberty, justice and sovereignty. Mister Plunkett didn't understand all those big trick words and wanted no truck with all that talk about liberty and brotherhood. Slick words. Politicians' words.

THE Down Easterner never wasted a word. He'd as lief waste a rifle ball. He wanted only to be left alone and because he'd always had so much liberty he never associated freedom with the joy of being left alone and never reasoned that a man might have to fight for the right to be left alone. Down East they said he was stubborn, cantankerous and not too bright. Not batty or addlepat, but just a mite thick. Mister Plunkett didn't know much about most things, but he knew the British owed him a debt of nineteen prize hides and he had traveled slap-dab across the whole United States to collect.

His hides were stored in Eastport when the British took the town. They hadn't ought to have done that. Many New Englanders favored the British and didn't want any part of Mr. Madison's war. But the Red Coats shouldn't have moved in like that and acted so high and mighty. It peeved some of the folks.

Mister Plunkett was in the woods running his trap lines when a covey of marines stole a keg of rum and then went hellin'. They fired the warehouse where Mister Plunkett's hides were, but they wouldn't burn, being green. So the marines shot them full of holes. It was sinful waste. That's what made Mister Plunkett so mad. He would have been fist-fighting mad if they had stolen his hides, but to shoot them full of holes—

They were no good to anybody now and the wanton waste made Mister



Plunkett killing-mad, which is to be distinguished from Mister Plunkett's fist-fighting and gouging mood. But he kept his mouth shut until he got a load of Demerara rum. Then he made dire threats against the British.

Some of the boys joshed him and asked him what he aimed to do about his hides and Mister Plunkett said, "They shot holes in my hides, so I aim to shoot holes in theirs."

"Nineteen of 'em?" somebody asked.

"No more, no less. Where be they?"

"They're standing for Boston. The nabobs got the marines out of town after they cut up so unmoderatelike."

Mister Plunkett took one last swallow of rum and got his gun. He had never been farther than fifty miles from Eastport. "I wasn't aiming to go so far, so I better get going. I ain't coming back until I collect. Might take me a few weeks, but I'll be back before long."

He worked his way on a schooner to Cape Cod and walked to Boston. There

were no British there, so he continued to New London, thence to New York. Hearing there were Red Coats out in Pennsylvania, he worked his way out there, driving a wagon. He got as far west as Ohio without seeing a Britisher, then headed for Washington City.

THE months rolled by. When Mister Plunkett got broke, which was often, he took odd jobs until he got a stake, then moved on. He found Washington City in ashes and no British. He pushed on to Pensacola where they told him he'd find plenty of British around New Orleans. Mister Plunkett stole a horse, took the Old Spanish Trail and wound up in New Orleans, broke, hungry, disgusted and baffled.

He had no idea exactly where he was or how far he had traveled. When he told folks he was from Maine, they just grinned tolerantly and muttered, "Another drunken flatboatman from Kaintuck. His tongue is so thick he can't talk English."

Mister Plunkett had never dreamed that the United States was so big or that there were so many kinds of races, money, religions and politics in the world. No two men seemed to agree on anything except that they wanted to be left alone to run their brains, hands, hearts, souls and pocketbooks as they slap-dabbed pleased. Mister Plunkett felt the same way about things.

He joined the Mississippi Dragoons to get a square meal. He borrowed a dollar on his horse and pitched the coin onto a big drum. That meant he was volunteering. General Hinds of the Dragoons spotted him at once. He looked too old, too gaunt to stand the hardships of the Dragoons. General Hinds asked his name.

"Whitlock Plunkett."

"Say 'sir' to me!" the general snapped.

Mister Plunkett looked at the general for several seconds, turning the command over in his mind. "That's a moderate request. I'll do it. I'll say 'sir' to you if you'll say 'mister' to me."

General Hinds flushed angrily, then smiled. He had noticed the fine rifle. "Very well, Mister Plunkett. You talk like a Yankee."

"Nope, sir. Yankees are Connecticut. I'm from Maine."

The general gaped at Mister Plunkett, then whistled. "That's part of Massachusetts. How'd you get so far from home?"

"That's my business, sir. I ain't asking you a string of fool questions."

General Hinds was irked at such insolence and bad manners. Here was a

queer one. Andy Jackson had some strange critters in his army, but this one took the cake. Hinds said, "You don't need a rifle like that in the Dragoons."

"Then I won't stay in the Dragoons. All I want is to get fair buck range of nineteen Lobsterbacks."

Hinds wanted him, but for the good of the army he sent him to Pierre Jugeat, half-French, half-Choctaw captain of fifty Flathead scouts and sharpshooters. Mister Plunkett smiled for the first time in months when he saw Jugeat. The captain was wearing his red cap with a tassel. Mister Plunkett liked red caps. Some of the woodsmen back home wore them.

He liked everything about the Choctaw scouts except their odor and their flat heads. None of them could speak English. He liked that, too. Wouldn't be pestered with talk. Jugeat made him prove his rifle and he transferred from the Dragoons to the scouts and was issued moccasins, buckskins, a tomahawk and a scalping knife. He didn't get a red cap. Only the captain could wear one.

Mister Plunkett went to General Hinds and asked for a bit of white leather. It was issued and, grateful for the favor and warmed by his whisky ration, he told Hinds:

"I ain't good at figures. Want this whitleather to keep count of the Britishers I kill. One knot, one man."

Bit by bit, the soldiers picked Mister Plunkett's story out of him and reckoned he was batty. The story got to Andy Jackson. He hadn't seen Mister Plunkett and had formed his opinion from reports. For some reason, General Jackson got Mister Plunkett's first name of Whitlock confused with whitleather and called him, "Mister Whitleather." He became a sort of symbol to Jackson and the commander often told young recruits, "Work hard and some day you'll be tough as Mister Whitleather."

MISTER PLUNKETT and the Choctaws were sent below New Orleans in December and began skirmishing right off while Jackson tried to outguess the British, fortify his lines, keep peace in New Orleans, pacify the War Department, train an army, quell rebellion, cure his wound, watch his cranky digestion and write his wife with reasonable regularity.

The first knot in Mister Plunkett's thong was tied the night of December twenty-third in a fight near Villeré's plantation. He and a Choctaw jumped two Red Coats in a thicket and Mister Plunkett shot his man in the head. The Choctaw used his tomahawk.

He bagged two pickets on Christmas day and two Highlanders in a pitched battle on the twenty-eighth. He had

(Continued on page 59)

Mister Plunkett fired, but he wasn't sure he got a man. He moved his gun and brought it to bear on a Scotsman



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YOU can struggle with the theme of Dorothy Comingore until you've turned an obnoxious green but at some point in the story you'll be forced to admit that the dame has a touch of Cinderella or something. The fact that the noble knight who rescued Miss Comingore was Orson Welles has some significance. When Mr. Welles does something, he does it. He not only dragged Comingore up from a deep hole but she was sunk so firmly that he had to grope for her with grappling hooks. She is his leading lady in his first screen venture, *Citizen Kane*. No unknown ever came so far so fast. If that isn't something, what is something?

Hollywood is full of stories of little beauties being discovered in drugstores but there was never any chance of Comingore being spotted in a public place. She is a faintly red-haired lady with all the forwardness of a faun and the general appearance of a mouse. She is about twenty-six years old and you couldn't pick her out of a crowd because you wouldn't know she was in the crowd. Once you notice she is around, however, you'll begin to get surprised. You'll find she has fascinating eyes. If you can overcome the initial impression that she's a dope, you'll discover that she is three times smarter than anybody in the vicinity. After a bit of this you'll decide she's a raving beauty. That's what is known as personality.

Up until six months ago Miss Comingore was known in Hollywood as Linda Winters, a name stuck on her at Warners when she did a stint for them as a contract player. That period lasted three months and is remembered by nobody. She then went over to Columbia and stayed a year. This period is remembered by nobody but Comingore, who remembers it with horror. She acted in everything, did off-stage voices, walk-ons and bits. Her only decent part was as one of the girls who met Mr. Smith at the station when Mr. Smith came to Washington.

It Couldn't be Any Worse

That great role evidently went to her head because soon after she refused a call for an unfortunate role and was suspended. Her agent prevailed upon her to go back. She went back and was given a part as a stooge for the Three Stooges. She rebelled and was booted forthwith into outer darkness. An idea of her importance may be gleaned from the fact that at the end of the year she was still getting the \$75 a week she started with, a wage comparable to peonage in the film colony. Being fired from that was like being transferred from Alcatraz to Devil's Island.

But during the year at Columbia one event had broken the dullness of her misery: Orson Welles had come out from New York with his beard and had just reached the height of his unpopularity. A little game went on between his press agent, Herbert Drake, and all other press agents. Drake's job was to get Welles seen everywhere and the other press agents wanted their lady stars seen with him because everything Welles did was news.

"The only trouble," says Drake, "is that every place Orson went he insulted four more important people and only ladies of a desperate character could be prevailed upon to accompany him into the night."

Miss Comingore was exactly the type. She needed the publicity; she needed anything; and she was certainly desperate. It turned out to be an excellent evening. Welles is the most charming man alive when somebody isn't trying to make him say something is good when he really thinks it smells. Comingore didn't try to make him say anything. She sat and listened to him, quite con-



The Forward Faun

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JAMES N. DOOLITTLE

Dorothy Comingore was desperate for a good movie part and Orson Welles wanted a leading lady who could act. You have a right to expect something from that combination of circumstances

tent to be entertained by one of the great directors of our time. It ended with Welles escorting her to her door and departing with the words:

"God bless you, my child."

This rather startled her after her previous knowledge of Hollywood swains and she was no better pleased when the pictures of her night with the great man appeared in the public prints.

"They were captioned merely: 'Mr. and Mrs. Orson Welles at Chasen's.'" says Comingore sadly.

Welles promptly forgot her but Drake, his press agent, was pleased with the outcome of the evening, no scandals, no

insults, no skirmishes. When Welles, after several centuries of preparations for pictures that were never made, finally decided on *Citizen Kane*, Drake kept nagging him about the Winters-Comingore lady. Welles made tests of dozens of important Hollywood stars and then finally reached Comingore. At this juncture she was engaged in a form of slavery known as making "quickies"—six days' work for a flat fee of \$150 and no monkeyshines about wages and hours. Degradation could go no lower and she was not kidding herself when she showed up before Welles. However,

(Continued on page 52)

The lady above used to be Linda Winters when she was doing bits for Paramount. Now she's Dorothy Comingore—the gal on whom Orson Welles is betting in his attempt to prove he can make movies too

She ran around the turn of the hill. Mori ran too. He wished she wouldn't go quite so fast

Alien Dust

By Mona Gardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

If Mori ever gets back to Japan he will probably tell his wife about the Chinese girl. She was pretty and very gentle—but she was not of importance in warfare

MORI wasn't sure when he first noticed the Chinese woman. She was over on the dike two paddies away and a little ahead of him. She was carrying something in both arms: not a large something, but small and wrapped in straw, as though she were cradling it from the sun.

She looked over toward him, walked on and then looked sideways again. She was too far away for him to see her face, but her body was young and slim in the blue pantaloons of a farming woman.

Mori stepped down from the gap in the village wall. His heavy soldier boots sank into the rubble of powdered bricks and shattered tiles spreading out into the fields like a dirty fan. That is, what was left of the fields. He grunted when he thought of these Chinese farmers daring to resist steel with only a wall of mud and sod.

Mori wasn't in a hurry. He walked slowly as a man does when he is lonesome and living half on memory . . . fighting, pushing on, pushing on always, men falling, other men coming, old ones, old, old . . . and then young ones from Hokkaido, from Kyushu, but never from Miyagi. Never the comforting sibilance of the Miyagi tongue. . . .

Mori came to the cart road and climbed up. It was a causeway winding through the paddies. Dry paddies they were now, growing only brown clods for crops these two years since the Japanese had come. Earth that should have been green with spring still had the color of winter. And though it was planting time and the white rice birds fluttered in the sky, no man's hand put rice in the earth.

Mori saw the Chinese woman was walking

faster now on the dike. She still looked sideways at him to see what he would do. He walked on the road toward the place where she would come on it, and it was like walking on cushions, the yellow dust was so thick. He stumbled, and yellow dust filled the air like smoke. Mori hated it, this alien dust. He hated yellow hills, yellow fields and yellow earth.

He closed his eyes and all he could see was green—pine green, rice green, moss green and the green of sea water in the cove below his house. He thought of wisteria, of wild grape, and of the white incense lilies that bow in the wind like polite ghosts.

And when he thought of these things he thought of his wife . . . so young, sweetly submissive. Mori groaned. It was two years since he had seen his wife and the walls of his home. Two years since he had seen the boy who was his son.

He opened his eyes and there was the Chinese woman, a little nearer now, for the dike she was walking converged to meet the road. Mori could see ahead where they joined. It was there where the road wound behind the first small hill. It wasn't far. He walked a little faster. The woman turned and saw he had quickened his pace. She ran a few steps, and then eased to the same pace as his. She was still ahead, but frightened now that she knew he was following her.

MORI looked back toward the village where the barracks were. No one moved on the little road behind him. No one was watching. It wasn't like the main road across the valley that cut through the mountains into the valley beyond. That was filled with people. This was just a handcart road that went as far as the foothills and lost itself in narrow ravines.

Mori cupped his hands over his eyes to stare at the main road. Big vans, ammunition vans, moving there: three, four, five of them. . . . The last battle? Would this be it? Mori was afraid to hope. For two years the officers had promised each battle would be the last.

Up ahead the woman rounded low bushes and peeked back at him. Mori broke into a jog. She dodged behind the next bush, ran for the next, and around (Continued on page 57)



George Windsor, Citizen of London

By Quentin Reynolds
CABLED FROM LONDON

The King inspects a bombed area in southeast London. Accompanying him (hatless at left) is Ernest Bevin, minister of labor

No pomp and no ritual. A great King goes simply and unobtrusively among his people—just another Briton doing the best he can do

THE sirens warned us that there was an air raid on, but people engaged in important war work don't stop for air-raid warnings. Sometimes, when the bombers are almost overhead, they duck into shelters until the immediate danger is past. But not George Windsor, citizen of London.

We were in Southampton just after Southampton had been hurt badly. A dozen buildings were still smoking. The horrible smell of destruction hung heavily in the clear, crisp December air.

There were four people in the first car—a high-bodied, old-fashioned limousine that can travel 120 miles an hour. It isn't an armored car. Armored cars are for dictators, not for citizens of London. The chauffeur was Corporal of Horse William Hawes, who had been the royal chauffeur for several years but who joined up right at the beginning. The King's advisers were unable to dissuade him from driving at night during air raids. They did the next best thing. They had Corporal of Horse Hawes transferred back to his old job—they say he's the best chauffeur in the world. His

title may seem a bit incongruous but again they say that Hawes has a way with horses, too.

Beside him was Chief Inspector Henry Cameron of Scotland Yard, tall, distinguished, with a bit of a Herbert Marshall look about him; the best pistol shot in England. If you looked closely, as I did, you'd notice a slight bulge under the left side of his well-tailored coat. Herbert Morrison—small, chubby, active, seeing more with his one eye than most men see with two, sat in the back and beside him sat His Majesty King George the Sixth.

Smoke rose sullenly from the ruins of what two days ago had been a large warehouse. The royal car stopped and my car behind it stopped too. Soldiers, demolition workers, policemen gasped in amazement. They hadn't known that the King was to visit Southampton today. The King smiled a greeting and then talked to them. He didn't patronize them with fatuous comments. He asked them briskly about the tools they were using—did they have enough? Was the mobile canteen feeding them all right? How was the drinking water?

The guns began. Then we heard the drone of an airplane. The guns increased their tempo. The blue of the sky was dotted with ugly puffs where the shells were bursting. There was only one German airplane. It wasn't more than 8,000 feet up.

The black puffs encircled it. It was so low that even I could tell by its low, sharply tapered wings that it was a

Heinkel 111, used both for reconnaissance work and for bombing. It came closer and now it was directly overhead. The King gave it one cursory, disinterested glance and then resumed his conversation with the workmen. The King wore no tin hat. The German aircraft above might have been a harmless gull from the near-by Atlantic. The bits of shrapnel falling from the exploding shells might have been gentle raindrops. Citizens of London take their German airplanes and their shrapnel very casually.

The People's King

There was a time when George the Sixth was only the King of England. As such he was given the respect and honor due to his high office. Nothing more. At public functions when someone called for the traditional "Three cheers for His Majesty" the cheers were given willingly enough. It is different now.

The eminence of his position and the dignity of that office necessarily isolates the King from his people. In the past they themselves have wanted it that way. He could never be one of them. He was a symbol rather than a man. Like the Houses of Parliament or St. Paul's Cathedral or the Tower, the King was a reminder of the glory of the past and like them too he was a guarantee that the future would be secure. But then the war came.

The gossip of servants spreads like quicksilver on a rock. Palace attendants whispered that His Majesty obeyed

the rationing rules with the same meticulous care as did the lowliest charwoman. During those first horrible days of the night air raids, when the East End was clawed so badly, bewildered citizens whose homes had fallen about them during the night would be surprised by an early-morning visit from both the King and Queen. They expressed more than their sympathy. They were full of practical ideas. They stimulated the formation of mobile canteens. Then Buckingham Palace was bombed. The King took it as every citizen of London takes it. Gradually the King became a human being and none the less King for that. People began to shake their heads thoughtfully and say, "Now that's a good man."

When the King is in London the flag flies from Buckingham Palace. People began to notice that the flag was always there. They began to gather outside the gates to get a glimpse of him when he drove out—always in that old-fashioned limousine with large glass windows. In London we shy away from automobiles that have too much glass. But not George Windsor, citizen of London. He likes the car, and, after all, he did go through the Battle of Jutland. The noise of bombs and guns is nothing to bother an old navy man.

If you want to know how the people of England feel about their King, come along with me and spend a whole day with him. Southampton was hit two nights in succession. The King has

(Continued on page 50)

WIDE WORLD



An Actor in the Family

By Frank Fenton

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

A black sheep returns to his home town and suffers a lot from kindly impulses

THE papers and the movie magazines and those guys on the radio say that Charles Bouvain is the most promising young actor in Hollywood. I read where he was once a football star at some university. In a magazine a lady wrote about him that he studied art in Paris, France, and always wanted to be a painter.

Then one night, over a slug of bourbon in the kitchen, I showed the old man a bunch of pictures in a weekly magazine which showed this same Charles Bouvain doing a lot of things in and outside a big ranch house on a hill looking down on Hollywood. It showed this Bouvain holding a tennis racket up in the air with a big smile on his face. Then it showed him in a big blue-tiled swimming pool with a couple pretty girls in swimming suits that looked like they might have belonged to their little sisters. Then there was a picture of Bouvain all dressed up in an army uniform for a part he was playing in a moving picture.

The old man studied the pictures through his glasses. Then he said, "Fellah kinda looks like Chuck, don't he?"

"It not only looks like Chuck," I said, "but it's him. And that picture is showin' at the Stadium Theater tomorrow night."

That's how it started. The next night me and the old man and Mary Brown went to the Stadium and saw this picture, and Chuck was in it. We all three identified him all right. It said Charles Bouvain on the screen, but to the old man it was his son, Chuck Boone; to me it was my own half brother, and to Mary Brown it was a guy she used to go with four years ago.

Mary and I drove the old man home and he got out a bottle. "That's him," he said. "He's prettier, but that's him." He mixed three with ice and ginger ale and I saw Mary drink hers down like it was champagne. She was in a kind of dream. "I can hardly believe it's really him," she said, "and in the movies!"

"Why not?" the old man said, "ain't he been in about every other kind of trouble?"

"Well," I said, and it was a mistake. "The last I saw him was four years ago and he was climbing on a B. & O. freight and he was sure in a hurry."

The old man grinned and drank. "He oughta been," he said, "with Mary's old man here right on his tail wieldin' that sixteen-gauge like Chuck was a clay pigeon."

I KNEW I never should have brought that subject up. I knew it the way she looked at me and then at the old man. But the old man kept right on. "I don't think your paw could have nicked him at thirty paces," he said to her.

Mary stood up slowly. I guessed what was coming now and stared down into my glass. "I've said it a thousand times," she said, "but I'll say it just once more. Chuck and I left the dance that night at one o'clock. We did get caught in the storm. Everybody knows there was a storm, and how bad it was. The car *did* die on us, and we *did* run for the lake cabin, and we *did* have to stay there till morning. But that is *all* that happened."

I hoped the old man would leave it right there, but he didn't. Women never scared him much. "Sure, Mary," he said, "keep your feathers down. What beats me is why Chuck run off. Shotgun or no shotgun, I'da stayed and me, ried up with you."

It was a slick flattery, but it didn't cool her down. She just turned to me with a terrible little smile. "As for you," she said, "I can't see how you can talk about Chuck. At least he went out and amounted to something. He didn't stay here in this corny little town and turn into a hired auto mechanic!"

The old man chuckled and said, (Continued on page 40)

"Chuck and I got caught in the storm. The car died and we ran for the cabin and had to stay till morning"

Skiing Goes Native

17

By Henry L. Jackson

THINGS have changed even in the skiing business. Originally we imported instructors, equipment, clothing—everything but the Alps. The place was overrun by ski experts from Austria, the Tyrol and Scandinavia. The Americans who showed up at Lake Placid in 1926 for the Olympic winter sports, garbed very nattily in lumberjacks and high-laced moccasin boots, got nothing but international snickers for their pains. It wasn't long before they were importing the hand-knit peasant-pattern sweaters that sold for fabulous figures.

But the war altered that, along with other things. When the supply of ski garments was cut off by the blockade, an American industry sprang up to replace it. An association of farmers' wives in New Hampshire was organized to knit sweaters and socks and soon began turning out products that formerly could be found only in Tyrol or Norway. Not only is the finished garment excellent in material but the originality of the American knitters is seen in the new patterns. As if that weren't enough, we have an American manufacturer supplying splendid machine replicas of the same hand-knit model.

With skiing enthusiasm in this country mounting to a frenzy, you might as well get fixed properly for it from the start. You'll find the experts wearing the streamlined downhill trousers that fit into the top of the boot. The most popular materials are gabardine and whipcords because their smooth surfaces prevent the snow from clinging to them. Pick a jacket that allows freedom of movement and is long enough to keep from riding up. The newest thing is a regular shirt made of material similar to that of a jacket.

Here is what you need for a week end of skiing:

Pants: Downhill trousers; tan, gray-blue or navy.

Wind Jacket: Tan, gray-blue or navy; or ski shirt.

Sweater: Medium-weight long-sleeved sweater: Peasant pattern, snowflake pattern, cable stitch or other fancy weave.

Hat: Jockey style; cap; knitted headband—white, blue or tan.

Shirt: Wool or cotton flannel, plain or in bright plaid.

Underwear: Half sleeve cotton undershirt with long double layer cotton drawers in natural, yellow or fireman's red.

Socks: Two pairs, heavy wool.

Ski Boots: Black or brown. Remember they fit over heavy wool socks.

Gloves: One pair of knitted gloves; one pair of wind-proof mitts.

If you don't know where to find these articles write us and we'll tell you.

GEORGE P. HIGGINS



Mr. and Mrs. Craig Whitney relax in the imported Norwegian peasant sweaters. American manufacturers are turning them out in identical patterns. They are worn for active skiing in good weather, and under wind jackets in bad weather and for after-ski wear.

Harold O. Hillman, right, originally of Dartmouth, member of the U. S. Olympic ski team, directs a ski school at Woodstock, Vt. Hillman wears typical instructor-type ski clothing and the new ski shirt. Jack Durrance is an advocate of firemen's red underwear.



GEORGE P. HIGGINS

GEORGE P. HIGGINS

Jack Durrance, Eastern downhill champion, 1938, and certified instructor at the Hanover Inn Ski School, New Hampshire, found his ski legs at Dartmouth. Jack likes to ski in peasant-pattern sweater and gloves. Everything he's wearing was made in America.

Mrs. Lillian P. Wolcott, eighty-five years old, pioneers in a new American craft. Farmers' wives in New Hampshire have been organized into an association to produce hand-knit sweaters and socks for various winter sports activities. The demand for them is enormous.



They've Got the Flu!

By J. D. Ratcliff



No flu for this ferret despite the virus going directly into his nostrils. The newly developed vaccine will protect him

The elusive influenza bug, so small no microscope has ever detected it, seems to have met its match at last in a promising new vaccine

THE last epidemic of killing flu made grim history when it swept the earth in 1918. The next, now due, may leave a different record. For it will furnish a proving ground for a new vaccine; a vaccine that appears capable of whipping this 20th-century counterpart of the Middle Age plagues. It was discovered last spring by the Rockefeller Foundation in New York. The vaccine came into being only after a superb accident had happened; one of those accidents that come along occasionally to give a researcher a hand-up over an apparently insurmountable problem. But let's get to the scene of action.

Dr. Frank L. Horsfall, Jr.—a medical man devoting his life to research—peered through the glass door of a ferret cage. The ferret stared back, murder in its eyes. This wasn't right. The wretched animal should have had watery eyes and a runny nose; aching muscles and fever.

It should have been stretched on the cage floor, sick with flu.

Horsfall, thirty-four, dark-haired, good-looking, pleasant, had infected the animal. Hands protected by heavy leather gloves, he had held up the flashing, writhing bundle of sharp claws and teeth, and carefully dropped influenza virus into its nostrils. By all the rules it should have been miserably, wretchedly, beautifully sick within a few days. But it wasn't. Either there had been a bad slip-up or something momentous had happened.

Momentous was the answer. That healthy ferret with the evil eye was the tip-off on the new vaccine. It is quite possible that this shot-in-the-arm stuff may soon be saving London's populace from something more dangerous than bombs. There is every chance that it holds the solution to history's greatest murder mystery.

Flu isn't an ordinary disease. It is elusive, subtle and complex; really a connoisseur's disease. For one thing, it isn't caused by a bacterium that can be easily housebroken to laboratory procedures. The flu bug won't eat the beef broth that nourishes microbes of typhoid fever and other diseases. And it can't be stained pretty colors and observed under the microscope.

Influenza is caused by a virus so minute that it is beyond the searchings of the best microscopes.

To see what kind of havoc this tough little customer can create, glance for a moment back to the pandemic of 1918-19. Possibly you've forgotten how terrorized people wore flimsy gauze masks; and how relief workers carried baskets of groceries to poor families only to find that coffins were needed. Or how people greased themselves, drank hot lemonades and prayed—to no avail. The black night rider slipped past all barriers.

A trader took the pestilential death to Point Barrow, north of the Arctic Circle. A rust-pocked freighter, a common laborer of the seas, put in at Upolu and Savaii, islands in the Samoan group. Within a few weeks a quarter of their populations were dead! Man's most studied efforts at killing, as expressed by four years of world war, looked feeble in comparison. This sudden death destroyed twenty million human beings!

The Big Push on Flu

After cutting its lethal swath across the earth the flu, which comes three times each century, disappeared. It left no clues—no positive medical knowledge—behind. It wasn't until much later that two brilliant groups of research men, one in England, one in the United States, began to inch their way through the darkness.

One worker has suggested that medical research is very much like children piling boxes against a wall. It is possible to see over the top only when many pieces of good, solid work have been piled one on top of the other. So before we get back to Horsfall, the stubborn ferret and the million doses of vaccine now in the making, let's examine some of the highly interesting boxes at the bottom of the pile.

Were we to try to put our finger on the date marking the beginning of the big push on flu, that date would be 1933. That year a group of British workers headed by Frederick Playfair Laidlaw (he became Sir Frederick before his tragic death last spring) made nuisances of themselves in London hospitals.

Laidlaw and his coworkers—Christopher Andrews, Wilson Smith and H. C. Stuart-Harris—propped flu patients up in their beds. Then they'd hose their throats out with a syringe and collect the drippings in a pan. Surely, they reasoned, if the flu microbe was anywhere it would be in these throat washings.

Back in the Mill Hill Laboratory, maintained a few miles out of London by Britain's National Institute for Medical Research, they shot this throat juice into all sorts of experimental animals: rats, mice, guinea pigs and even that fabled creature of song—the hedgehog. The animals stubbornly refused to get sick. Then Laidlaw had another hunch. In his earlier work on canine distemper—which led to the vaccine used today to protect our dogs—he had employed the ferret. Possibly this miserable creature, hateful to all research men because of its filth, bad temper and extreme susceptibility to disease, could be infected with flu. The group, said Laidlaw, would try the nasal passages because flu seemed to enter the human body by this route.

They knew that if this thing worked
(Continued on page 48)

Goodby to Love

By William
E. Barrett

Story of a man who spent
two years waiting for a
girl to come to her senses
and found that he had
waited two years too long

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

ON THE night that Kinlock fought Steve Russell for the middle-weight championship, Julie Carter was the most beautiful woman in the world.

They were looking at her when I paraded her down the aisle to our seats back of the press section and they kept on looking at her after we were settled.

Julie was just a few months past nineteen that night. She was blond, slender and compact, with the bluest eyes in the world and a smile like a tooth-paste ad, only more human. She was a show girl and she looked like a show girl, but she was the only woman I ever met who could look like that and still make you want to take her home for keeps. It was her first night at the fights and she was staring wide-eyed at the ring, her fingers plucking at my sleeve. I put my hand over hers.

The prelim was over and some people I knew came around to be introduced. A lot of people I just vaguely remembered came around, too, and Julie got a sparkle to her like a rose in the rain. She did not believe that those people were coming around just to shake hands with me and she would have been really shocked if she learned that some of them really did. After all, I'd been the champ myself and I had a following.

Up in the ring they were getting ready for the main go and the announcer started introducing the celebrities: Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Jimmy Braddock, Barney Ross and the usual gang of ex-champs that you find at all the big fights. Then they called me.

I squeezed Julie's hand. "This is me, Sugar."

She looked at me kind of startled and then the announcer was giving it to them: "Folks, that great champion of



She was having a good time. I didn't let it worry me. She had to learn sometime

a great division—Jimmy, the Great Dane. . . .

I was standing up and then I was climbing into the ring and the fans were tearing the house down. They remembered all right and it made my heart swell up a bit to know that Julie was down there listening to them go nuts over me. I took my bow and turned to the corner where Steve Russell was waiting for the gong.

STEVE was all tense and serious as a fighter always is before the gong but he gave me a half-smile and I shook his gloved hand. The last time we met in this ring, he nearly tore my head off with a left hand, but he was a clean boy and I liked him. He still had the championship that he took away from me and I was pulling for him to keep it.

"Good luck, Kid," I told him. He nodded his head. "Thanks, Jimmy." That was that and I crossed to the

other corner. I did not know Earl Kinlock and from what I had heard and seen of him, I did not like him.

He had come out of the steel mills and some shanty town in Pennsylvania, a rough, tough, anything-goes type of mauler who had gone slick-haired and snaky the moment he got ten bucks in his pocket. He was looking at me cold-eyed as I approached, but as the ex-champ, I had to be polite. I stuck my hand out. He did not even look at my hand and he tossed the words at me before I could get my mouth open.

"Scram," he said. "You ain't wishing me a thing—and I'm going to bat that other old has-been out in t'ree rounds."

"You're talking out of your class, mug," I told him, and I left him on that. Inside I was boiling mad. I hated the hide off young upstarts who tossed their weight around and showed a lot of disrespect for the crown that they were trying to win.

By the time that I got back to my seat, though, I had cooled off. Julie was looking at the ring and she only flicked her eyes briefly to me. She didn't mention the hand that the crowd gave me.

"I'm betting on the young one," she said. "Who are you for?"

THAT "young one" crack stopped me for a second. After all, Steve hadn't hit thirty yet. Then I realized that Kinlock's twenty-four or five put him a lot closer to Julie in age and that she would naturally think that way.

"He hasn't got a chance," I said. "The Champ will ruin him."

She had her chin in the palm of her hand and her eyes slid sideways again so that she was looking at me out of the corners. "What makes you so sure?"

The fighters were up in the center getting their instructions. I shrugged. "Steve Russell is the lad that took my

measure," I said; "the only one that ever did. I ought to know what he can do. He had his left hand in my face all evening."

Julie's voice was like a kid's. "That was so long ago," she said.

She said it so innocently that it wasn't a crack. "So long ago!" It had been two years. I had been champion for five. So what? So, if I tried to tell her about the night I won the title from Monk Gorman, I would be talking about the days when she was playing hopscotch and begging pennies for lollipops. If she was capable of thinking of such a thing, she would probably imagine me as being born in some place surrounded by Indians—and I could tell her that my folks knew Paul Revere without even making her eyebrows lift. Me and the early settlers and John L. Sullivan! I was thirty-two years old.

THE bell rang and they came gliding out. It is always pretty to see two good men come out for the first, especially if you've been in there yourself and know what it is all about. They came out very fast and Steve looked as good as he did on the night that he took me. He came right to his man and shot that left.

There never was a finer straight left in the business, but this Kinlock just faded away from it, crouched low and fired both barrels. He threw the right first and landed it under the heart, hooking with his left for the jaw.

It was all wrong and a sucker attack but he landed and Steve Russell fell into him, holding on for a moment and tying him up. Seventy-five per cent of the crowd did not know what had happened, or that anything had happened. It had been fast action and a crowd never really settles down to seeing anything until the first round is nearly over. It is different with a fighter who is watching a fight. I saw plenty.

Steve stepped away and his left flicked out. He landed three straight jabs as he retreated and then he stopped retreating and hooked. His hook was short and Kinlock moved in close and punched for the body. Kinlock was nice and loose and he had a weave that gave him leverage when he hooked. Steve was shooting his left like a drill and it looked pretty to the crowd, but he was mostly landing high—and it wasn't the same left that had taken my head off. Not by a million miles was it the same left!

The bell rang and the boys went back to their corners. Neither of them looked marked up and Steve walked with a cocky strut, but I looked at his waistline and his stomach wasn't taut the way it should be. Julie turned to me excitedly.

"I'm still betting on the young one," she said. "What's his name again?"

"It's Kinlock," I told her, "Earl Kinlock."

This time I did not argue with her about who was going to win.

Steve came out for the second with a burst of speed. He went right after Kinlock and drove him back into the ropes. He had his right cocked but he was doing his business with the left and Kinlock went into retreat, hooking for the body and not looking any too good to the crowd. Kinlock's nose was red and he did not seem to be able to get away from that jab any more than I was able to get away from it two years ago—but I knew different. I could have got away from Steve Russell's jab tonight. Watching Kinlock, I felt that he could. He wasn't flustered. His eyes had a calculating look. He was deliberately taking that left—and he wasn't giving Steve a single opening for the right.

Then it happened. Steve was still chasing him, still driving him back, but his left slowed just a trifle. He put more

effort into shooting it. He dropped it just a shade. When he did, Earl Kinlock crossed his right.

I saw Steve's legs buckle and Kinlock was bulling into him. The boy from the steel mills was suddenly throwing leather from all angles. When Steve covered his head, Kinlock whipped hooks into his body and Steve had to grab him and hold. At the bell they were exchanging punches along the ropes and nobody had been on the floor, but the story of that fight had been written.

Steve lasted just two rounds more. He was on the floor in the fourth and in the fifth he went down twice. The second time he went down on his face and he did not even quiver when the referee threw the count at him.

Julie gripped my arm and shook it. Her voice was pitched high. "He's fascinating," she said. "Perfectly fascinating. He's so good-looking and so savage. . . ."

I swallowed hard and I could not think of a comeback. We had been watching the same fight, but she had seen a superman hammer his way to the championship of the world—and all I had seen was a so-so slugger who had slapped over the shell of a once-great fighter.

I helped her on with her coat but she did not have any eyes for me.

I took her by the arm but, before I could get her away, Hymie Foutz, who was one of Sam Menton's stooges, came barging through the crowd. "Hey, Jimmy," he said, "don't run away. Sam's throwing a party for the champ. He wants you should come. Bring the girl friend, you hear!"

He was on his way after more guests before I could answer him and tell him "No." Julie was shaking my arm. "Who is Sam?" she said.

"He's the promoter," I said. "Let's go."

"But the party. We're invited."

"Nix. It will be a brawl. I'll take you to a roof garden."

Her full lips parted a little over white teeth. "I want to go to the party," she said.

Well, that's the way it was and there wasn't anything I could do about it.

"Okay, kid," I said, "if you want to go, we'll go. But it will be a brawl."

Everybody has seen, or read about penthouses, but there never was a penthouse like Sam Menton's. It was as big as a railroad station and looked like you'd imagine a Turkish harem. It was dazzling white and there were palm trees spotted around, a hidden orchestra and several bars. Julie gasped when she saw it and she never quite got her breath back all evening. Everybody was there who did not amount to much.

TO JULIE this was a gathering of important people, but it was seven years back to the night when I won the middleweight championship and I had seen a lot of people playing the same roles in those seven years. Most of these dressed-up tramps were on the make; if they did not try to borrow money from a man who wasn't used to having any, they would try to get it away from him in "deals." They had taken a lot of mine. Julie, of course, couldn't know.

She was having a good time for the first half-hour or so. She took a drink even when I wouldn't, but if that was her idea of excitement I did not let it worry me. She had to learn some time. The mugs swarmed around her like flies around honey, but I could understand that, too. She was the most gorgeous thing that had ever stepped into Sam Menton's hippodrome of a house and they could not overlook her. Then Sam Menton came tooting over with Earl Kinlock.

"Hey, Champ," he yelled, "want you to meet the new champ. Grand boy.

(Continued on page 53)

OUR NEW ARMY

Private Lewis Schooley checked in at Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, in cowboy rig. He had to wait for regulation shoes, meanwhile learning that high-heeled boots may be fine for riding but not for drill

No more spud-peeling for the lowly K.P. squad. Sergeant Williams and First Lieut. Semrod inspect the mechanical potato peeler at Fort Sam Houston. There's another gadget at this camp that slices spuds, too



HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.



Here, Collier's correspondents start to tell you what is going on in the camps in which our new fighting force of draftees and volunteers is being trained. Not all sections will be covered every time. In this issue there are reports from the South, the Southwest, the Pacific Northwest and the Pacific Southwest. Future reports will come from other sections in rotation.

First reports from Collier's correspondents give this general picture:

As the year started, housing of troops was getting better, although thousands still were living in tents heated by primitive stoves. And there was a lot of mud. The general reaction seemed to be: "Well, war's no picnic, anyway." Of actual suffering there seemed little.

Food? Generally good. Reporters wrote, in several instances, they preferred Army chow to that offered in near-by restaurants. There was some complaint about "cafeteria style service," which forced men to line up, often in bad weather, for meals.

Army routine wasn't hard on the men—though they still honed to get the guy who gets the bugler up. Army instructors were breaking in men by easy stages, hardening them, building them up. Sick soldiers were hustled into hospitals and given good care; they complained that, once they got in, it was hard to get out—the Army medicos would not release them until they were completely well.

Some new men, accustomed to unlimited freedom, thought they should have more time off, but a majority accepted the demands of the job cheerfully. Recreation, slow to start, was getting better organized. . . . Here are some of the high lights from first reports. Others will appear in an early issue.

THE SOUTH: Draft Board No. 9, Atlanta, busy classifying questionnaires, suddenly went into executive session. Under "Dependents," a single gentleman of color had listed: "My mistress." Attached was a note: "Gentleman, I have been living with this lady for three years as my lawful wife and I intend to support her and do for her as I would my wife."

Since the draftee had accepted the lady as his wife, in a sworn document, the board accepted her as such, put her boy friend in Class 3—and duly notified the lady that she now had all the privileges of wifehood, including nagging, the right to sue for divorce and collect alimony.

Calm but progressive Albany, in southern Georgia, is getting used to airplanes; near by is a busy air-cadet training school, soon to be expanded to train 225 fliers at a clip. Up to now, the safety record is perfect.

Only near-accident was when a pupil froze to the controls of a plane. This happened at 400 feet and the chief instructor spoke feelingly about it when he came down with the pupil.

"Lucky for me I had my little disconnecter along, wasn't it?" he asked, fingering a businesslike black-jack affectionately.

Georgia's Fort McPherson boasts about Frank L. Smith, Birmingham born, an automobile finance man who has the highest I.Q. in camp. He scored close to genius rating. The Camps' Induction Center is very proud of Smith and is keeping him hidden away from generals and the Fourth Corps Area Headquarters, who might be tempted to steal him.

Recently a mess officer was inspecting the food during a meal and asked I. Q. Smith if it was all right.

"Swell," said Draftee Smith.

"Hit shore is," spoke up Draftee Jones, from the mountains of North Georgia, indicating Smith, "this feller just tole me he wanted me to take some of his'n."

I. Q. Smith blushed.

Above Montgomery, Alabama, a pilot on his second solo flight got lost. Having only a one-way radio, he scribbled a note and dropped it into the town, asking the finder to call Maxwell Field and tell of his plight. The field would then locate him by instruments and radio instructions.

A small girl found the note and took it to Fox Henderson of Montgomery. He phoned the field. The field radioed the pilot. The pilot came in safely. The meticulous Air Corps thereupon sent Mr. Henderson an official note of thanks and an offer to pay for the phone call.

"Forget it," said Mr. Henderson.

If you have a friend in training at Camp Blanding and have been worrying because of the camp's reputation as a "little Siberia," you can cheer up. The place is rapidly coming out of the wilderness; it now has bus service to Jacksonville, more conveniences and a good start on an entertainment program.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST: At Fort Lewis, the huge camp south of Tacoma, Washington, one of the minor cogs in the machine is Corporal Tuck W. Sherman. Tuck punches holes in the classification cards—holes that signify whether the rookie has had experience as a barber, a teamster or a clerk—so that the new soldier can be put quickly into his proper niche. Corporal Sherman, who has been in the Army eight years, spent two years at Panama, getting tanned and tough. Grabbing his punch and reaching for another card, he announced:

"One punch from me and a guy's whole Army life is changed."

Old line soldiers at Fort Lewis tell you today's new trainees are good. Their explanation is that trainees are drawn from every stratum of society, instead of being "depression soldiers" or "payday soldiers" who often have been undernourished or unsuccessful in civilian life.

Sergt. Walter Hedrick, 3d Division, has served 29 years in the Army and has only the "butt" of a year to complete before retiring to a near-by farm. He fought across Siberia in the World War; was at Vera Cruz, and with Pershing on the Mexican border. Now he's a mess sergeant for trainees. New young men like Wayne Chapman, Port Orford, Oregon; W. H. Craft, Heyburn, Indiana; T. J. Byrd and Ferdinand Boris, of Billings, Montana, serve under him. Of these and others Sergeant Hedrick said:

"These are the best men I've seen in my 29 years. Mind you, you can't be cross with them. You have to be polite. They insist on it. They're gentlemen. But they're out to learn, and you don't have to tell them things twice."

First Sergt. Anton Friedrich, short, slightly bald, and red of neck from standing in the sun, has served 22 years in the Orient with the famed 15th "Can Do" Infantry, guarding the railroad from Tientsin to the sea. He's a professional soldier.

Of trainees, he says:

"You have to cater to them, all right. But they're willing, they're quick, and they'll make good soldiers. In my day, you joined the Army for adventure or something like that. But these young fellows, they've got a different slant. They're serious."

Major Robert G. McNary of Portland, Oregon, in charge of fitting men into the 272 trades and 125 service occupations the Army recognizes, found that most volunteers were teamsters and practically none cooks. One of the trainees said he was a riveter.

Major McNary made him a cook. "If he can't do anything else," said the major, "he can drill holes in doughnuts."

THE SOUTHWEST: Brownwood, squatting complacently on a rolling, red, mesquite-clad plain, is Texas' new military capital, the site of Camp Bowie. Six months ago the camp was nothing at all.

Today Brownwood is booming and has broken out with a rash of cheap dance halls and barbecue huts and a nightmare of tourist cabins and hastily built apartments. But the town blows few alcoholic breaths into the Texas sky. Even beer is taboo. The boys in Bowie came up against the "dry county" system and discovered that to buy a bottle of liquor you must first get a prescription, at fifty cents, from a licensed physician.

Rents are high. Five-room plain houses cost about \$100 a month. Before the boom the price was \$35.

To the San Antonio post come draftees and volunteers from the Texas farm and ranch country.

It's no uncommon sight to see a new man breezing into camp clad in cowboy boots and the traditional ten-gallon hat.

Before Army shoes have been issued or while he's breaking them in, the ranch-country recruit may even do his drilling shod cowboy style.

At the Dodd Field Training Ground near San Antonio, steady rains make a quagmire of new roads. Three heavy trucks bogged down.

As laborious attempts were made to free them, a lieutenant came marching by with a company of selectees—and figured it was a good chance to impress the rookies with their importance. He stopped them facing the trucks, toward which he waved a hand:

"Motorized units without the help of Infantry," were his only words. "Forward March!"

About four out of ten of the letters sent to Texas trainees are wrongly addressed. One letter writer, hearing about inadequate housing, sent a note to "John Fishback, in Bivouac, Dodd Field, Texas."

Corporal E. B. Terry, who handles most of the mail at Fort Sam Houston Reception Center, says that each recruit gets about three letters for each one he writes. During his first camp days, his outgoing letters are fat and numerous, but as the novelty wears off they become thinner and scarcer.

PACIFIC SOUTHWEST: The folks around Monterey, California, which is a great vegetable-, fruit- and fish-canning center, have their own term for the routine through which the Monterey Presidio puts recruits. They call it "Processing the boys."

No report of activity in the Monterey area is complete without mention of Pvt. Lewis Galliani and Zephyr. Pvt. Galliani, a San Franciscan, enlisted two months ago, was assigned to the Antitank Co., 17th Infantry, Fort Ord.

Pvt. Galliani's parents drove to Fort Ord recently to visit him. They brought along his 125-pound Great Dane, Zephyr, and when they were ready to leave camp the hound refused to get in the car. He's still there, the company mascot.

Joe thinks it would be a nice idea to have a regimental turnout some day and present Zephyr with a Croix de Grrrr.

Sleight of Heart

By Mike O'Leary

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

THE man who had been Colter The Great stared at the stage before him, where the blue-serged individual poised by the barrel of stubs, and for the first time wondered what he might do with the sedan if he won it. Not ride in it certainly, for he had not set foot in a car since that night long ago when the wreck of one had taken from him the irreplaceable Edith. He shuffled his broken shoes and dully speculated on how long it would be before the girl two seats over resumed her temporarily abated babble.

"What'd we do if we won it, hon? What'd we do, hon?"

"One thing"—it was the first time Colter had heard her escort do aught but mumble—"we'd sell the old bus and buy you that blue dress, sugah. Yes, and a coat, if we got enough. After that, we'd drive ouah fancy new sedan right back to Waco."

Wearily curious, Colter peered past the youth next to him—her husband, apparently—and looked at the girl, now the lights were on. A pretty, little thing, he saw, with hair as blond as Edith's had been, and tiny, discolored hands.

He swallowed and shut his eyes, wishing he could shut his ears, also. And shut his mind to echoes of this afternoon's words by the agent who, in the years of glory, had booked him solid,

coast to coast, at incredible salaries. For the words had been poignant: "I had a call for a magician, today, Colter. Big-time stuff."

"Yes, I understand magic has made a real comeback, Ike."

"Party that came here was Al Bristol. You wouldn't know him—though he's heard of you, of course. This morning, he comes in. 'Ike,' he says. 'I'm looking for a magician.' 'Fine,' I say. 'Mystic Muldoon is at liberty, temporarily.' 'I said a magician!' he says. 'Not a magic-store Hermann with assembly-line illusions and mail-order patter. A magician, see?' 'How about Abdullah, the Star of Asia, then?' I say. 'That mustard-faced wop!' he sneers. 'I want a true magician. A sleight-man. And tops.' 'I had a guy like that, once!' I say. 'Colter The Great, inventor of the forefinger switch, the greatest free-hand—'

"Yeah, I heard about him," Al says. "Heard, too, he drank himself almost to death, after that accident killed his wife."

"'Nope,' I say, 'he didn't. Went on a big bender after he buried her, yeah. I doubt if he's touched a drop since.'"

"'Okay,' Al says. 'If he's got the stuff he usta have, I want him.'"

"Well, Colter?" Ike had finished. "What do you say?"

"Why, why—I couldn't!" Colter had cried, almost hysterically.

"Why not?" Ike Lesser had said,

something between pity and contempt in his eyes. "You did your stuff in here the other day!"

"I told you I'd been amusing children in park playgrounds with memory feats and simple sleights, and it seemed to me my touch was coming back," Colter had said, tremblingly. "I didn't—!"

"Colter!" Ike had interrupted. "Your touch is back! The stuff you did up here in the office last week was as good as you ever showed in the old days. It ain't your touch that's troublin' you—it's your nerve! Get that? Your nerve!"

"I'm sorry," Colter had said wearily. "I shouldn't have come."

"Listen, old-timer—" Lesser had thrown an arm about the shabby shoulders and the hardness had left his voice—"your wife was one of the swellest fellas that ever lived. If you'd died in that wreck, instead a her, she wouldn't o' quit cold like you're doin'!"

He paused, to go on; this time in his usual, cold tone, "Be here at ten, tomorrow morning. Here's half a buck to eat on, tonight. If you show Al the old line, you'll be tippin' a waiter this much tomorrow night!"

COLTER had shambled out, mutely. Ike didn't understand. If he had made any slips before those children, it wouldn't have mattered. But Colter The Great, in the center of a stage, superior and a trifle caustic, daring audiences to

detect him, was different. Of the past. Like the rapid-fire, extemporaneous banter he had maintained, now and then winking whimsically toward the wings where a blond head as high as his heart forever had nodded approval.

Dejected, worn with walking and fighting his thoughts, he had sought this theater. In a silent audience a man could concentrate; get his bearings. In the old days he had often sat in audiences to catch the feel of them before his on-stage. Sitting here tonight, he suddenly had realized that he was catching the feel of this one, too; had felt his old competency surging back with every wild heartbeat.

AND then this couple next to him had entered, disrupting concentration, shattering aplomb, jerking him back to the realization of being a nerveless Skid row bum . . . forever . . .

"He's startin' to read the number, hon! Oh, hon . . ."

His fingers touched the ticket in his pocket. Touched, too, his sole remaining nickel. No bed tonight, but walking . . . walking . . .

A voice rang from the stage: "The—Number—Is—SIX—"

"Damn!" snapped the youth beside Colter. "Both ouah tickets stah with nine! You don't get no blue dress this time, sweetheart babe!"

The girl was trying to smile; acting as though her unhappy spouse had failed in some gallant effort, and required consolation. "I don't care about no blue dress, hon!" she said, stroking his arm. "No, nor any old new cah, either. I got you, hon, and no woman could ever want more'n that, darlin' lamb!"

Her eyes dropped to the two tickets in the boy's upturned palm, and the light was full on her pale blond head, so like a head Colter would never forget that it had brought a lump to his throat, earlier. But no lump was in his throat, now, and through his veins was flooding that once familiar surge of power which he had not felt for years. He threw back his head and laughed uproariously. All eyes in the theater turned toward him, and he revealed in it.

"Lad!" he said. "This world is full of people who quit without trying! Full of them! But you? You quit without looking!"

He tapped the uppermost automobile ticket in the boy's hand with his right index finger, smiling into the puzzled eyes.

"Young man!" It was Colter The Great, bantering an audience-drafted stooge with kindly, yet irritatingly indulgent superiority as he nodded at the hand holding the tickets. "Did you ever hear that nine can be six—if you turn it right side—"

He had no chance to finish. For a girl who had wanted a blue dress had snatched some tickets from a limp hand, and a girl who would wear that dress as she rolled into Waco in a fancy new sedan that would make folks eyes bug out was pushing a boy toward the aisle, shrieking delightedly as she pushed. And Colter had half a notion to shriek with her. . . .

As the last of the audience trailed out, he sat rapt, planning some really audacious sleights for his first big-time appearance in fifteen years. He would put them over with a smash, he reflected, tossing away the automobile ticket he had palmed while substituting his own. For never, in his entire life, had he worked the forefinger switch better than he had tonight.

Wearily curious, Colter peered past the youth next to him—her husband, apparently—and looked at the girl



How to Train Defense Workers

By Henry F. Pringle

Connecticut, munitions-making center of the nation, is showing America how to defeat its lack of skilled workers with a model training plan

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

A United Aircraft employee instructs trainees in the Bridgeport school. They'll be ready for factory jobs in five weeks



THE young man waiting in the Bridgeport office of the Connecticut State Employment Office was nervous, and he had a right to be. For a great many vital things depended on the tests he was about to take. We shall call him Joe Brown, because that isn't his name. Joe Brown's identity is not important. What matters is that he was typical of thousands of Connecticut boys who are getting jobs in war and other industries because, about eighteen months ago, a group of shrewd Connecticut Yankees set out to lick unemployment.

Joe Brown, waiting for the tests that would show whether he could be trained to operate a lathe, a drill press, a milling machine or become a sheet-metal worker, was nervous because he was twenty-four years old and had never had a real job. Second, he was engaged to be married. Third, his girl had saved a little money and had persuaded him to borrow it so that he could pay for room and board in Bridgeport during the five weeks of training he would receive if he passed the tests. And after the training course? Then he was virtually certain to be employed at a salary of about twenty dollars a week to start. Within a few months, if he made good, he would be getting thirty-thirty-five dollars a week.

Dr. Reuben Swimmer, the psychologist in charge of the mechanical-aptitude tests, announced that he was ready for Joe Brown. Working against a stop watch held by Dr. Swimmer, Joe was required to trace intricate patterns with a pencil, put dots in series of circles, and perform other tricks. The boy did well on these—Dr. Swimmer whispered to me that he was above the average. Joe was next led to a table where a kind of cubical jigsaw puzzle awaited him. This was the well-known Wiggly Block test; the point was to assemble the eight or ten pieces as rapidly as possible. Joe's nerves seemed to have steadied. He worked calmly and swiftly. Dr. Swimmer nodded with satisfaction.

In due course, after other formalities and examinations, Joe Brown would be

Intensive training for specific jobs is Connecticut's answer to her shortage of skilled workers. The men at the right will, in a few weeks, find themselves drilling rivet holes in plane wings

enrolled in one of the training courses being given in Bridgeport. He would go to school from eleven o'clock at night until seven o'clock in the morning—those hours being necessary because the trade schools and factories are in use at other times. He would be taught how to work sheet metal, how to rivet and how to use simple machines. He would emerge at the end of five weeks—200 hours of instruction—as a semi-skilled worker and would be employed at once by, for instance, the Vought-Sikorsky Division of the United Aircraft Corporation in its sprawling plant on the outskirts of Bridgeport.

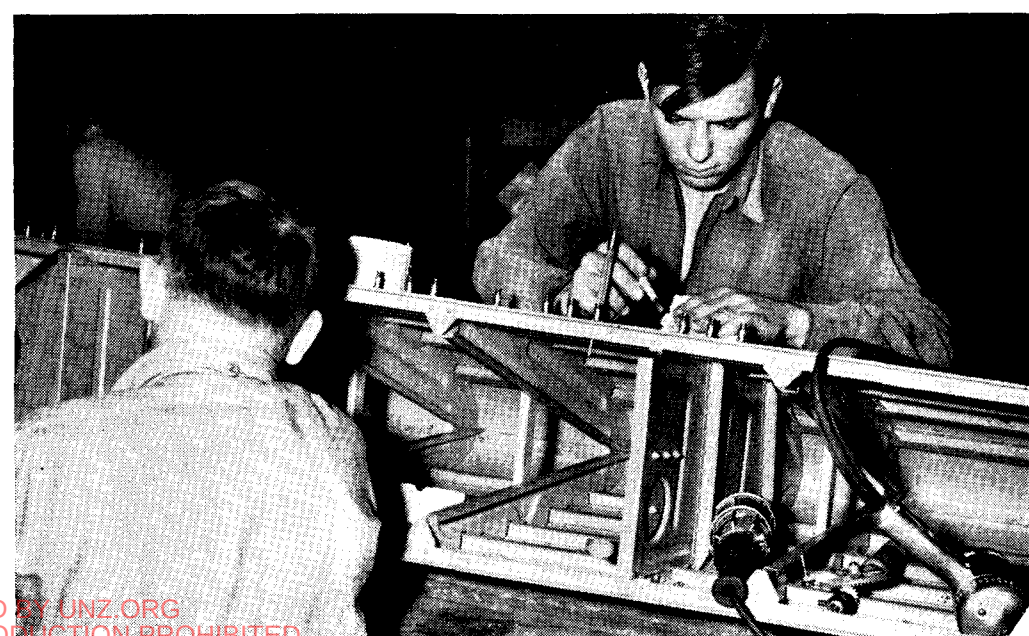
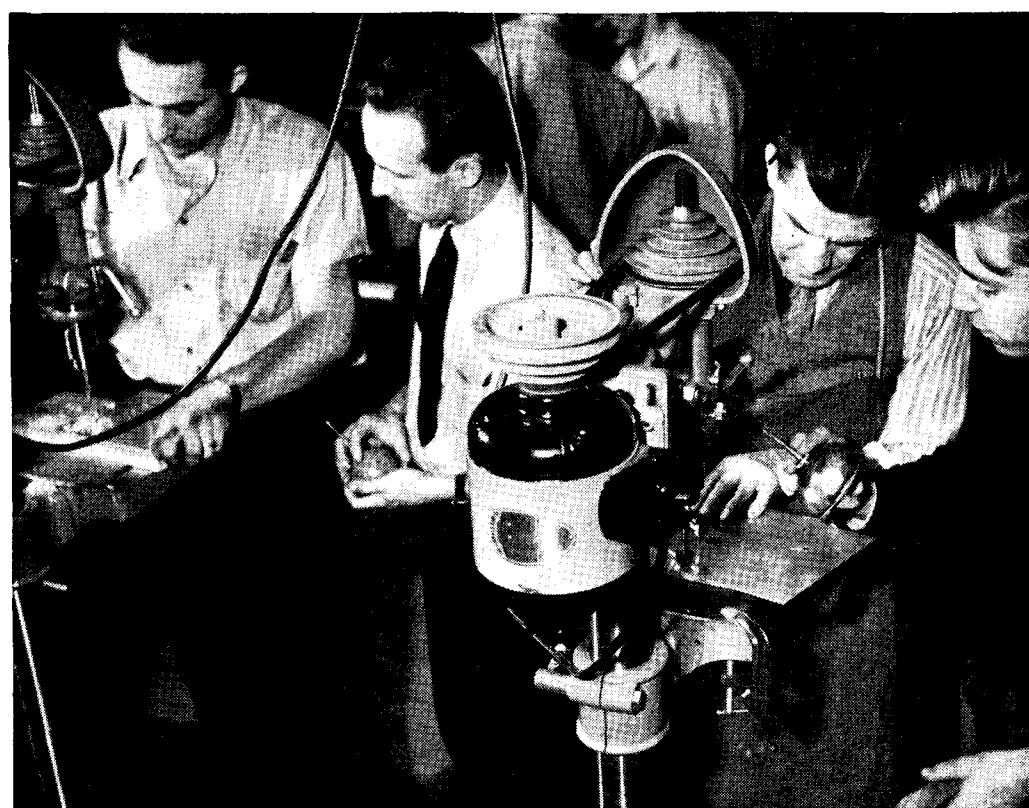
A Lesson for Other States

Almost 300 such training-school graduates are already at work there. United Aircraft is calling loudly for more of them, and so are the other airplane, engine, machine-tool and armament plants of Connecticut. For that small state, often called the "Armory of the Nation," is booming with war orders. But Connecticut can't get enough trained men—even half-trained ones. Before the year is over conservative estimates indicate 15,000 will be needed.

Connecticut hasn't enough men, but from twenty of these training schools located in her major cities are being graduated 1,500 young men a week. The overwhelming majority are employed

(Continued on page 46)

Employers prefer graduates of the Connecticut training system. The two at the right are constructing a plane wing in a Bridgeport aircraft factory



Kid Tinsel

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE managing Eddie Gordon, a young middleweight fighter, Pop Mallory dies in Birmingham, Alabama. Whereupon, Pop's young daughter, Patricia ("Pat"), insists that he had signed and accept her—a girl—as his manager. Learning of this, Joe Barton—sent to Birmingham by Max Ellison, a prominent New York fight manager, to sign Eddie up—returns to New York. Not, however, until he had shot one Nick Bellis to death near the Southern city and had a narrow escape from a possible witness (Eddie Gordon), who, without seeing his face, had gained possession of his registered revolver!

Gordon goes to New York City. There, managed by Pat Mallory (whom he dislikes), he fights his way up to a match with the world's middleweight champion: Dixie Grogan. And there he makes a dangerous enemy: Joe Barton. Suspecting that the girl he loves—"Babs"—Ellison, Max's daughter—is becoming infatuated with the young fighter, Barton orders Morrie Oakes, a professional killer, to "eliminate" Eddie Gordon. He tells Oakes, though, that there must be no killing until the missing revolver has been recovered. It so happens, however, that Eddie had given the weapon to Cliff Halliday, a friendly sports writer. So when Oakes tries to steal it, he cannot find it.

Puzzled, Barton has a hunch that the revolver is in Pat Mallory's bank box. A short time later, Jimmy Watson (a crooked gambler, in Barton's pay) "wins" three thousand dollars from Halliday in a poker game—and takes the sports writer's IOU for the entire amount. Then, obedient to Barton's orders, he offers to cancel the debt if Halliday (a close friend of Pat Mallory) will hand over to him a "small pearl-handled .32 revolver" that Pat (so he says) has placed in her bank box! Certain that the revolver Watson wants and the one Eddie Gordon had given him are one and the same, Halliday confers with Eddie. He produces the revolver, and Eddie insists that he give it to Watson. Then, after jotting down the weapon's serial number, Eddie fires a bullet into a mattress—a bullet which he repolices. . . . Pat Mallory is secretly in love with the man she is managing. She does not care for Babs Ellison. Nor does Babs care for him. In the course of a talk with Eddie, Pat tells him that, following the Grogan fight, Babs is giving a party to which she, Halliday and Eddie are invited. Then: "Do I go or not?" she demands.

X

EDDIE shrugged. "Why do you ask me?"

"We-e-ell . . . seeing that it's planned as a celebration for the new champion . . ." Pat said.

"Sounds a bit previous. Suppose I don't win?"

She glanced at him quickly, more than a trifle disturbed by the uncertainty in his voice. "Let's don't talk that way, Eddie."

"Why not? Grogan's no pushover, and you've been reminding me that I'm not in the best of shape."

"You'll win." She spoke with a confidence she did not entirely feel. "Which brings us back to where we started. Do I attend the party—or don't I?"

He shook his head. "You'll have to answer that one."

"I'll do whatever you'd prefer."

"I haven't any preference." He wasn't hostile: merely indifferent. "I don't see any reason why you *shouldn't* go, if that's what you're asking." He looked straight at her. "Will Cliff be there?"

"Yes."

"Then go. You like him."

"And as far as you're concerned, it simply doesn't matter one way or the other?"

"You put it a bit crudely," he said, "but that's how it seems to figure out."

She sighed. "I was hoping that maybe—just this one day, Eddie . . . we might find a touch of what we ought to have."

He asked pointedly, "Why? Now look, Pat—and get it straight once and for all. You've been calling the shots ever since Pop died. There's no use pretending that I liked it, because I didn't. I don't like it now—and I never will like it. I'm handing you all credit for doing what you thought was right . . . or smart . . . but when it comes to giving three cheers, I think I'll ask to be excused."

He walked across the room and then came back to her.

"My apologies for the speech, Pat. It just seemed a good idea to set the record in order on this momentous day. As for tonight—I'd say trail along and have fun. After all, you belong. You're my manager."

MEANWHILE, in the sitting room of Joe Barton's apartment in mid-town, Mr. Morrie Oakes was pacing up and down trying to find an answer. He turned suddenly and glared at the wiry, dapper little fellow who was regarding him with colorless eyes.

"Look, Joe," burst out Morrie. "You've had that gun for twenty-four hours. So I'm askin' you: What are you waitin' for?"

Barton's voice was flat and toneless. He said, simply, "Tonight."

"Tonight . . ." Mr. Oakes never grabbed an idea on the fly, but this sank in quickly. An expression of consternation spread over his none-too-prepossessing countenance. "Holy cats!" he protested. "You ain't figurin' to ask me to knock no guy off right in the middle of Yankee Stadium, are you?"

"Don't be a prime sap. Eddie Gordon's going other places tonight. The Penguin Club, for instance."

"How do you know?" inquired Morrie. "Because I'm flinging a party for him."

Mr. Oakes collapsed into a chair. "Well, whadaya know about that?" he inquired. "You sure got a sense of humor, Joe. That's a darbo, no kiddin' . . . flingin' a party for him. So what happens after he leaves the Penguin Club?"

"Nothing," stated Joe Barton. "He isn't going to leave."

He watched the other man for a moment and then went on coldly: "That's where you step in, Morrie. You're going to be at the Penguin Club tonight all prettied up in white tie, tails—and gloves."

Morrie said, "Go ahead, Joe. Maybe I ain't gonna like this."

"You'll like it. Now . . . what about this blond babe of yours . . . what's her name?"

"Rita?" Morrie waxed enthusiastic. "She's tops."

"I don't mean that. What I'm interested in—has she got nerve, or does she fling hysterics the minute something happens?"

"Hysterics? Not her, Joe. But what's the setup?"

"It's simple—so try to grab it the first time. My party will consist of Babs

Ellison and myself, Cliff Halliday and Patricia Mallory—and Eddie Gordon. We're going there right after the fight. You and Rita will be there . . . but I don't know you and you don't know me."

"I getcha so far."

"Along about one o'clock in the morning, the Penguin Club gets pretty wild. Everybody's oiled by then. They start yelling for rumbas and congas. That means plenty of drums, loud trumpets—and a crowded floor. Keep your eye on Gordon. When the music starts sizzling and he commences dancing with Mallory—you drift out with Rita. And be sure you're wearing gloves."

"Gloves? I don't get it, Joe."

"The gloves are so there won't be any fingerprints on the gun."

"What gun?"

"The one you're going to shoot Eddie Gordon with."

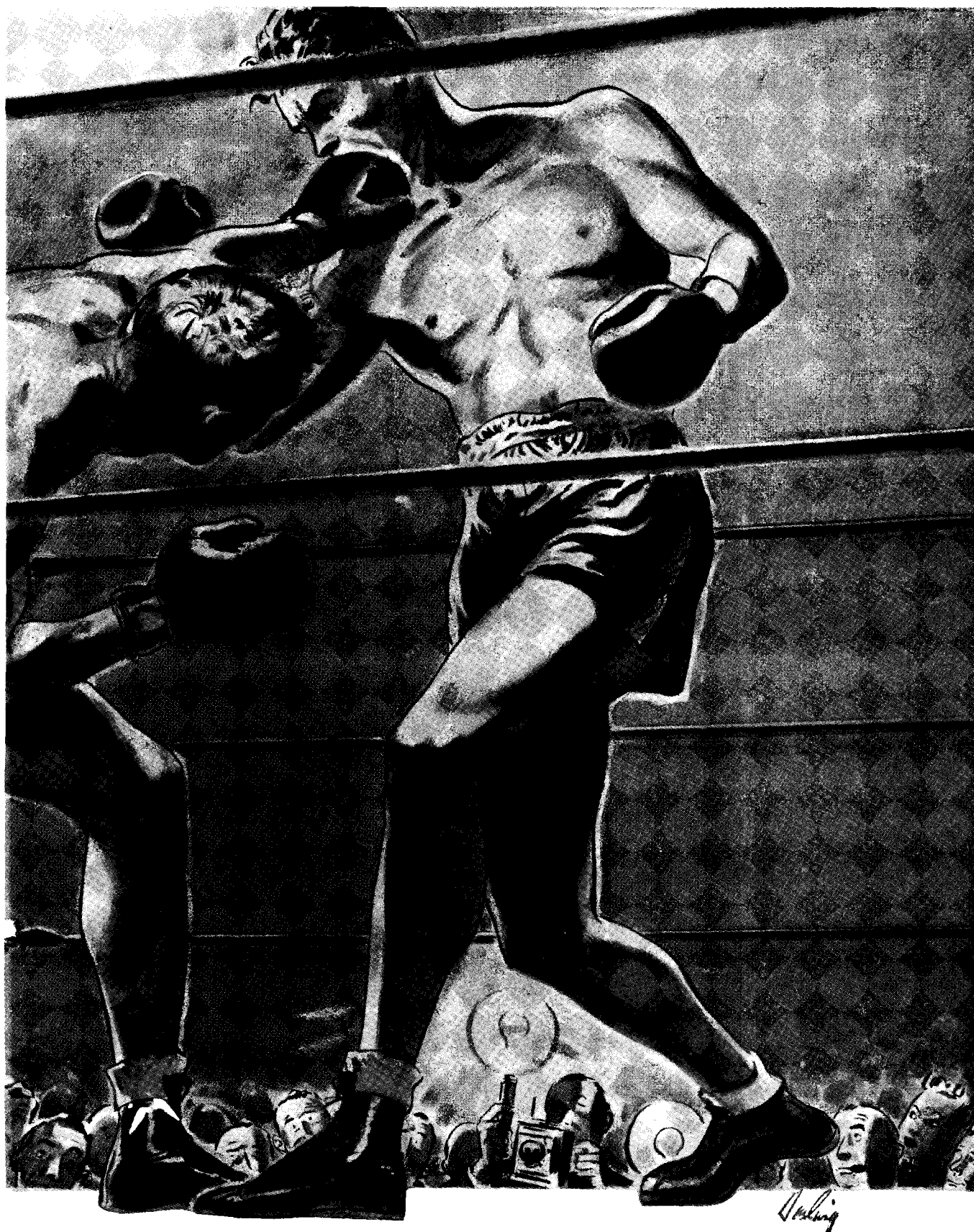
Morrie emitted a long, low whistle. He said, "That don't sound awful sensible, Joe."

"It's the most sensible thing I ever thought of. Figure it out for yourself. I pick the minute and give you the signal. By that time, nobody's paying any attention to anybody else. Neither Gordon nor Mallory know you or Rita. You dance close. Rita should be wearing a dress that has a cape to it—or a little fur jacket. You've got the gun in your right hand, and that hand is around her cape. When you're right close to Eddie, you jam the gun into his back and let go."

"Wow. . . ." Mr. Oakes shook his head. "That takes care of Gordon, all right," he conceded. "But how do I make my getaway?"

"You don't. The minute you fire the





This left of Dixie's was as fast as the striking of a rattler. It kept snapping into his face so that his head would bob back and he'd be thrown badly off balance

The photographers crowded in. Dixie and Eddie posed: shaking hands, with bare fists clenched, smiling, scowling. That done, they grinned at each other in the friendliest fashion, and Eddie said, "It's a lot of malarkey, but the public likes it."

They stepped on the scales and the weights were officially checked: Grogan 159, Gordon 157 $\frac{3}{4}$. A puffy little doctor hustled up with a stethoscope and clapped it against Eddie's body. Feets Johnson regarded the proceedings with some contempt. "Shuh, Doc," he commented, "you ain't gwine git no wrong numbers on that telephone."

The physical examination was thorough but brief; both fighters were given official okays. Once again they shook hands. Eddie said, "Good luck, Dixie," and Grogan grinned, "Same to you, Eddie. I'll be seein' you later."

That was that. Eddie shrugged into the robe which the ubiquitous Feets held out for him, and started toward the room in which he had undressed.

A pudgy little man with moonlike face and placid gray eyes stopped him. Max Ellison said, "Got a minute to spare, Eddie?"

"Sure . . . certainly." Eddie gestured to Feets. "You run along," he ordered. "I'll join you."

"A'right, suh. But don't you go catchin' yo'se'f no cold."

Max beamed on the young fighter and led him into a corner of the room. "You seem to be in pretty good shape, Eddie."

"Yes . . . I'm all right."

Max shook his head. "I'm afraid," he commented candidly, "that this is my last day as manager of the world's middleweight champion."

Eddie smiled. "You seem to have an awful lot of confidence in me."

"I have. Dixie is a good boy, but he isn't *that* good."

"You're a queer one, Mr. Ellison. You'd think—to hear you talk—that you were rooting for me to win."

"You'd think wrong. Personally, I'd like nothing better than to see you get your ears pinned back. But what I want and what I'll get are two different things."

Eddie said, "Thanks. You know, I'm sorry we never got together. You've done things I wasn't crazy about . . . that frame-up you tried on Miss Mallory, for instance—"

"You still think I engineered that?"

"Sure. What's the use of trying to kid me? You did it, and it was one hundred per cent lousy. I didn't like it then, and I don't like it now. But I'm fair enough to admit that I asked for it by checking in with your idea in the first place. So it's at least half my fault, for which I'm plenty sorry. Besides—" and he smiled—"it didn't work."

"It certainly didn't. Which means that you and I will probably never play in the same league. Your Miss Mallory is much too smart for an old codger like me."

Eddie frowned at that. "Why are you so sure?"

(Continued on page 35)

gun—you drop it. If possible, you kick it across the floor. Nobody will be looking at you. They won't know where the shot came from. They'll hear it . . . and they'll see Gordon fall. You just stick with the crowd. It might be a good idea to remove the gloves. Tell Rita to scream her head off—just like all the other dames will be doing. So who's to know you were mixed up in it at all?"

"Nobody . . ." Morrie's eyes shone with admiration. "You sure got a head on your shoulders, Joe. You got it figured down fine."

"You said it. There isn't one bug in the whole scheme, Morrie. Even those who know I don't like Gordon—they couldn't suspect me because I'm Eddie's host: I'm the guy who's throwing the big party for him. You're as safe as I am."

"Yeah . . . maybe . . ." Morrie seemed a trifle dubious.

"There isn't any 'maybe' about it. You're a bad egg, Morrie—but lucky. You haven't got any police record, so even if some eagle-eye spots you in that room, they've got nothing to hold you on. It's a simple job, and there's ten grand in it for you."

Mr. Oakes nodded. "That's lotsa dough," he admitted. "I'll do it."

"Sure you will." Joe Barton's voice was cold. "Not only for the money, but also because I've got plenty on you if I ever want to remember it." The younger man uncrossed his legs and stood up. "You've got it all straight, have you, Morrie?"

"Yep."

"And Rita won't crab it?"

"She's aces." Morrie scratched his head. "I'll be watchin' you close, Joe. . . ."

"Correct." Barton's thin lips stretched

into a smile that was not pleasant. "But don't start anything until I give you the signal."

THE two clean-limbed young men met at the office of the boxing commission. Dixie Grogan was slightly taller than Eddie, and his muscles were bulgier. His sandy hair was in sharp contrast to that of his opponent, his nose was flat, and his gray eyes bore scars at the corners. He moved to the middle of the circle of attendants and officials and held out his hand. He said, "Hello, Gordon."

Eddie smiled. "'Lo, Dixie," he said. The champion eyed the nude figure of his opponent with approval. "You're looking fit," he complimented.

"You, too, Champ. We ought to have fun tonight."

"Sure. We'll give the crowd what they're payin' for."

Evil Under the Sun

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

AT THE Jolly Roger, an old hotel on an English south-coast island, Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian criminal investigator, observes that everyone is nervous, apprehensive. And presently he learns what is wrong: Two of the guests—Kenneth Marshall's wife, Arlena, and Christine Redfern's husband, Patrick—are having an "affair," and trouble is expected.

In the hotel and on the beach that lies below it, Poirot sees much of the Marshalls. He has daily chats with the other guests—among them: Miss Emily Brewster, an old maid; the Reverend Stephen Lane, a religious fanatic; two Americans—Mrs. Odell Gardener and her husband; Major Barry, a colossal bore; Rosa-

mund Darnley (who had once been in love with Kenneth Marshall); and Horace Blatt. . .

One warm August morning, Poirot goes to the beach. Arlena Marshall is there. She asks a favor of Poirot—that he tell no one he has seen her. Then, climbing on a small float, she paddles away. That same morning, "Pat" Redfern and Miss Brewster, out for a jaunt in a rowboat, find her body on the beach at Pixy Cove—she has been strangled to death!

Inspector Colgate, Chief Constable Weston and Poirot go to work on the case at once. Kenneth Marshall (the most obvious suspect) has an alibi—at the time of the murder he had been in his room, typing letters. Feeling sure

that a man, a powerful strangler, had killed Arlena, Colgate, Weston and Poirot question a series of persons: Linda Marshall, Kenneth Marshall's daughter by his first wife (who supplies Christine with an excellent alibi by testifying that she and Christine had spent the entire morning of that tragic August day at near-by Gull Cove); Patrick Redfern (who admits that he was "crazy" about Arlena, and still loves his wife); and Christine Redfern.

Christine characterizes Arlena as "the sort of woman who would be mixed up with everything sordid: blackmail—jealousy—violence."

Weston says quietly, "Why did you mention the word *blackmail*?"

VI

CHRISTINE stared at Weston, not seeming at once to take in what he meant. She answered almost mechanically: "I suppose—because she was being blackmailed. She was the sort of person who would be."

"But," Colonel Weston said earnestly, "do you know she was being blackmailed?"

A faint color rose in the girl's cheeks. She said rather awkwardly, "As a matter of fact, I do happen to know it. I—I overheard something."

"Will you explain, Mrs. Redfern?"

Flushing still more, Christine Redfern continued: "I—I didn't mean to overhear. It was an accident. It was two—no, three nights ago. We were playing bridge." She turned toward Poirot. "You remember? My husband and I, M. Poirot and Miss Darnley. I was dummy. It was very stuffy in the card room, and I slipped out of the window for a breath of fresh air. I went down toward the beach and I suddenly heard voices. One—it was Arlena Marshall's—I knew it at once—said, 'It's no good pressing me. I can't get any more money now. My husband will suspect something.' And then a man's voice said, 'I'm not taking any excuses. You've got to cough up.' And then Arlena Marshall said, 'You blackmailing brute!' And the man said, 'Brute or not, you'll pay up, my lady.'"

Christine paused. "I'd turned back and a minute after Arlena Marshall rushed past me. She looked—well, frightfully upset."

Weston said, "And the man? Do you know who he was?"

Christine Redfern shook her head. She said, "He was keeping his voice low. I barely heard what he said."

"It didn't suggest the voice to you of anyone you knew?"

She thought again, but once more shook her head. "No, I don't know. It was gruff and low. It—oh, it might have been anybody's."

Colonel Weston said, "Thank you, Mrs. Redfern."

WHEN the door had closed behind Christine Redfern, Inspector Colgate said:

"Now we are getting somewhere!"

"You think so, eh?" Weston said.

"Well, it's suggestive, sir, you can't get away from it. Somebody in this hotel was blackmailing the lady."

Poirot murmured, "But it is not the wicked blackmailer who lies dead. It is the victim."

"That's a bit of a setback, I agree," said the inspector. "Blackmailers aren't in the habit of bumping off their victims. But what it does give us is this, it suggests a reason for Mrs. Marshall's curious behavior this morning. She had a rendezvous with this fellow who was blackmailing her, and she didn't want either her husband or Redfern to know about it."

"It certainly explains that point," agreed Poirot.

Inspector Colgate went on: "And think of the place chosen. The very spot for
(Continued on page 29)

"I was reading. Of course I looked up from my book from time to time but the sea was quite bare each time"



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With men who know tobacco best—It's Luckies 2 to 1

Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 26

the purpose. The lady goes off on her float. That's natural enough. It's what she does every day. She goes around to Pixy Cove where no one ever goes in the morning and which will be a nice quiet place for an interview."

Poirot said, "But yes, I, too, was struck by that point. It is, as you say, an ideal spot for a rendezvous. It is deserted, it is only accessible from the land side by descending a vertical steel ladder—which is not so easy to do. Moreover, most of the beach is invisible from above because of the overhanging cliff. And it has another advantage. Mr. Redfern told me of that one day. There is a cave on it, the entrance to which is not easy to find but where anyone could wait unseen."

Weston said, "Of course, the Pixy's Cave—remember hearing about it."

"Haven't heard it spoken of for years, though," Inspector Colgate said. "We'd better have a look inside it. Never know, we might find a pointer of some kind."

Weston said, "Yes, you're right, Colgate, we've got the solution to part one of the puzzle. *Why did Mrs. Marshall go to Pixy Cove?* We want the other half of that solution, though. *Who did she go there to meet?* Presumably someone staying in this hotel. None of them fitted as a lover—but a black-mailer's a different proposition."

He drew the register toward him.

"Excluding the waiters, boots, etc., whom I don't think likely, we've got the following: The American—Gardener, Major Barry, Mr. Horace Blatt and the Reverend Stephen Lane."

INSPECTOR COLGATE said, "We can narrow it down a bit, sir. We might almost rule out the American, I think. He was on the beach all the morning. That's so, isn't it, M. Poirot?"

Poirot replied, "He was absent for a short time when he fetched a skein of wool for his wife."

"Oh, well," Colgate said, "we needn't count that."

"And what about the other three?" Weston said.

"Major Barry went out at ten o'clock this morning. He returned at one-thirty. Mr. Lane was earlier still. He breakfasted at eight. Said he was going for a tramp. Mr. Blatt went off for a sail at nine-thirty, same as he does most days. Neither of them are back yet."

"A sail, eh?" Colonel Weston's voice was thoughtful.

Inspector Colgate's voice was responsive. He said, "Might fit in rather well, sir."

"Well," Weston said, "we'll have a word with this major bloke—and let me see, who else is there? Rosamund Darnley. And there's the Brewster woman who found the body with Redfern. What's she like, Colgate?"

"Oh, a sensible party, sir. No nonsense about her."

"She didn't express any opinions on the death?"

The inspector shook his head. "I don't think she'll have anything more to tell us, sir, but we'll have to make sure. Then there are the Americans."

Colonel Weston nodded. He said: "Let's have 'em all in and get it over as soon as possible. Never know, might learn something. About the blackmailing stunt if about nothing else."

Mr. and Mrs. Gardener came into the presence of authority together.

Mrs. Gardener explained immediately: "I hope you'll understand how it is, Colonel Weston—that is the name, I think?" Reassured on this point she

went on: "But this has been a very bad shock to me, and Mr. Gardener is always very, very careful of my health—"

Mr. Gardener here interpolated. "Mrs. Gardener," he said, "is very sensitive."

"And he said to me, 'Why, Carrie,' he said, 'naturally I'm coming right along with you.' It's not that we haven't the highest admiration for British police methods because we have. I've been told that British police procedure is most refined and delicate and I've never doubted it and certainly when I once had a bracelet missing at the Savoy Hotel nothing could have been more lovely and sympathetic than the young man who came to see me about it, and, of course, I hadn't really lost the bracelet at all, but just mislaid it, that's the worst of rushing about so much, it makes you kind of forgetful where you put things." Mrs. Gardener paused, in-

then that good-looking young man, Mr. Redfern, and so impatient he was, just sitting there on the beach scowling at everyone and everything. And I said to myself, 'Why, when he has that nice, pretty little wife of his own, must he go running after that dreadful woman?' Because that's just what I felt she was. I always felt that about her, didn't I, Odell?"

"Yes, darling."

The lips of Hercule Poirot quivered in a little smile. His eyes met for a minute the shrewd, gray eyes of Mr. Gardener.

Colonel Weston said rather desperately, "Well, thank you, Mrs. Gardener. I suppose there's nothing that either of you has noticed since you've been here that might have a bearing upon the case?"

"Why, no, I don't think so." Mr. Gardener spoke with a slow drawl. "Mrs. Marshall was around with young Red-

chap, you know, great reader—mild as milk you'd have said. Went for his wife one evening in their bungalow. Got her by the throat. She'd been carryin' on with some feller or other and he'd got wise to it. By Jove, he nearly did for her! It was touch and go. Surprised us all! Didn't think he had it in him."

Hercule Poirot murmured, "And you see there an analogy to the death of Mrs. Marshall?"

"Well, what I mean to say—strangled, you know. Same idea. Feller suddenly sees red!"

"You think," Poirot said, "that Captain Marshall felt like that?"

"Oh, look here, I never said that." Major Barry's face went even redder. "Never said anything about Marshall. Thoroughly nice chap. Wouldn't say a word against him for the world."

Colonel Weston stirred a little restively. He said, "You don't know of anything—that you've seen or noticed that might help us in this case?"

"Well, really, Weston, I can't say I do. Saw her and young Redfern one afternoon on Gull Cove"—here he winked knowingly and gave a deep, hoarse chuckle—"very pretty it was, too. But it's not evidence of that kind you're wanting. Ha, ha."

"You did not see Mrs. Marshall at all this morning?"

"Didn't see anybody this morning. Went over to St. Loo. Just my luck. Sort of place here where nothin' happens for months and when it does you miss it!"

THE major's voice held a ghoulish regret. Colonel Weston prompted him: "You went to St. Loo, you say?"

"Yes, wanted to do some telephonin'. No telephone here and that post-office place at Leathercombe Bay isn't very private."

"Were your telephone calls of a very private nature?"

The major winked again cheerfully. "Well, they were and they weren't. Wanted to get through to a pal of mine and get him to put somethin' on a horse. Couldn't get through to him, worse luck."

"Where did you telephone from?"

"Call box in the G.P.O. at St. Loo. Then on the way back I got lost—these confounded lanes—twistin' and turnin' all over the place. Must have wasted an hour over that at least. Damned confusing part of the world. I only got back half an hour ago."

Colonel Weston said, "Speak to anyone or meet anyone in St. Loo?"

Major Barry said with a chuckle, "Wantin' me to prove an alibi? Can't think of anythin' useful. Saw about fifty thousand people in St. Loo—but that's not to say they'll remember seein' me."

The chief constable said, "We have to ask these things, you know."

"Right you are. Call on me at any time. Glad to help you. Very fetchin' woman, the deceased. Like to help you catch the feller who did it. The Lonely Beach Murder—bet you that's what the papers will call it. Reminds me of the time—"

It was Inspector Colgate who firmly nipped this latest reminiscence in the bud and maneuvered the garrulous major out of the door.

Coming back, he said, "Difficult to check up on anything in St. Loo. It's the middle of the holiday season."

The chief constable said:

"Yes, we can't take him off the list. Not that I seriously believe he's implicated. Dozens of old bores like him going about. Remember one or two of



"Don't gimme none o' that!! I don't care who yuh know!! I wouldn't care if yuh was the mayor's uncle! See?! Gimme yuh operator's license!! . . . That's what I shoulda said i' that guy!"

JAY IRVING

haled gently and started off again: "And what I say is, and I know Mr. Gardener agrees with me, that we're only too anxious to do anything to help the British police in every way. So go right ahead and ask me anything at all you want to know—"

Colonel Weston opened his mouth to comply with this invitation but had momentarily to postpone speech while Mrs. Gardener went on:

"That's what I said, Odell, isn't it? And that's so, isn't it?"

"Yes, darling," said Mr. Gardener.

Colonel Weston spoke hastily: "I understand, Mrs. Gardener, that you and your husband were on the beach all morning?"

For once Mr. Gardener was able to get in first. "That's so," he said.

"Why certainly we were," said Mrs. Gardener. "And a lovely, peaceful morning it was, just like any other morning if you get me, perhaps even more so, and not the slightest idea in our minds of what was happening around the corner on that lonely beach."

"Did you see Mrs. Marshall at all today?"

"We did not. And I said to Odell, 'Why, wherever can Mrs. Marshall have got to this morning?' I said. And first her husband coming looking for her and

fern most of the time—but everybody can tell you that."

"What about her husband? Did he mind, do you think?"

Mr. Gardener said cautiously, "Captain Marshall is a very reserved man."

Mrs. Gardener confirmed this by saying, "Why, yes, he is a real Britisher!"

ON THE slightly apoplectic countenance of Major Barry various emotions seemed contending for mastery. He was endeavoring to look properly horrified but could not subdue a kind of shamefaced gusto. He was saying in his hoarse, slightly wheezy voice:

"Glad to help you any way I can. Course I don't know anythin' about it—nothin' at all. Not acquainted with the parties. But I've knocked about a bit in my time. Lived a lot in the East, you know. And I can tell you that after being in an Indian hill station what you don't know about human nature isn't worth knowin'."

He paused, took a breath and was off again:

"Matter of fact, this business reminds me of a case in Simla. Fellow called Robinson, or was it Falconer? Anyway, he was in the East Wilts or was it the North Surreys? Can't remember now and anyway it doesn't matter. Quiet



Ruth only reads of Romance!

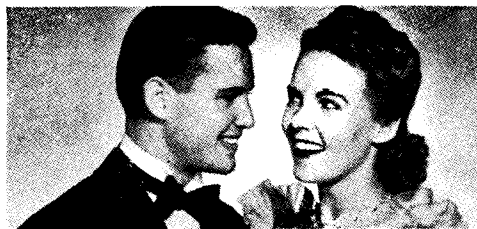
For, like so many others, Ruth has bad breath and doesn't know it. That's the tragedy of this common fault—you seldom suspect it in yourself. Yet dentists say:



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them in my army days. Still—he's a possibility. I leave all that to you, Colgate. Check what time he took the car out—petrol—all that. It's humanly possible that he parked the car somewhere in a lonely spot, walked back here and went to the cove. But it doesn't seem feasible to me. He'd have run too much risk of being seen."

Colgate nodded. He said, "Of course, there are a good many charabancs here today. Fine day. They start arriving around about half past eleven. High tide was at seven. Low tide would be about one o'clock. People would be spread out over the sands and the causeway."

"Yes," Weston said. "But he'd have to come up from the causeway past the hotel."

"Not right past it. He could branch off on the path that leads up over the top of the island."

Weston said doubtfully, "I'm not saying that he mightn't have done it without being seen. Practically all the hotel guests were on the bathing beach except for Mrs. Redfern and the Marshall girl who were down in Gull Cove, and the beginning of that path would only be overlooked by a few rooms of the hotel and there are plenty of chances against anyone looking out of those windows just at that moment. For the matter of that, I dare say it's possible for a man to walk up to the hotel, through the lounge and out again without anyone happening to see him. But what I say is, he couldn't *count* on no one seeing him."

"He could have gone around to the cove by boat," said Colgate.

Weston nodded. He said, "That's much sounder. If he'd had a boat handy in one of the coves near by, he could have left the car, rowed or sailed to Pixy Cove, done the murder, rowed back, picked up the car and arrived back with this tale about having been to St. Loo and lost his way—a story that he'd know would be pretty hard to disprove."

"You're right, sir."
"Well, I leave it to you, Colgate," the chief constable said. "Comb the neighborhood thoroughly. You know what to do. We'd better see Miss Brewster now."

EMILY BREWSTER was not able to add anything of material value to what they already knew.

Weston said, after she had repeated her story, "And there's nothing you know of that could help us in any way?"

"Afraid not," Emily Brewster said shortly. "It's a distressing business. However, I expect you'll soon get to the bottom of it."

Weston said, "I hope so too."

"Ought not to be difficult," Emily Brewster said dryly. That woman was a bad lot through and through. You've only got to hunt around a bit in her unsavory past."

Hercule Poirot said gently, "You did not like her?"

"I know a bit too much about her." In answer to the inquiring looks she went on: "My first cousin married one of the Erskines. You've probably heard that that woman induced old Sir Robert when he was in his dotage to leave most of his fortune to her away from his own family."

Colonel Weston said, "And the family—er—resented that?"

"Naturally. His association with her was a scandal anyway, and on top of that to leave her a sum like fifty thousand pounds shows just the kind of woman she was. I dare say I sound hard, but in my opinion the Arlena Stuarts of this world deserve very little sympathy. Look at the way she was ruining young Redfern!" She paused. "I'm afraid I can't have any regret for her death."

"And you think the murderer was someone out of her past?"

"Yes, I do."

"Someone who came from the mainland with no one seeing him?"

"Why should anyone see him? We were all on the beach. I gather the Marshall child and Christine Redfern were down on Gull Cove out of the way. Captain Marshall was in his room in the hotel. Then who on earth was there to see him except possibly Miss Darnley?"

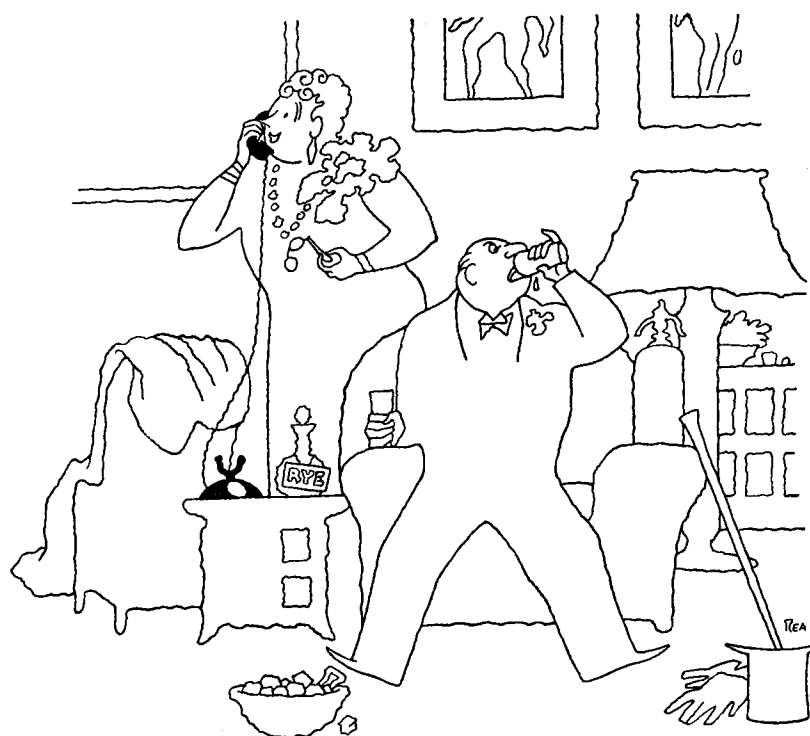
"Where was Miss Darnley?"

"Sitting up on the cutting at the top of the cliff. Sunny Ledge it's called. We saw her there, Mr. Redfern and I, when we were rowing around the island."

Colonel Weston said, "You may be right, Miss Brewster."

"I'm sure I'm right. When a woman's neither more nor less than a nasty mess, then she herself will provide the best possible clue. Don't you agree with me, M. Poirot?"

Hercule Poirot looked up. His eyes met her confident gray ones. He said, "Oh, yes—I agree with that which you have just this minute said. Arlena Mar-



"He's busy right now. He's getting ready to go to the opera with me!"

GARDNER REA

shall herself is the best, the only clue, to her own death."

Miss Brewster said sharply, "Well, then!"

She stood there, an erect, sturdy figure, her cool, self-confident glance going from one man to the other.

"You may be sure, Miss Brewster," said Colonel Weston, "that any clue there may be in Mrs. Marshall's past life will not be overlooked."

Emily Brewster went out.

Inspector Colgate shifted his position at the table. He said in a thoughtful voice, "She's a determined one, she is. And she'd got her knife into the dead lady, proper, she had." He stopped a minute and added reflectively: "It's a pity in a way that she's got a cast-iron alibi for the whole morning. Did you notice her hands, sir? As big as a man's. And she's a hefty woman—as strong and stronger than many a man I'd say. . . ."

He paused again. His glance at Poirot was almost pleading. "And you say she never left the beach this morning, M. Poirot?"

Slowly Poirot shook his head. He said, "My dear. Inspector, she came down to the beach before Mrs. Marshall could have reached Pixy Cove and she was within my sight until she set off with Mr. Redfern in the boat."

Inspector Colgate said gloomily, "Then that washes her out."

He seemed upset about it.

AS ALWAYS, Hercule Poirot felt a keen sense of pleasure at the sight of Rosamund Darnley. Even to a bare police inquiry into the ugly facts of murder she brought a distinction of her own. She sat down opposite Colonel Weston and turned a grave and intelligent face to him.

She said, "You want my name and address? Rosamund Anne Darnley. I carry on a dressmaking business under the name of Rose Mond Ltd. at 622 Brook Street."

"Thank you, Miss Darnley. Now can you tell us anything that may help us?"

"I don't really think I can."

"Your own movements—"

"I had breakfast about nine thirty. Then I went up to my room and collected some books and my sunshade and went out to Sunny Ledge. That must have been about twenty-five past ten. I came back to the hotel about ten minutes to twelve, went up and got my tennis racket and went out to the tennis courts where I played tennis until lunch time."

"You were in the cliff recess, called by the hotel Sunny Ledge, from about half past ten until ten minutes to twelve?"

"Yes."

"Did you see Mrs. Marshall at all this morning?"

"No."

"Did you see her from the cliff as she paddled her float around to Pixy Cove?"

"No, she must have gone by before I got there."

"Did you notice anyone on a float or in a boat at all this morning?"

"No, I don't think I did. You see I was reading. Of course I looked up from my book from time to time but as it happened the sea was quite bare each time I did so."

"You didn't even notice Mr. Redfern and Miss Brewster when they went around?"

"No."

"You were, I think, acquainted with Mrs. Marshall?"

"Captain Marshall is an old family friend. His family and mine lived next door to each other. I had not seen him, however, for a good many years—it must be something like twelve years."

"And Mrs. Marshall?"

"I'd never exchanged half a dozen

words with her until I met her here."

"Were Captain and Mrs. Marshall, as far as you knew, on good terms with each other?"

"On perfectly good terms, I should say."

"Was Captain Marshall very devoted to his wife?"

Rosamund said, "He may have been, I can't really tell you anything about that. Captain Marshall is rather old-fashioned—he hasn't got the modern habit of shouting matrimonial woes upon the housetop."

"Did you like Mrs. Marshall, Miss Darnley?"

"No."

The monosyllable came quietly and evenly. It sounded what it was—a simple statement of fact.

"Why was that?"

A half-smile came to Rosamund's lips. She said, "Surely you've discovered that Arlena Marshall was not popular with her own sex? She was bored to death with women and showed it. Nevertheless, I should like to have had the dressing of her. She had a great gift for clothes. Her clothes were always just right and she wore them well. I should like to have had her as a client."

"She spent a good deal on clothes?"

"She must have. But then she had money of her own and, of course, Captain Marshall is quite well off."

"Did you ever hear or did it ever occur to you that Mrs. Marshall was being blackmailed, Miss Darnley?"

A look of intense astonishment came over Rosamund Darnley's expressive face. She said, "Blackmailed? Arlena?"

"The idea seems to surprise you."

"Well, yes, it does rather. It seems so incongruous."

"But surely it is possible?"

"Everything's possible, isn't it? The world soon teaches one that. But I wondered what anyone could blackmail Arlena about?"

"There are certain things, I suppose, that Mrs. Marshall might be anxious should not come to her husband's ears?"

"We'll, yes."

She explained the doubt in her voice by saying with a half-smile, "I sound skeptical, but then, you see, Arlena was rather notorious in her conduct. She never made much of a pose of respectability."

"You think, then, that her husband was aware of her—intimacies with other people?"

THERE was a pause. Rosamund was frowning. She spoke at last in a slow, reluctant voice. She said, "You know, I don't really know what to think. I've always assumed that Kenneth Marshall accepted his wife, quite frankly, for what she was. That he had no illusions about her. But it may not be so."

"He may have believed in her absolutely?"

Rosamund said with semiexasperation, "Men are such fools. And Kenneth Marshall is unworldly under his sophisticated manner. He may have believed in her blindly. He may have thought she was just—admired."

"And you know of no one—that is you have heard of no one who was likely to have had a grudge against Mrs. Marshall?"

Rosamund Darnley smiled. She said "Only resentful wives. And I presume, since she was strangled, that it was a man who killed her."

"Yes."

Rosamund said thoughtfully, "No, I can't think of anyone. But then I probably shouldn't know. You'll have to ask someone in her own intimate set."

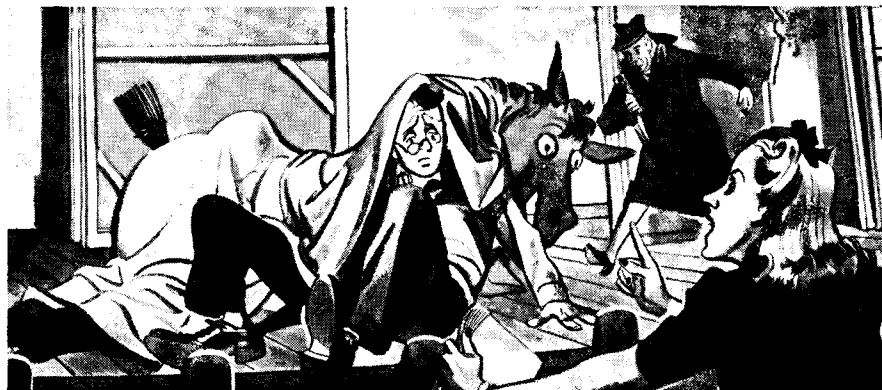
"Thank you, Miss Darnley."

Rosamund turned a little in her chair. She said, "Hasn't M. Poirot any questions to ask?"

Her faintly ironic smile flashed out at

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Dorne



Lil: Arthur—that's a horse, not a hearse! Put some pep in it!

Art: Aw, Lil! I didn't wanta be an actor.



Aunt Patty: Lil, it's a plain case of no pep appeal! I'll bet he doesn't get all his vitamins. Come over to my house and I'll show you lesson number one—a lesson entitled "KELLOGG'S PEP."



Aunt Patty: And don't let him forget it, Lil! Right in that crisp wheat-flake cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, the ones our diets are most likely to be deficient in, vitamins B₁ and D.

Art: Holy smoke, Auntie! It's delicious! Why haven't you told us about it before?



Art: You know, KELLOGG'S PEP and those other vitamin foods she told us about might make a lot of difference in me!

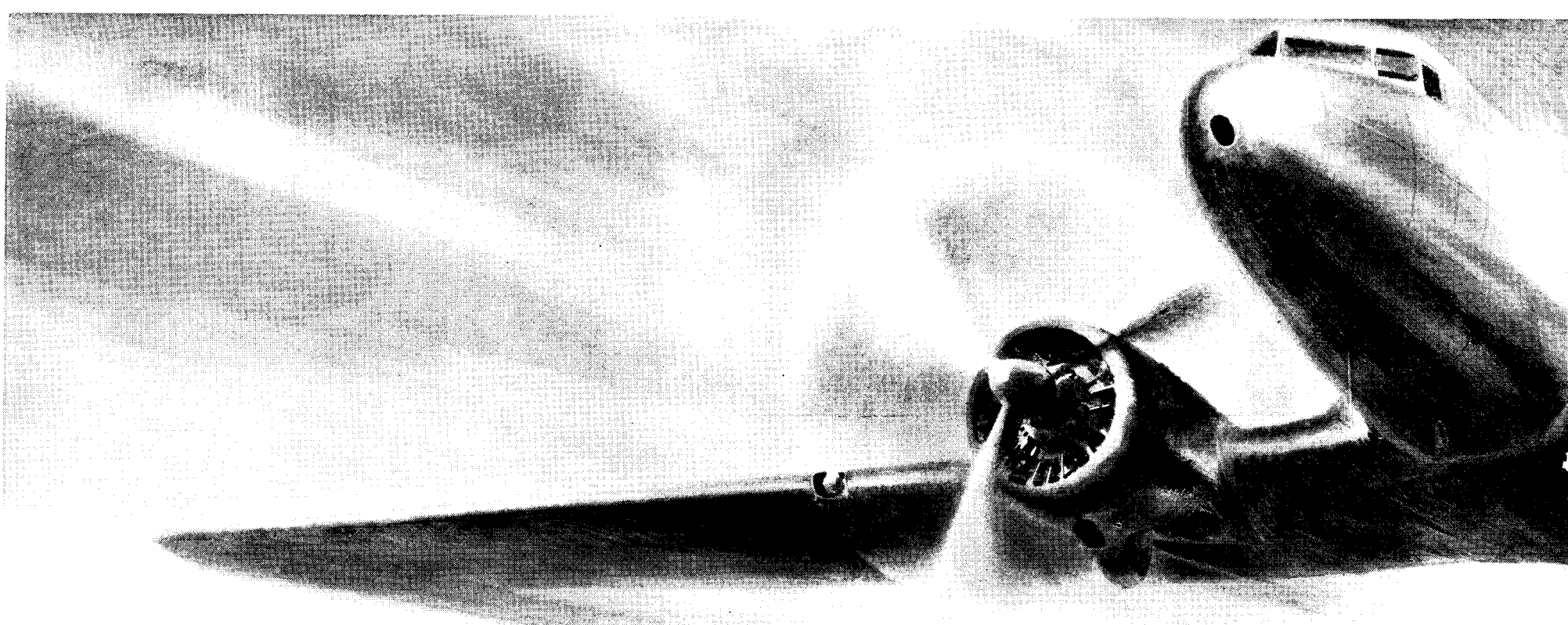
Lil: From now on, my handsome hero, you're going to be the most vitaminized man in Suffolk county!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

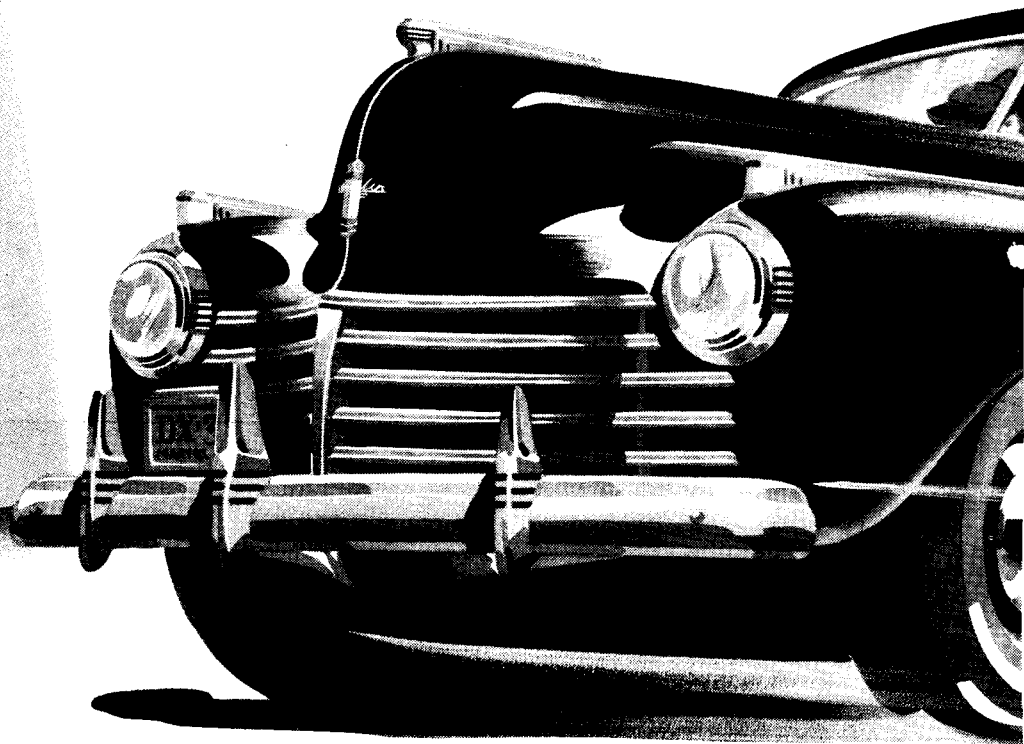
MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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Like this modern "Space- on a fraction of

***In the Plane: It's the
Variable-pitch propeller!
In Chrysler: It's Fluid Drive
and Vacamatic Transmission!***



IT'S the variable-pitch propeller that makes possible the peak efficiency of the modern airplane . . . enables the pilot to call on extra horsepower when he needs it . . . permits him to operate with varying ratios of propeller-pitch to give economy and long cruising radius.

For take-off and climbing, the pilot sets his propeller pitch to apply peak horsepower. He changes the propeller ratio as he climbs . . . when he levels off, he uses only a small fraction of his total horsepower. And feeds only the horses he uses!

In a 1941 Chrysler, the driver does precisely the same thing, but the operation is automatic . . . with *Fluid Drive* and the Vacamatic transmission.

At 40 miles an hour, a 140 horsepower Chrysler engine is using only 18 horsepower. That's all you need to use . . . all you have to feed. But if you want to pass a car, need a burst of power for a hill, you simply "tramp down" on the accelerator and the gear ratios automatically change. Now you have chain-lightning pickup as long as you need it! When you let up on the throttle, you automatically return to a cruising ratio . . . the extra horsepower stops work . . . *and stops eating fuel!*

**BE
MODERN**
WITH FLUID DRIVE

Buy



Eater" a Chrysler cruises its horsepower!



A Chrysler can cruise all day at 60 miles an hour on 43 horsepower out of a total of 140! Think of the economy of that! Think of the vast reserve you have when you want it!

The whole flow of power in a 1941 Chrysler is keyed to the most advanced engineering knowledge. In addition to *Fluid Drive* to give unlimited speeds without gear-shifting, Chrysler's Spitfire engines have multiple-jet carburetors . . . with jets for

low speeds, for average driving and cruising . . . and a "Spitfire" jet that leaps into action when you "step on it." In a Chrysler, you get exactly the right carburetion and exactly the right gear ratio for top performance . . . and peak economy!

In all truth, the 1941 Chrysler upsets an old proverb! It lets you eat your cake and have it too! You can have the thrills you want . . . the driving ease you long for . . . and still enjoy economy all the way!

So why shift gears . . . when Chrysler's modern engineering gives the smoothest, easiest, safest, most thrilling performance on the road . . . *at low cost!*

To know just how thrilling *Fluid Driving* is, you must try it for yourself! Your Chrysler dealer is eager to give you a demonstration that will open your eyes to a whole new world of motoring pleasure. Make a date today!

Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, CBS, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

Chrysler

WHY SHIFT GEARS?

TRY *FLUID DRIVE* WITH
VACAMATIC TRANSMISSION

Will Knox Gelatine REDUCE TIREDNESS for WOMEN?



158 women in tiring jobs volunteered to drink Knox for 28 days. They were checked by reporters once every week. Did they feel less tired? Did they have more energy left at the end of the day?



What desk workers reported. Included were 60 telephone operators, secretaries, cashiers, teachers. 2 out of 3 who started, and 9 out of 10 of those who completed the 28-day test said they felt noticeably less tired.



On-their-feet workers tested, numbered 98, from housewives and nurses to saleswomen and beauticians. Again, 2 out of 3 who started, and 9 out of 10 who completed the 28-days reported in substance: I know I'm not as tired after a hard day's work.

In addition, comes a report by a physiologist from a well-known university. He, too, tested women drinking Knox Gelatine regularly. His findings were that these women gained in endurance.

Don't these results suggest that women, as well as men, who are tired may benefit by following the Knox Gelatine Build-Up faithfully? Most of the women who reported "less tired" in worker tests noticed results after the 14th day. See what 2 weeks of the Knox Build-Up will do for you.

TRY THIS YOURSELF...for 2 weeks

1. Drink 4 envelopes of Knox Gelatine every day for 2 weeks. Then drop to 2 a day. After 28 days, drink as needed.
2. To prepare, pour 1 envelope (1/4 pkg.) Knox Gelatine into 3/4 glass water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir. Drink immediately. If it thickens, stir again. The gelatine is tasteless.

BUT BE SURE it's plain, unflavored Knox. Knox is all body-building protein. Ready-flavored gelatine dessert powders are 7/8 sugar, 1/8 protein. Buy from your grocer in 4-envelope or economical 32-envelope package.

KNOX Gelatine

A PROTEIN FOOD THAT FIGHTS FATIGUE

**SEND FOR
FREE KNOX BULLETIN**
telling how you may try
reducing tiredness. Write
Knox Gelatine, Dept. 70,
Johnstown, N. Y.



him. Hercule Poirot smiled and shook his head. He said, "I can think of nothing."

Rosamund Darnley got up and went out.

They were standing in the bedroom that had been Arlena Marshall's. Two big bay windows gave onto a balcony that overlooked the bathing beach and the sea beyond. Sunshine poured into the room flashing over the bewildering array of bottles and jars on Arlena's dressing table.

Here there was every kind of cosmetic and unguent known to beauty parlors. Among this panoply of woman's affairs three men moved purposefully. Inspector Colgate went about shutting and opening drawers.

Presently he gave a grunt. He had come upon a packet of folded letters. He and Weston ran through them together.

Hercule Poirot had moved to the wardrobe. He opened the door of the hanging cupboard and looked at the multiplicity of gowns and sports suits that hung there. He opened the other side. Foamy lingerie lay in piles. On a wide shelf were hats. Two more beach cardboard hats in lacquer red and pale yellow—a big Hawaiian straw hat—another of drooping dark blue linen and three or four little absurdities for which, no doubt, several guineas had been paid apiece—a kind of beret in dark blue—a tuft, no more, of black velvet—a pale gray turban.

Hercule Poirot stood scanning them—a faintly indulgent smile came to his lips. He murmured, "*Les femmes!*"

Colonel Weston was refolding the letters. "Three from young Redfern," he said. "Damned young ass. He'll learn not to write letters to women in a few more years. Women always keep letters and then swear they've burnt them. There's one other letter here. Same line of country."

He held it out and Poirot took it.

"Darling Arlena:

"God, I feel blue. To be going out to China—and perhaps not seeing you again for years and years. I didn't know any man could go on feeling crazy about a woman like I feel about you. Thanks for the check. They won't prosecute now. It was a near shave, though, and all because I wanted to make big money for you. Can you forgive me? I wanted

to set diamonds in your ears—your lovely, lovely ears—and clasp great milk-white pearls round your throat only they say pearls are no good nowadays. A fabulous emerald, then? Yes, that's the thing. A great emerald, cool and green and full of hidden fire. Don't forget me—but you won't, I know. You're mine—always.

"Goodby—goodby—goodby, J. N."

INSPECTOR COLGATE said, "Might be worth while to find out if J. N. really did go to China. Otherwise—well, he might be the person we're looking for. Crazy about the woman, idealizing her, suddenly finding out he'd been played for a sucker. It sounds to me as though this is the boy Miss Brewster mentioned. Yes, I think this might be useful."

Hercule Poirot nodded. He said, "Yes, that letter is important. I find it very important."

He turned around and stared at the room—at the bottles on the dressing table—at the open wardrobe and at a big Pierrot doll that lolled insolently on the bed.

They went into Kenneth Marshall's room.

It was next door to his wife's but with no communicating door and no balcony. It faced the same way and had two windows, but it was much smaller. Between the two windows a gilt mirror hung on the wall. In the corner beyond the right-hand window was the dressing table.

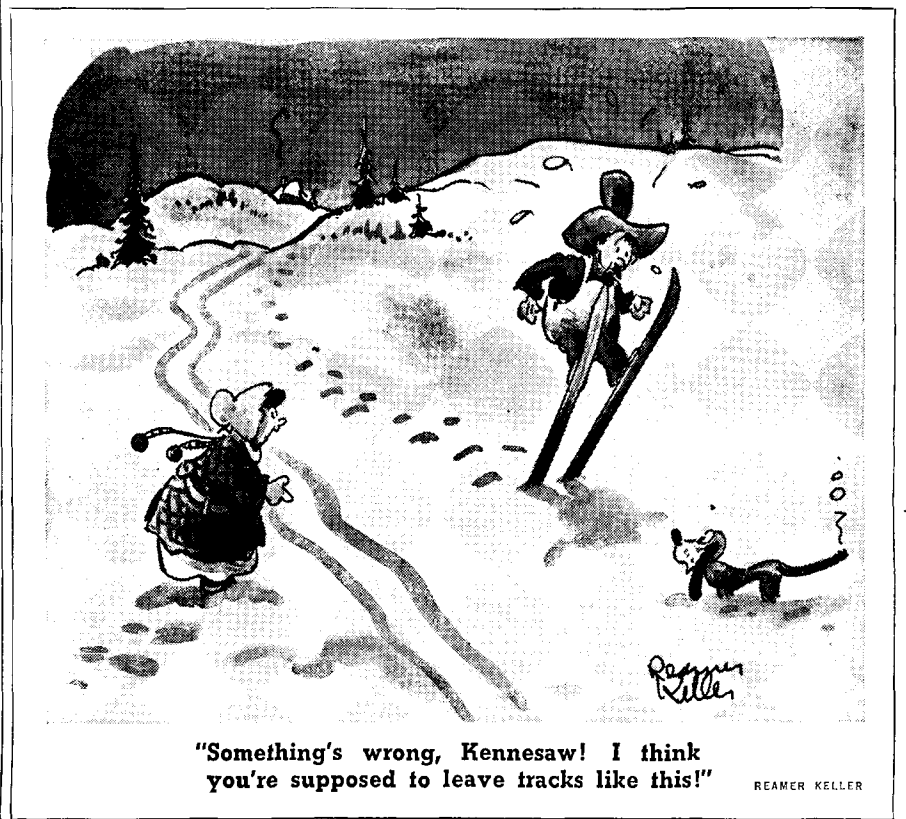
On it were two ivory brushes, a clothesbrush and a bottle of hair lotion. In the corner by the left-hand window was a writing table. An open typewriter stood on it and papers were ranged in a stack beside it.

Colgate went through them rapidly. He said, "All seems straightforward enough. Ah, here's the letter he mentioned this morning. Dated the 24th—that's yesterday. And here's the envelope—postmarked Leathercombe Bay this morning. Seems all square. Now we'll have an idea if he could have prepared that answer of his beforehand."

He sat down.

Colonel Weston said, "We'll leave you to it, for a moment. We'll just glance through the rest of the rooms. Everyone's been kept out of this corridor until now and they're getting a bit restive about it."

(To be continued next week)



Kid Tinsel

Continued from page 25

"Because I made my final play last night. I called on Miss Mallory and offered her forty thousand dollars cold cash for your contract . . . to be transferred to me after tonight's fight, win or lose. She said 'No' before I'd finished talking."

Eddie said, "Phew! Forty thousand!" He shook his head. "I don't get it. I pegged that girl as being interested only in dough."

Max regarded him amusedly through his metal-rimmed glasses. "I'm not saying you're wrong, either, Son. Figure it out for yourself. If I was willing to shell out forty grand for your contract, it must have been because I figured I could win that back—and more. So Pat Mallory figures the same way. I've got plenty of admiration for that girl."

"So I see." Eddie shook his head. "But I can't agree with you that she's been so clever. The toughest part of this New York racket is breaking in. Well, she didn't engineer that. You did. You made it easy for her, because you thought you were going to get me. I'm not trying to rap her—and I don't say she might not have been smart if she'd had to be—but I can't figure that she's done anything in this case except to grab off a lot of credit that you and I know doesn't rightfully belong to her."

"Maybe." Max dropped a friendly hand on Eddie's shoulder. "But, remember this, Son . . . what she handled she handled right. And I've got a hunch that it wasn't always easy."

He waved cheerily and walked out. Eddie gazed after him and frowned. Queer duck, Max Ellison. Sharp, shrewd; a man with flexible ethics and a rather charming personality. Max could dish it out . . . but, unquestionably, he could also take it. Eddie moved slowly into the other room and dressed. Feets put in a brief telephone call, and then went with Eddie to the hotel. They walked into the sitting room to find Pat Mallory standing by a table that was laden with lunch.

"Come and get it," she called gaily. "What the young fighter should eat."

Eddie moved forward and looked down on the table. "Nice," he commented. "And you had it timed well."

"Feets phoned me from the office."

"I sho did, Mistuh Eddie. Ise a telephonin' fool." The big Negro started toward the bedroom. "Set yo'self down an' commence to inhale them eatments, Mistuh Eddie. Ise gwine in yonder to check over yo' fightin' perquisites."

PAT seated herself opposite Eddie. She was trying not to betray the feeling of strain that held her. She regarded him gravely, and so met his eyes as he raised them to hers.

"I saw Max Ellison down there," he said.

"Yes . . . ?"

"He tells me he called on you last night."

"That's right."

"Do you think you were wise to turn down his offer?"

"I turned it down. Isn't that the answer?"

"He thinks you were smart. He said you'd make a heap more money by holding onto me."

She said slowly, "It's astonishing how accurately you and Mr. Ellison have figured out my motives."

He seemed puzzled. "There's no other way to figure, is there?"

"I suppose not." She pulled herself together. "Skip it, Eddie. Pitch into that lunch. You've got some heavy sleeping to do."

He looked at her, and then smiled—just a trifle. "Okay, Boss," he said. "I'm still taking orders."

It was a little easier after that. They didn't talk about anything important—which was, in itself, important. Occasionally she saw him looking at her as though trying to adjust some thoughts that confused him . . . and she tried not to think about what those thoughts might be. There was only one thing important right now, and that was to keep Eddie's nerves from getting ragged. She'd done the best she could for him up to this point.

She rose from the table and peeped into the bedroom. "This way, Mr. Gordon," she called. "The crib is ready."

Feets' midnight countenance appeared over her shoulder. "Sho is Mistuh Eddie. I hope you is feelin' slumbersome."

EDDIE joined Feets in the bedroom and closed the door. Pat walked to the window and stared off across the city.

The room was high above the street, and traffic noises drifted up to her. Cars and trucks and people down below moved along like tiny insects; men and women intent on their own particular interests, unmindful of this young girl who stared down at them.

It was odd, the way she felt today. "Maternal?" she thought, and then had the grace to laugh. "What's the use of kidding myself?"

It had been a strain on her: a strain of watching and worrying and thinking. There had been times when she had doubted the wisdom of her course; other times when she had been heart-sick . . . when she had wanted nothing so much as to transfer her burden to other shoulders . . . to shoulders that were broader and stronger than hers.

Tonight marked the end. Of something . . . she couldn't quite find the word. A phase? It was more than that. "I'm thinking trite things," she reflected, "and the funny part is that they all fit perfectly. 'Another milestone passed' . . . 'The fork in the road' . . . 'The hope that a difficult job will prove to have been well done.' She shook her head. "Quit thinking, Pat," she commanded herself sternly. "'Tain't gittin' you nowhere."

She was relieved when the door opened and Feets tiptoed into the sitting room. He whispered, "I got him all laid out, Miss Patricia."

"Think he'll sleep?"

"Yas'm. I prospeck he will."

Pat said, "I can't help asking the same question over and over again, Feets. Is Eddie in good enough shape to go the distance if he has to?"

Feets made no effort to conceal his worry. "I don't know, Miss Patricia," he confessed miserably. "Maybe yes an' maybe no. Mistuh Grogan is plenty smart. He hits fast an' he hits frequent. Ise just hopin' that Mistuh Eddie persuades him early."

"Yes . . . And yet he doesn't dare to take chances with a boy as good as Dixie." She sighed. "We certainly want Eddie to win tonight, don't we, Feets?"

"Meanin' you an' me?"

"Meaning you and me and Pop."

Feets nodded solemnly. "You know, Miss Patricia—that's right queer. All the time I was in yonder alone, I was thinkin' 'bout Pop, an' wishin' he was heah. Ever sence he fust puck up Mistuh Eddie, he was lookin' for'd to a night like this . . . when Mistuh Eddie would be fightin' fo' the champeenship."

His voice trailed off and he shook his great black head. "But shuh! this ain't

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THE BATTERY WITH GIANT POWER



WHEN IT'S AN

YOU START



no kind of way fo' me to be talkin'. Us got to keep ourse'ves in a celebratin' mood. What you fixin' to do the rest of the afternoon?"

"I'm going over to my apartment. I'll be back by the time he wakes up." She looked at the door and then at Feets. "Do you suppose he's asleep yet?"

Feets tiptoed across the room and cracked open the door. He tiptoed back. "Yas'm," he said. "Mistuh Eddie's gone to sleep."

Pat moved slowly toward the bedroom. She paused uncertainly on the threshold, then entered the room and closed the door behind her.

She moved to the bedside and stood looking down at the sleeping man. He looked relaxed, boyish. There was nothing forbidding about him now.

She reached across him and adjusted the covers. He didn't move. . . .

And then she bent down and brushed her lips against his.

She straightened, as though terrified by what she had done. She backed away from the bed. Her lips formed the words, "I'm sorry, Eddie. . . ." And then, as she moved toward the door, her innate honesty asserted itself. "No, I'm not sorry at all," she confessed. "I'd do it again if I dared."

ALL avenues of traffic leading to the Yankee Stadium were jammed. The subways were crowded to suffocation, streets were congested with taxis and private cars, human beings swarmed toward the entrance gates.

Inside the great ball park a preliminary was in progress. Over the ring the lights blazed down, and elsewhere the park was in darkness so that the impression created was of a tremendous diamond in a gigantic onyx setting. Row on row of seats stretched across the field, the massive double-decker stands were crowded.

Far down under the stands, so that the noise of the crowd came to them only like the booming of a distant surf, sat Eddie Gordon and Cliff Halliday in the former's dressing room. Eddie was already clad in fighting regalia and his trunks showed briefly beneath his flannel robe. The bandages had been adjusted and tested and molded firmly over hard knuckles. Shoelaces had been tied, untied and tied again. Shoe soles had been rubbed in resin so as to eliminate danger of slipping on the canvas covering of the ring.

Cliff was seated in a chair near the rubbing table. He was watching Eddie with wise eyes that had seen all this before and understood the symptoms. Nor was he particularly pleased with what he saw.

Eddie was nervous. Too nervous. Drawn just a bit fine. Restless. He sat on the table for a while, then got up and walked around the tiny dressing room. He inspected his bandages again as though dissatisfied. He clenched a fist and pounded it into the palm of the other hand.

He seated himself once more, but fidgeted and started walking again. Cliff thought, "Not so good. It's all right to be edgy—but not that edgy."

The door opened and Mr. Happy Madden entered the room. Mr. Madden was in fighting togs. He said, "I'm on next, Eddie." He looked questioningly at Cliff. "I brung you something."

Eddie held out his hand. "Thanks, Happy. Let's have it."

Mr. Madden gave him a piece of paper. "It's about that gun you gimme the serial number of. The dope's all written down."

An irate official slammed open the door and barked at Madden, "Bring that chin of yours into the ring, Happy. They're waitin' . . ."

Happy waved as Eddie and Cliff called "Good luck," and trotted off hap-

pily to do his chore. Eddie unfolded the paper that the rock-ribbed pugilist had given him.

He stared. His eyes opened wider. He whistled softly and said, "Well, I'll be damned."

Cliff got up. "What gives?" he inquired.

"That gun I had . . . the one Jimmy Watson wanted . . ."

"What about it?"

"It belongs to Joe Barton!"

Cliff sat down very suddenly. "That's a hot one," he commented. "I don't get it."

"Me either." For the moment Eddie's tension was dispelled. His brain was groping with another problem. "It doesn't add up right. What was Jimmy Watson doing down in Birmingham with Joe Barton's gun?"

"Suppose you tell me, Eddie."

The young fighter shook his head. "I never could fit Watson into this picture. There was a screw missing somewhere—and maybe it still is. Look, Cliff—do

"It isn't as easy as that."

"Maybe not. But try to forget Barton."

The door opened quietly and a flat voice asked, "Who wants to forget me—and why?"

THEY looked up as the dapper little man advanced into the room. He was in dinner clothes; clothes that were a trifle too broad of shoulder, a little too extreme of cut. He wore a red carnation. The smile he gave them just missed out on its intention of appearing friendly. "Somebody talking about me?" he inquired.

Eddie did not evade. "Yes," he said. "Both of us. How much did you hear?"

"Not enough to hurt." He looked from one to the other. "I'm counting on both of you for the Penguin Club party tonight."

"Win or lose?" asked Eddie.

"Be yourself. You'll win." Joe made a brief motion with one nervous hand and said, "Luck, Eddie. 'By . . ." The

She said, "Is Eddie all right?"

"Yes. . . ."

"I don't like the way you say that, Cliff." She was getting tense inside again just when she had begun to relax. "Why not tell me?"

He spoke carefully: "I would—if I understood it myself. The whole thing is so fantastic. . . ." He lighted a cigarette. "Listen, Pat—are you absolutely sure that Joe Barton was in Birmingham the day after Pop's funeral?"

"Of course I'm sure. I couldn't very well be mistaken about a date like that."

"And that was the night that somebody was killed at a resort called Buz-zard Roost?"

"Yes. It was in the local papers the next day, and I left for New York the day after that." She regarded him curiously. "But why should that be bothering you now? I don't understand."

"Neither do I. . . ." Halliday stared across the ring into the sea of eager faces which stretched away into the blackness. "Right now, Pat—I want to do some heavy thinking."

Down in the dressing room, Feets Johnson was trying to be calm and succeeding not at all. He did things that didn't need doing, he poked about in corners for no reason at all, and occasionally he turned to say, "Now you just sit quiet, Mistuh Eddie. Ain't nothin' to git excited about. 'Tain't on'y just another fight."

Eddie was amused in spite of himself. "You're not nervous, are you, Feets?"

"Me? Goshamighty, no, Mistuh Eddie. I never in my whole life was so plentiful afflicted with tranquillity."

"So I see. . . ."

THE big Negro walked to a locker in the corner and stood regarding something. Eddie got up and moved close to him. "What've you got there, Feets?"

Mr. Johnson made a quick gesture. "'Tain't nothin', Mistuh Eddie. Cross my heart an' hope to be bawn a dawg if it is."

Eddie held out his hand. "Give!" he commanded.

"Aw, Mistuh Eddie. . . ."

Shamefacedly, Feets surrendered the thing to Eddie Gordon. It was a sweater—a brand-new white sweater—and on the back of it, in large felt letters was the inscription:

EDDIE GORDON

World's Middleweight Champion

Eddie laughed. "That's what I call beating the gun. How do you know you haven't wasted your money?"

"Hush fum talkin'." Mr. Johnson's eyes rolled wildly. "Don't you go puttin' no bad mouf on this heah fight, Mistuh Eddie. What you gwine do to Mistuh Grogan is puvverize him. . . ." To relieve his own embarrassment, Feets reached into his trousers pocket and pulled out an envelope. "Unlax," he ordered. "It's time fo' you to read this."

The smile left Eddie's face and his eyes narrowed. "That doesn't make sense," he protested. "I know what it is."

"Yeah. Co'se you do. But you anyhow got to peruse it."

"Forget it."

"Nossuh," Feets rumbled sternly. "I ain't gwine forgit it, nor neither you ain't. You ain't gwine walk one teeny, weeny step out of this dressin' room till you read that."

"But I know. . . ."

"You said that befo', Mistuh Eddie, an' you was right bofe times. Yeah, shuah. . . . It's one of them Pop letters. . . . but Miss Patricia, she must've wrote it two hund'ed times. Now, you go ahead an' read."

Eddie opened the envelope and



"I hope the department turns this jalopy in this year"

you suppose this dope Happy gave me is the McCoy?"

"Why not? His brother's a cop, isn't he?"

"Yes . . . but . . ."

"That part checks all right. Barton's old man carries a lot of weight, so it isn't unreasonable that Joe should have a gun permit. But why the hell should he want that gun three thousand dollars' worth?"

"Maybe," said Eddie slowly, "for the same reason that we thought Jimmy Watson wanted it."

"You mean Barton might have been the lad who slugged you with it in Birmingham?"

"Could be. He was there that night. The guy in the car was little. Barton is. If whoever it was had just killed somebody with that gun . . . he'd want it back. Babs Ellison saw it in my room . . . maybe that's how Barton knew I had it. He must have recognized me that night. But before he had my room searched, I had turned the gun over to you . . . and they probably figured I'd handed it to Pat . . . or is that too complicated to be right?"

"It's too right to be complicated," stated Halliday. "But check it out of your mind, Eddie. You've got important business on hand. You can't climb into the ring with a smart lad like Dixie Grogan while you're thinking about something else."

door closed behind him almost as silently as it had opened. Eddie said, "Did he hear us?"

"I don't believe so."

Eddie was thoughtful. "This whole setup has a bad odor."

"Forget it, kid. Concentrate on Grogan, can't you?"

"Yeah. . . ." There was no conviction in Eddie's tone. "Hadden't you better be going, Cliff?"

"I suppose so."

"Sitting with Pat?"

"Yes. . . ." Cliff held out his hand. "Take it in stride, Eddie. You've got the stuff, if you use it right."

"I'll remember. . . ."

Cliff Halliday made his way thoughtfully along the long corridor. He was thinking fast, and he didn't like his own thoughts. He wasn't pleased with Eddie's physical condition or his mental state. The revelation about Barton had confused both of them, and Eddie couldn't afford to be confused.

He joined Pat at the ringside. A black cloth evening coat with a white fox collar covered a simple black evening gown, and did nice things to her face. She scarcely heard his casual compliment. Finally she said, "What's on your mind, Cliff?"

"Nothing."

"You wouldn't try to kid a girl, would you?"

"I'd try. But I'm not very good at it."



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It's the little things that make life friendly

A playful pup, eager to be petted, scampers to the door. His master's hearty handclasp welcomes you inside and a deep chair invites you to relax beside the fireplace. No mistaking them. These are symbols of friendliness—of which there are many. Words of praise or kindly counsel...an ear for the other fellow's problems and a heart for those less for-

tunate than we...a smile for the world at large...cookies for the neighbors' kids...a thoughtful 'phone call...flowers for a hostess...hospitality however simple. These little gestures speak every man's and woman's language and they say, "It's so easy to be friendly."

* * *

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glanced down at Pat's firm, clear handwriting. These letters did things to him . . . things he couldn't understand.

He leaned against the rubbing table and read:

"Dear Eddie:

"This is the night I have been waiting for, and instead of a lot of fine words—all I can say is: Good luck and God bless you. Pop"

A HUSH fell over the vast stadium as the fighters met in the center of the ring. The referee, immaculate in gray shirt and trousers, spoke briefly to the boys: the customary, laconic statement that they were familiar with the rules and were to give the crowd a good show. He said, "Shake hands now and come out fighting." The usual thing, the same words, yet tonight it was different. Eddie nodded briefly at Dixie as they touched gloves and turned toward their corners.

Eddie Gordon realized now that this wasn't, as he had several times declared, "Just another fight." It wasn't that the man opposite him was the best he'd ever fought, it wasn't any fear of what might happen . . . it was merely that there is an importance to a bout involving the championship of the world. Every breath, every move, every block, every punch assumes a vital significance.

Eddie was conscious of the tension, and somewhat surprised at it. He tried to remember Pop. He recalled early, important battles in his meteoric career . . . fights in which Pop's wise, placid face and smooth, quiet, expert advice had pulled him over some dangerous shoals.

Tonight there was only Feets. Two other handlers, of course; but mostly there was Feets . . . and the huge Negro was no expert at concealing his own emotions. He'd do his best, but at this awful moment before the beginning of the fight, Eddie wondered whether that best was going to be quite good enough.

He went to his corner and grabbed the upper ropes in his gloved hands, swaying back and forth to limber his arm and shoulder muscles a little more, rubbing his fighting shoes on the canvas floor to assure himself that there was plenty of resin on the soles.

For one merciful moment he forgot the champion in the opposite corner. He saw faces in the crowd: the eager, vivid face of Babs Ellison, and beside her Joe Barton: young, hard and dangerous. That started Eddie thinking, and he tried to cast those thoughts out of his mind. The job just ahead of him required concentration.

He saw Cliff Halliday at the ringside. Cliff smiled up at him and made a little gesture of confidence as though to say, "You're in, kid. Take it in stride."

What a swell guy that Cliff Halliday was. A friend for any man's money. Beside Cliff was Pat Mallory.

Eddie looked straight at her. He was aware of the fact that she looked pretty tonight in her evening gown and with her delicate face framed by the great white fox collar of her evening coat. He found himself gripped by an odd sort of emotion.

There was something in her eyes which held him; an expression which was almost pleading. She was trying to look confident, but not succeeding very well. She, too, made a little gesture, and he forced himself to smile and nod. Pat . . . Cliff . . . Joe Barton . . . he was thinking of too many things. He heard the deep, throaty voice of Feets Johnson, "You better commence thinkin' 'bout Mistuh Grogan," Feets was saying. "An' don't you think 'bout nobody else."

The gong sounded. It seemed unusually loud and clear. There was an audible indrawing of breath from the tens of thousands of persons in the arena. Eddie turned. He saw the be-

nign, moonlike countenance of Max Ellison just beyond Dixie Grogan's lithe figure, and once again he had that terrible feeling that the odds were against him. Max was smart—perhaps the most astute fight handler alive . . . and Max was handling Dixie Grogan.

Eddie moved out to the middle of the ring, dropping easily into fighting pose; muscles tight, eyes narrowed and wary, left hand extended with the elbow slightly crooked, left shoulder hunched, right arm cocked back. . . . He deliberately shut out the faces of the spectators, trying to eliminate from his thoughts everything save the man in front of him.

They moved closer. Gloves touched cautiously. Then, suddenly, Dixie's left flicked out. It came from nowhere and it came fast. It caught Eddie in the mouth: once, twice, three times. Not hard enough to do any damage, but it stung. A sigh, and then a roar, went up

he'd be thrown off balance. That meant he couldn't start a good, hard punch. Pat had been right. Dixie's jab was something to write home about.

For the first minute and a half the action was slow; careful, unexciting. But the crowd did not become restless. Here were the two best in the world. The chips were down. They were entitled to go at this job their own way.

Exchange of lefts . . . then they were in close again, snapping short blows to ribs and jaw. Then out again, sparring. Eddie was watching Dixie's shoulder now, watching for the almost imperceptible muscle twitch which signaled the rapier thrust of that stabbing left. He saw one coming and stepped inside. His right jarred home to Dixie's hard body, but at the same time Dixie's left curled against his own jaw.

The blow hurt. Hurt plenty. It was an unorthodox punch, an unexpected one. Eddie clinched, shook his head and

Max nodded sagely. "He's smart," he warned. "But he doesn't seem to be working at it. Looks like he's got something on his mind. Take it easy next round."

Feets was talking earnestly to Eddie Gordon. "He hadn't ought to of done you that way, Mistuh Eddie. How come it happened?"

Eddie said, "He's good. Plenty good." "That don't answer nothin'." Feets was insistent. "You got to watch closer, Mistuh Eddie. Please, suh . . . watch closer. An' try to keep inside that left."

The ten-second horn sounded. Feets picked Eddie's mouthpiece out of the water bucket and put it in the boy's glove. He fitted it between his teeth as the gong clanged for the second round. He moved forward to meet Grogan.

Grogan was boxing. Boxing brilliantly. He was swift and elusive, and he was making Eddie look bad. He was in and out, here and there . . . everywhere except where Eddie wanted him to be.

Eddie scowled. This was a new experience, and an annoying one. He wasn't getting hurt, but he knew what Dixie was doing: measuring him, sizing him up. It was only a question of rounds before those blows would start coming equally fast, just as frequently . . . and with greater force.

At the ringside Pat Mallory turned a distressed face to the man at her side. "What's the matter with Eddie?" she asked anxiously.

Cliff was too honest to evade. "He's in a fog," he admitted. "I wish Dixie'd clip him good and hard. That might snap him out of it."

But Dixie didn't clip him good and hard. Dixie was studying his opponent. He wasn't kidding himself, either. He knew that Eddie was the betting favorite, realized that Eddie hadn't built up a record on nothing. But when the rather pallid second round ended, he reported to Max Ellison that there was something wrong with Eddie. "Unless," he amended, "he's doing a Leach Cross . . . playin' cagey."

"No-o . . ." Max was surprised, too. "Something's worrying him. Open up a little next round."

AND Dixie did open up. It was a fast and exciting round. The crowd loved it. The fighters threw punches from every angle, they waded in close and ripped home jolting lefts and rights to body and jaw. But it was all Dixie.

Eddie was having trouble. He was missing that thousandth-of-a-second response which is indispensable. His body was functioning pretty well, but his fighting instinct was out of whack. He was taking it, and he was dishing it out; but his battle was mechanical . . . the sort of fight any second-rater might have put up. It didn't have the brilliance that a champion must have.

Through the third, fourth and fifth rounds, things got worse. Two or three times Eddie connected solidly, and sent Grogan back on his heels. But Dixie knew what to do when he was hurt, and he never did the same thing twice. Occasionally he covered and held, once he uncovered and met Eddie's attack with a salvo of hard punches, another time he danced out of range, lightly and mockingly. The crowd, originally primed to watch a title change hands—emotionally attuned to the uncrowning of a king . . . now started to boo at Eddie. Some were yelling raucously, "He's a bum . . . just a bum . . . He don't know how to fight a good boy."

"Eddie's 'way off," said Cliff Halliday. "He knows what to do, but he isn't doing it. He lacks something. . . ."

"Yes." Pat was sitting forward tensely, lines of suffering in her face. "He lacks Pop."

(To be concluded next week)



from the mass of humanity packed outside the ropes. The battle was on.

Eddie tried to step inside, but Dixie backed away. Then the left came again: twice. Eddie blocked the second and moved in with a hard counter to the body. Except that it didn't reach Grogan's body. It landed on his forearm, and now the two fighters went into a half clinch; bodies close, muscles tense. They moved around, body rubbing against body, feeling each other out; both alert for that quiver of arm or back muscle which meant that a punch was coming. They threw tentative blows at each other's body and jaw . . . not with any intention of hurting, but to estimate the defense.

THE referee stepped between them. Eddie was having a little more luck concentrating now. Chiefly because he was lost in admiration of Dixie's left hand. Yes—sure, he'd trained for it . . . but that didn't mean anything. This left of Dixie's was as fast as the stroke of a rattler. It kept snapping into his face so that his head would bob back and

heard the Niagara roar of the crowd which had sensed the beginning of authoritative action.

Eddie crouched and shuffled in. He waded straight into a barrage of sharp lefts. He stalked his man, taking what he had to take while he watched for an opening. It came at last: a left which missed, a left of his own, a counter which he picked off . . . and then they were toe to toe throwing punches at each other.

They threw them fast—and hard. Eddie's head was down, his muscles were alive. He gave each punch almost everything he had. But Dixie Grogan didn't break ground. He traded blow for blow, punishment for punishment. It was a grand rally and it lasted through to the end of a brilliant first round. The crowd was on its feet, shrieking, so that the referee had to jump between the fighters to signal them that the round had ended.

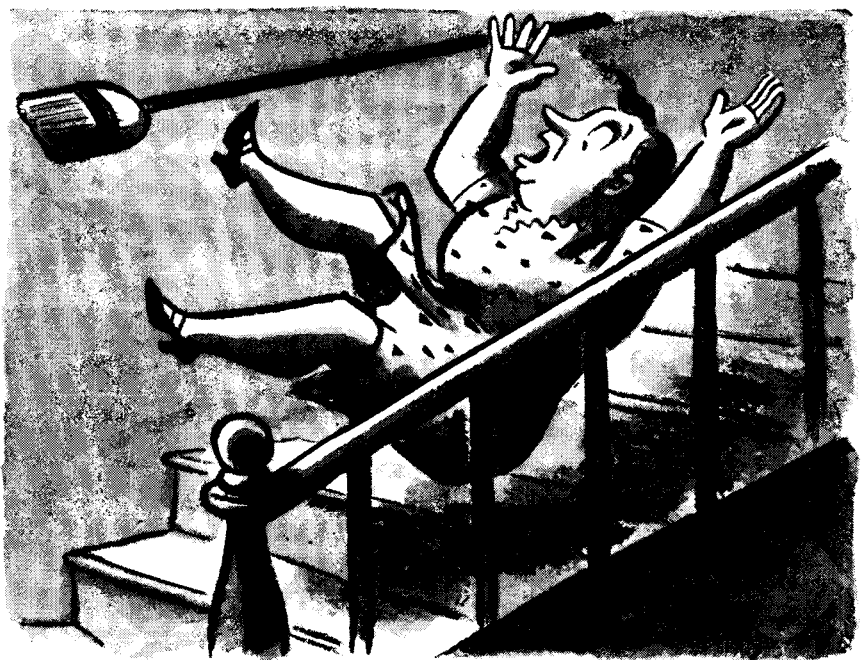
They went to their corners. Max Ellison talked quietly with Dixie. He asked, "What's he got?"

"I don't know, Max. He can hit, but I knew that in advance. He's not as smart as I expected."

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An Actor in the Family

Continued from page 16

"Maybe somebody ought to go after Willie here with a shotgun too!"

That did it. She turned and swept out of the room. I followed her to the front door but it slammed in my face. So I walked back to the kitchen and poured a drink. "We should never have brought out that skeleton again," I said to the old man.

With the company gone, he drank one straight. "There are a lot more people gotta get their cars fixed than have gotta go to them movies," he said, "so bein' a mechanic ain't anything to get sarcastic over."

"She was just mad," I said.

"Willie," he said, "trouble with you is you're too easygoin'. You got to kick women around some. You been playin' second fiddle to Chuck ever since he hauled outa town. You shoulda married Mary right after she forgot about him. Now she's gonna sure as all hell remember him again and you're gonna have trouble. Maybe you better go right on over and ask her to marry you."

"I don't wanta marry a woman with another guy on her brain," I told him.

"Women don't have brains," he said wistfully. "You got to learn that some way."

"They have 'em today," I said and went upstairs to bed. But before I got into bed I looked myself over in the mirror and I run a hell of a poor second to the way Chuck looked in that moving picture. I lay in bed and thought about it. What he had was glamor, and now what he had to back it up was one of those movie salaries. It was almost light when sleep put an end to my misery.

All the next day I worked at the Arcana City Garage.

I called her at noon and she said she was sorry but she was going to a church social with Joe Benford that night. I said, "You sound like you got the phone in the refrigerator," and she said, "Thank you," and hung up.

SO I sat around that night with the old man and he said, "Willie, love that runs smooth is sometimes like a lawn mower that ain't cuttin' any grass. After four years that Benford ain't gonna cut you out in one night."

"I ain't worried about Benford," I said.

The old man measured out a bourbon. "You know," he said, "that Chuck is just like his maw and you're just like your maw. Chuck's maw was slim as a reed and prettier than Christmas, and your maw was big and solid like you. They was two kinds of women which both had their advantages. Like you know, I married Chuck's maw first, and she lit out inside two years and I never did see her since. An' I ain't forgotten her since neither. So I married your maw an' I knew where she was and what she was thinkin' right up to the day she died. They's two kinds of women and they's two kind of men, like you and Chuck, and this here Mary Brown's gotta pick between you, unless like I done she can wed the both of you."

He drank down the bourbon and I left him. I went straight over to the church social and found Benford. Mary was standing beside him. "Joe," I said, "you know me, I don't want any trouble. I'm gonna take Mary here home."

Joe looked at her, then at me. He could see she was madder than hell, but I weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, so he said, "Okay, Willie, you just made yourself a date."

She didn't say a word and got in the car like she was under arrest. I drove the car up the road and around the lake,

and she still didn't say anything. "Mary," I said, "if you're sore about the way me and the old man talked about Chuck and you, I'm sorry an' I wanta apologize. I ain't got anything against Chuck, except I think he was crazy to leave a swell girl like you, but if he hadn't hauled out I never would've had a chance with you."

"Have you got one?" she asked like her tongue was a flat icicle.

I KEPT on driving. It was a pretty night and the lake was full of stars. It was a little lake, but it was deep, and right then I felt like jumping in it. I must have looked the way I was thinking because she suddenly said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that. I'm not really mad at you. I'm just... well, I don't know."

She looked away at the sky, and she didn't have to explain because I knew. She was dreaming about Chuck again, and that Hollywood swimming pool and the way those actors get around. I knew what I always wondered about: She was still in love with him, which she realized once she saw him up there on that movie screen. And from that night on it got worse until it was pitiful. Every movie Chuck was in we went to see when it came to town, and Mary just sat there holding on to her handkerchief and staring at him. Every time he wore a different suit, and every time his parts got longer.

The movie page in the Arcana Herald had an article about him every night, and one evening Harriet Spoon, the editor, came out to interview the old man. "Wasn't he the black sheep of the family?" she asked him.

"Well, you couldn't call Chuck lily white," the old man said, "but he wasn't such a heller as people got to think."

"Tell me about him," Harriet Spoon said, and when the old man got up and walked out of the room, because he didn't like ugly women and Harriet was ugly like a frog, she turned to me and asked if little Mary Brown hadn't been Chuck's high-school sweetheart. It gives you an idea what becoming an actor can do to a guy who once was poison. So that night in the paper there is a picture of me and a picture of Mary, telling that I'm his half brother that works in the Arcana City Garage, and Mary's his home-town sweetheart.

That was all it took. The next couple of days people kept coming into the garage to get their cars fixed and each one of them says, "By the way, aren't you related to Charles Bouvain, the movie actor?"

Whenever his movies came to town they had his name spelled out in electric lights without even mentioning actors like Gary Cooper or Carole Lombard. They sent the old man and me a couple of complimentaries, but the old man never went to see them, so I always took Mary instead. Once I said to her, "Suppose Chuck there was making only fifty bucks a week or so, do you figure he'd be so almighty wonderful?"

"Don't be envious," she said, tucking the program in her pocketbook so she could put it in her scrapbook.

"I ain't envious," I said, "but it's kind of funny. All the people, I notice, who keep askin' about him are the same people who figure you're as good as the salary you make."

"It isn't that at all," she said. "It's achieving something. It's being famous all over the country, all over the world probably. It isn't just anybody who can do that."

Then one night she said to me, "Why

don't you leave Arcana? What can you ever amount to here?"

Something about the way she said it made me sore. I stood up and said, "Mary, I don't want to say much, because I'm sore. I don't want any trouble and I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I got to tell you I think you're going bughouse over these movies, which I never thought a sensible girl like you would do. So I'm gonna leave you alone for a while till you get yourself straightened out."

She just stared at me as though she couldn't believe her ears. I could hardly believe my own ears, so I walked away quick while I knew I still had the edge.

I went straight home to the old man. He was in the kitchen with his stocking feet on the stove. I told him and he said, "You done right. Once in a while you got to give a woman just one hard shove. . . . You just sit tight and see what happens."

That's the way I sat but nothing happened.

ONE night I saw her go into a second-run theater to see Chuck's last movie again. She walked home alone, missing all the pavement cracks, and I followed her. I sat on the curb and watched her bedroom light go on. She stayed up an hour and then the light went off and I went home. Inside the house all the lights were burning, though the old man should have been in the feathers a couple of hours ago. Near the picket gate I stopped dead in my tracks. There was a big green car parked out in front. I looked at the license plates and knew who it was. I walked inside and there, sure enough, sitting at the kitchen table handing over a bottle of Scotch to the old man was Chuck!

He had on a suit I never saw in any of the pictures. The coat and the pants didn't match. Around his neck was a big silk scarf. On one side of his head a little blue beret. Otherwise he was just the same Chuck except for his teeth. Before I could look any more he jumped up and pumped my hand. "How are you, Willie?" he said, and pulled me down into a chair and poured a drink of the Scotch. They were pretty well down the fifth and I could see the old man grinning and teetering on his chair a bit and listening to Chuck, who went right on talking.

There's no doubt about the guy, he had what you call personality. The whole kitchen was lit up with him. He just filled the room. He was way ahead of anybody who listened to him, and he was changed from the guy I last saw crawling into that B. & O. boxcar. He was using more words than he used to know and some of them were big ones. He talked faster and he had a kind of an accent like actors in the theater.

"Fellows," he said, "you probably wonder why I never wrote to you. Well, I'm an actor, not a writer. I just let it go until I could sail in here and bend the old elbow in person. Willie, you should have seen Pop here when I blew in. He didn't know me. He took two steps over toward that shotgun in the corner and I grabbed him!"

Chuck laughed and slapped the old

man's shoulder. The old man grinned. "It was your teeth done it," he said. "Chuck here's got his teeth all fixed over. Cost him six hundred dollars!"

Chuck laughed and showed his teeth and poured out three more jiggers. Holding up his drink, he said, "Well, here's to old times and new times. From now on everything is going to be different. I'm going to take the old man back to Hollywood with me, and, Willie, you come along. How does that sound?"

I killed the jigger and looked at him. The old man downed his and then got up quietly, waved his hand and went out toward his bedroom. He swayed a little, but not much. He was sixty-five and he could still pitch four good innings for the Arcana Blue Sox, but he'd had a big evening and he was sixty-five. "Look at him go," Chuck said. "He's all right, isn't he?"

"Yeah, he's all right," I said.

We sat there and for a minute we didn't say anything. Then Chuck said, "Willie, you want to go to California?"

"Nope," I said. "I got a job."

Chuck smiled. "Willie," he said seriously, "you're a funny guy. Four years ago you were the best mechanic in the state of Ohio. You still are but you're still working for the same jerkwater garage. I'll tell you what's wrong. You're too slow. You're good but slow. You live like you used to fight. You're always on the defense. You fight good and long, but all you can ever get is a decision. You know what I mean? You got to go out there and smack life in the face."

"Everybody don't have the same style," I said.

"That's right," he said. "But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm lousy with money. I'm going to clean up. You know me. All right, you come out west with me and I'll pay your way through Cal Tech."

I shook my head. "That's a pretty swell thing to give me, Chuck," I told him, "but I guess I can't. You go on out and take the old man. A couple of months of that sun'll take the wheeze out of him. He's got it coming."

He argued a little more and then suddenly he said, "I know—you got a girl. Right?"

"I had one," I said.

He looked puzzled. "Who?"

I looked straight at him. "Mary Brown," I said.

"Mary Brown. . ." He let his mind go back, picking out memories. "Mary Brown!" he cried. "Sure! Where is she? How could a girl that pretty stay unmarried four years?"

I didn't know. I didn't want to go into it. I killed off the bottle and got up and went to bed.

THE next morning, long before Chuck got up, a letter came for me special delivery. I knew it was from her and my heart beat like an oil pump. Inside the envelope there was a picture of Chuck cut out of one of the magazines. That was all, except that the picture was torn in half, right down the middle. I knew what it meant, like anybody would, and any other morning I would have run clear across town to see her. But not

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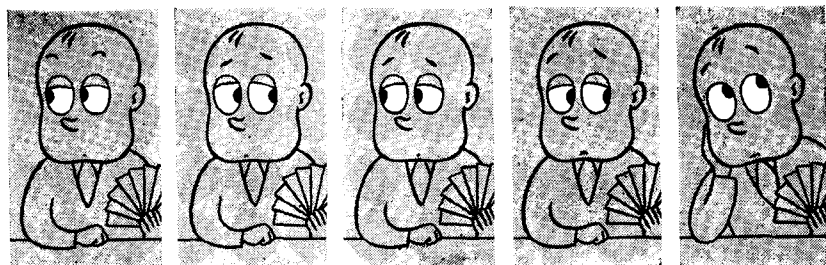
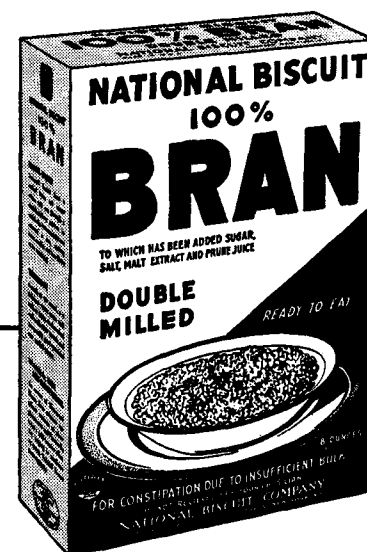
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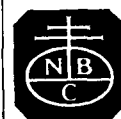
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Bridge Argument

CROCKETT JOHNSON



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this morning. Giving up a guy you can't have who is three thousand miles away is one thing. But with Chuck right there in town it was different. That letter came a day too late, or Chuck came a day too early.

I just went down to work the same as ever. And before noon it seemed like everyone in town knew Chuck was home. He lit up the town just like he lit up the kitchen.

Harriet Spoon and the mayor and the sheriff all went out to call on him. That night they gave him the front page in the Herald. But that was only the beginning. He made a personal appearance at the Stadium Theater and the president of the chamber of commerce introduced him on the stage. They even brought out the old man to say something. The old man had on his Sunday suit and you could almost smell the mothballs clear to the back row where I was sitting. Then finally they made Mary come up from the audience, and she stood there blushing and smiling and glowing, while Chuck held her hand and the audience applauded. That was where I left.

It seemed like the whole town went on a vacation with him, and everywhere he went Mary went with him, like that lamb in the fairy story. And you couldn't blame her. Only once did I see her to talk to her. That was when I was getting home from work and she and Chuck were climbing into his car on their way to a banquet the Rotary Club was giving him. I just looked at her and she looked at me and we both said "Hello" and stared a little, while Chuck watched us, and then I went in.

THAT was the night I persuaded the old man that he should go to Hollywood. It was hard to do, but finally he broke down and said he'd try it just one winter and see if it killed off his wheeze. "Tell me they drink gin out there," he said thoughtfully, because he hated gin. "They drink everything in sight," I told him.

"What you gonna do?" he asked me. I could feel those old blue eyes cutting into me.

"Just what I'm doin'," I said, not looking at him.

"You're not gonna blow town, are yuh?" he said, and that's just what I'd been thinking. "You ain't gonna maybe become a mechanic in the Army for example?"

"When they draft me," I said, "then I'll be in the Army."

But I didn't fool him. He looked away and drank down his coffee and tossed a piece of meat to the cat, but I didn't fool him. He knew I was thinking about leaving town and was only waiting for him and Chuck to leave first. So I didn't say anything, and then after a couple of days it got so I didn't go home to eat. I ate at Schidell's restaurant and hung around the garage or the pool hall until after midnight.

I didn't see Chuck, but I heard plenty about him. What I heard was very peculiar. First it was a crack somebody made in the garage. Then it was some gossip in the poolroom. A poolroom is one place where they don't beat around bushes. And the story was that Chuck was through with Mary Brown and was playing the field. I could hardly believe it, but it was a fact. He was moving from one girl to another so fast that even their steady fellows couldn't keep track of him. It was a regular blitzkrieg. It got so the poolroom was full of guys that Chuck had put back into circulation. There was plenty of talk about knocking his ears off, but nobody did any more than talk, because they remembered him. His fists had built up a reputation that nobody was going to forget in four years.

Then one afternoon I saw Mary. She

was sitting in their car outside the bank waiting for her old man. She looked terrible. She looked as though she had been sick. I stopped for a second before her old man came out and said, "Hello, Mary," and she smiled and said, "Hello" in a voice I could hardly hear, as though her heart had been killed. Then her old man came out and they drove away.

Something about the way she looked made me burn up inside. Sitting in that car, she looked like a picture of one of those Frenchwomen on the way to the guillotine. I said to myself, Why does he have to fool around with her? Why does he have to fool around with the home-town girls when he's got a swimming pool full of them back there in Hollywood. I walked around for two hours and then started looking for him.

He was at the Arcana Country Club where there was a big dance in his honor. Chinese lanterns were hanging from the limbs of trees and the richest people in town were dancing on the big

"This ain't far enough," I said, "they can still see us."

"You know me, Willie," he said. "I wouldn't be any good without an audience."

I took off my coat. He looked pretty good standing there. He was only about a hundred and eighty pounds but he was fast and smart and he knew how to fight. Every time I connected with him he hit me three times. I swung like a discus thrower and he jabbed them in from about ten inches. I knew what I had to do was take a beating until he got careless. Just once he was bound to get careless and then I had to get him. He circled around me with a grin.

THERE were people packed up on the tee now, watching. "We should have charged admission," he said, and sent in his left twice. It was timed perfect and it had a lot of snap and jar. I swung and missed and he laughed and said, "Good old Willie and his Sunday



"Like all parents, Henry and I hope someday he'll be President —and Henry thinks he knows a way he can beat Roosevelt!"

veranda or strolling around the lawn carrying drinks. I waited till I saw him come walking out with a little bunch of people, mostly girls, and when he saw me I beckoned to him. He excused himself and came over, lighting a cigarette and smiling. "Good evening, Willie," he said, "haven't seen you around lately."

I went right to the point. "Chuck," I said, "I never want any trouble with anybody, which you know, but you been asking for trouble."

"What?" he said, smiling and rocking on his heels a little. I knew he was ready and I knew it was no good, but I said, "Chuck, four years ago you run out on her. You let her face the music and you ducked outa town. Now you're back again and you haven't changed much that I can see."

"And so what about it?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "I don't wanta beat the hell outa you right here in front of all your rich friends who used to kick you around when you were on the county with me and the old man, but if you wanta argue about it we can go down the fairway a piece and settle it out."

He laughed out loud. "Come on, Willie," he said, and I followed him across the first tee and out onto the fairway. A few people stood staring after us. About fifty yards down the fairway he stopped and took off his coat.

punch!" I went in again and suddenly his left was down and there he was wide open and smiling and I let him have it. It was just right and he went slamming across the grass a full ten feet. For a second I was scared I'd hurt him but he rolled around and sat up. He grinned but he didn't get up, so I walked away, leaving him sitting there.

That's the last I saw of him. I walked past the people on the tee and nobody said a word. But the next day it was all over the town. But nobody said anything about it to me, not even in the poolroom. The more I thought about it the worse I felt. I couldn't go home and face the old man. So without going home at all I went up to the lake, broke into one of the summer cabins and stayed all night to think it over. There seemed like only one thing left to do and that was leave town. All the next day I fished for bluegills and caught three and thought it over. I thought about Mary and the old man and Chuck and the garage and Hollywood and the Army and when I figured it all out I walked back to town and went home to pack up.

Nobody was there. I looked in the closets for my clothes and saw that all the old man's stuff was gone. Chuck's stuff was gone from his room too. So I called up Mac, the boss at the garage, and asked him if he'd seen or heard of

the old man. "Yeah, I have," he said. "I saw him yesterday. He was leavin' with Chuck for Hollywood. They got new plugs put in here."

It was a blow. But I had it coming to me for going crazy. "Okay, Mac," I said. "I couldn't get down to work today. I didn't feel good."

"That don't matter any more," Mac said, "because you don't work for me any more. I work for you."

"What do you mean?" I said.

Mac laughed. "They told me to tell you," he went on. "Chuck didn't only buy plugs in here. He bought the whole damn garage. I got the papers here in my hand. You own the joint. What I want to know is will you give me a job?"

I let the receiver drop on the table. I could still hear Mac jabbering and then he laughed and hung up. I got up and went into the kitchen. If Mac said it, then it was true. I couldn't figure it out. I cleaned the bluegills and was just about to drop them into the frying pan when the door opened and Mary stood there.

Things were happening too fast. I just stood there and stared at her and she stared back, smiling a little, and coming over toward me. I sat down in the chair and she took the frying pan away from me. "You couldn't fry a fish," she said. "Better let me do it."

SHE put the pan on the stove and I watched her. I couldn't talk. All I could feel was how wonderful it was to see her close again and be alone with her. "Set another place at the table," she said, and I got up then and put down two plates without dropping either one, though I couldn't feel them. Then I sat down again, and she said, with her back turned: "I don't know what you think of me any more, but I know everything that happened—between you and Chuck too—and I don't know anything very clear except that I love you."

I took a deep breath like long, cold drinks of water in a sunstroke and said, "Don't go a word further than that."

She turned around and came to me and the rest of what she had to say she said in my arms, which was easier and nicer. "I didn't know what he was," she said, "but now I see through him. He's just a show-off, just a ham actor, just a . . ."

"Forget him," I said, and I was going to tell her how we could both forget him when the doorbell rang. It was the front door and so I walked out through the hall and the parlor and opened it. Sammy Cass was there with a telegram. I signed for it and took it and couldn't find a dime to give him so he picked grapes all the way down the arbor when he was leaving the yard.

It was a long telegram and it was from the old man and St. Louis. This is what it said: "Dear Son. This is sure a big country and a big town. We couldn't find you nowhere when we left. It was me that told Chuck how it was about Mary. He thinks he put up a pretty good act. He hopes you get married right away and take her to see all his pictures. He also says that you telegraph your right hand too much and that he had to hold out his jaw a full two seconds before you could find it. Maybe you can come out west for a honeymoon sometime. Love from us both. Your father, Nate Boone."

I read it twice, and slowly it dawned on me. I walked back to the kitchen holding the telegram in my hand. Mary was standing there smiling, just like nothing had ever come between us except that she fell in love with me. "Is it a telegram, darling?" she asked. "What does it say?"

I put it slowly in my pocket and then I kissed her. "It don't matter now," I said. "It's just from the old man. I'll let you read it—after we get married."

NEW 1941 HUDSON WINS SAFETY AWARD For Safest Body Design

LEADING SAFETY AUTHORITY GIVES HUDSON HIGHEST RATING
ON FEATURES FOR PASSENGER PROTECTION...FIRST PERFECT
SCORE EVER RECORDED

PICTURED HERE is the trophy awarded to Hudson for safest body design of all 1941 cars . . . by *Safety Engineering Magazine* and its publishers, the Alfred M. Best Company, America's foremost insurance analysts and recognized leaders in the promotion of safety.

In this annual award, cars are judged on 14 points of body design which do most to help you (or any other driver) to prevent accidents, and to protect you and your passengers if accidents occur. *On every one of these 14 points, Hudson received the highest possible rating.*

**You Drive With Super-Safety
... in a Hudson**

But Hudson safety only begins with safest *body* design. All the way from GO to STOP, Hudson guards you and yours with *super-safety* found in no other automobiles built today.

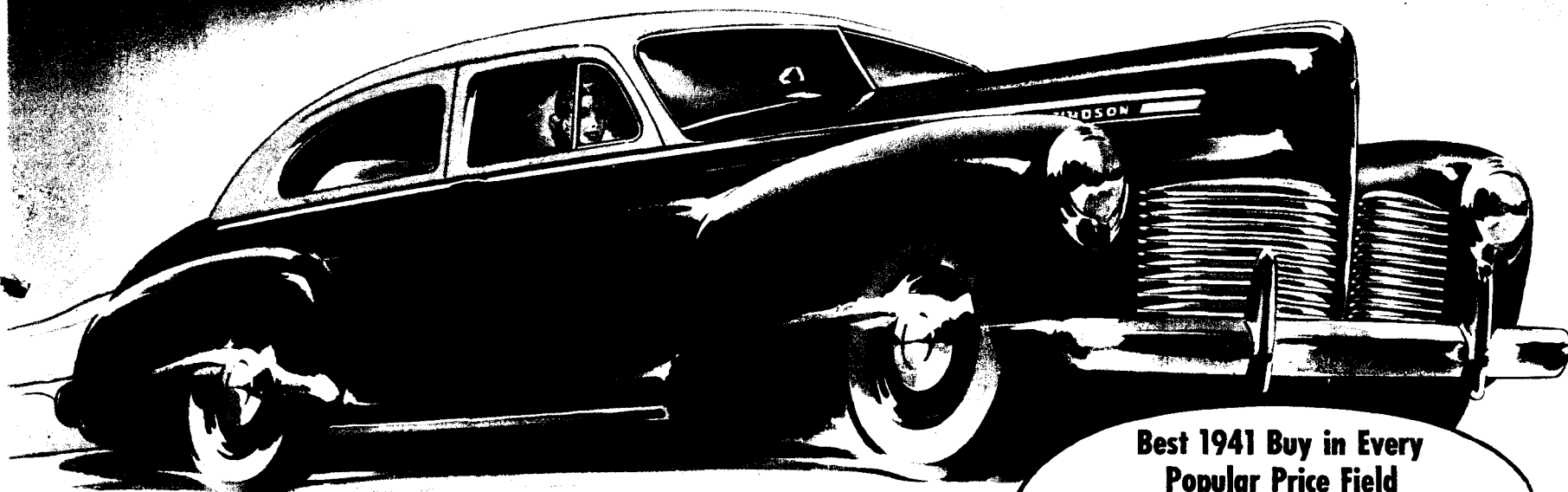
Patented Double-Safe Brakes! If hydraulics should fail (as they can in *any* car through leakage due to accident or service neglect), you just push farther *on the same foot pedal* . . . and STOP. But *only* in a Hudson!

Patented Auto-Poise Control! Automatically helps hold front wheels straight in high winds, on rough roads, even if a tire blows. No other car has anything like it!

Dash-Locking Safety Hood . . . hinged at the front so wind can't lift it if it's left unlatched! *Extra Wide Vision* . . . front and rear! *Extra Power* to whisk you out of tight spots!

Come for a look and go for a ride . . . at the nearest Hudson showroom. See *all* that Hudson's 31-year engineering leadership gives you for 1941 . . . not only to make your ride the *safest* on the road, but smoother, more luxurious, than you ever thought possible.

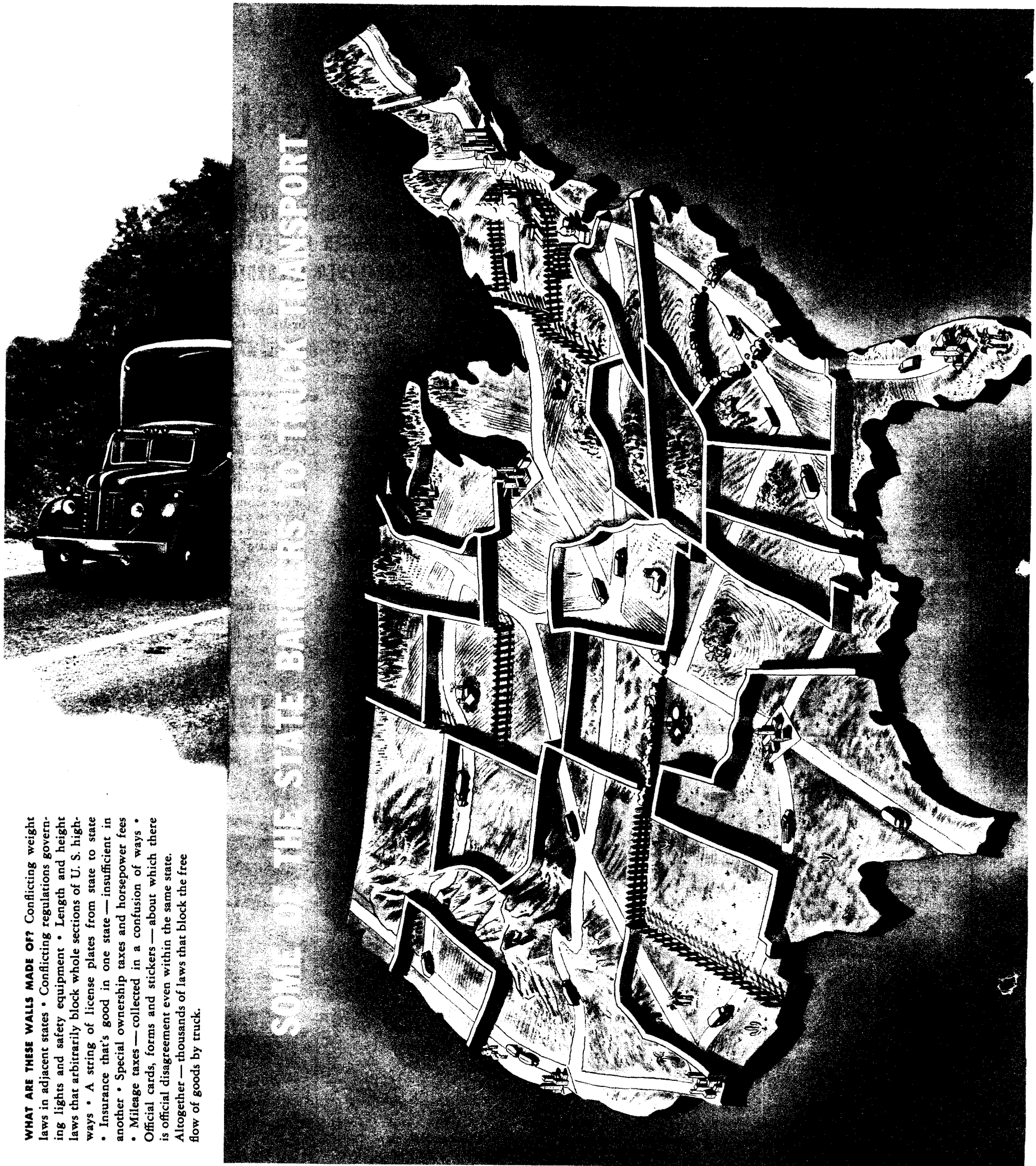
AMERICA'S SAFEST CAR



Car illustrated is new Hudson Six De Luxe 6-Passenger Club Sedan, one of the lowest priced Sedans built today.
The richly luxurious new Commodore models, finest cars ever to wear the Hudson nameplate . . . the brilliant new Super-Six, and the new Hudson Six in the lowest price field . . . offer a new high in value in every popular price class.

**Best 1941 Buy in Every
Popular Price Field
Starting with the Lowest
HUDSON SIXES and EIGHTS**

Here's one map you



WHAT ARE THESE WALLS MADE OF? Conflicting weight laws in adjacent states • Conflicting regulations governing lights and safety equipment • Length and height laws that arbitrarily block whole sections of U. S. highways • A string of license plates from state to state • Insurance that's good in one state—insufficient in another • Special ownership taxes and horsepower fees • Mileage taxes—collected in a confusion of ways • Official cards, forms and stickers—about which there is official disagreement even within the same state. Altogether—thousands of laws that block the free flow of goods by truck.

never saw in school!

WHEREVER THEIR WHEELS CAN ROLL, THE TRUCKS
OF AMERICA HELP REDUCE YOUR LIVING COSTS
... HELP BRING BETTER LIVING AND BETTER BUSINESS
... HELP PROVIDE MODERN HIGHWAYS AND SWIFT,
FLEXIBLE TRANSPORT FOR AMERICA'S DEFENSE...

*BUT- We can't jump trucks
over man-made interstate walls!*



EVER take a cross-country trip—you and your family—in the family car ...over those grand roads...through the lovely land that is America? You never noticed any barriers at state boundaries, did you?

But they were there, Mister... real barriers which you couldn't see. Barriers which stop, or slow, or handicap the freight-carrying trucks that do so much to lower your living costs... on food, clothes, furniture... on nearly everything you buy.

These barriers are the confusion of length and weight laws... special fees... and state permits.

LACK OF UNIFORMITY

For example — a truck traveling south is proceeding according to law, with a normal load. But the moment it crosses the Ohio River, half the cargo must be taken off. It becomes a two-truck load until another state line is reached. That means an increase in cost and needless delay.

Trucks rushing airplane parts between certain west coast cities have been delayed by unnecessary inter-state barriers — in some cases as much as one or two days.

A mid-west manufacturer of percussion caps is shipping by truck to save precious time. November and December schedules called for deliv-

ery of over one million pounds. Shipments went through on time, but a barrier tax of \$500 per trailer — imposed by a city on the route — caused a terrific increase in the cost of producing vital defense material.

A truck load of iron lungs from an American manufacturer, destined for Ottawa, Canada, ran afoul of a weight-law barrier. After much argument, this humanitarian shipment was released — but not until after a delay of twelve hours. And, because of missing subsequent connections, the iron lungs arrived two days late in Ottawa.

And so it goes.

Truck operators try to anticipate these delays and avoid extra expense. But it is not always possible.

REDUCES TRUCKING ECONOMY

What does all that mean to you? Simply this — interstate barriers are preventing trucks from cutting your living costs even more than they do now.

Trucks—unlike other forms of transportation—can travel direct routes—the shortest distance between points. Faster deliveries, with less handling, mean less damage—less loss—lower prices to you.

Trucks speed production — make mass production economies possible.

And taxes collected from trucks go a long way in building and maintaining America's highway system.

TRUCKS PAY ALL HIGHWAY UPKEEP?

If truck taxes this year were all applied to roads, they'd pay for the entire upkeep on every mile of state highway in the U.S.A.—with enough left over to build 8,000 miles of new roads besides! That's a lot of roads for you to enjoy as a motorist—and for Uncle Sam, in national defense.

Next time truck legislation comes up for discussion, keep these things in mind. Remember —the free flow of goods by truck makes a difference, a big difference, in your family's budget!

THINK THIS OVER

- *Trucking employs more men than all other transportation combined.*
- *In ten years, taxes collected from trucks were enough to build 137,000 miles of modern highways.*
- *4½ million trucks—and their millions of drivers are ready to serve Uncle Sam when needed!*

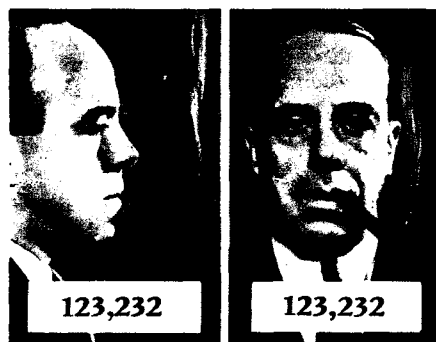


AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS
WASHINGTON, D.C.



HELP

LOCATE THIS MAN!



123,232

123,232

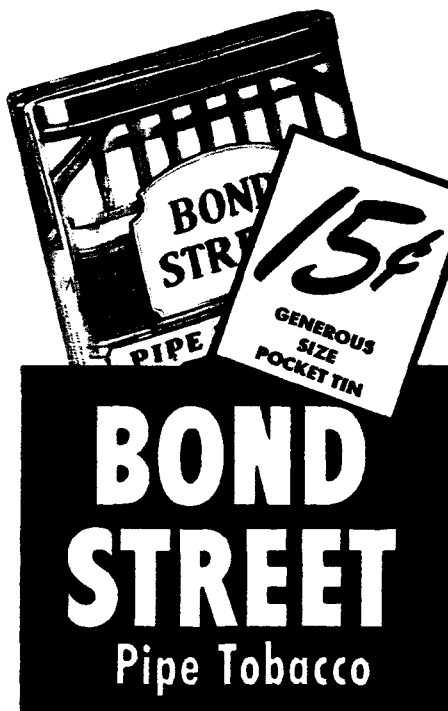
CONVICTED
with 123,231 others
of not having found
the right tobacco

Out of every thousand exacting pipe-smokers—a high percentage refuse to smoke any other brand once they try BOND STREET.

And so—by applying that percentage to readers of this magazine, we know that 123,232 pipe-smokers are missing the one tobacco they'd like best!

BOND STREET contains a rare aromatic tobacco not hitherto used in a popular priced mixture.

It smokes clean—sweet—without bite. Never leaves stale pipe odors in the room. (Even the ladies approve the aroma.) Try it—today—and see!



A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

How to Train Defense Workers

Continued from page 23

immediately. Very few fail to win advancement, and the industrialists of the state no longer insist that costly machinery will be wrecked by workmen who have not had years of experience. The important thing is that other states can follow Connecticut's example. A few are already doing so. The federal government has appropriated \$15,000,000 for the payment of teachers' salaries in the states which establish vocational training for defense workers.

So a start has been made, at least, toward supplying the additional 2,500,000 semiskilled men who will be needed for the national-defense program next year. Colonel F. J. McSherry, who represents the Army and the Navy on the Co-ordination Committee on Labor Supply headed by Sidney Hillman, has declared that Connecticut pointed the way. The nation as a whole, he said in September, was following the Connecticut plan.

"The work you have been doing here," Colonel McSherry told the Connecticut State Vocational Association, "has greatly helped other states in starting their work."

Originally, though, the Connecticut plan was merely a scheme to get men off the relief rolls and to halt a curious paradox—the employment of skilled workers from outside the state while residents, lacking proper training, could not get jobs. The project had its inception in the inaugural message of Governor Raymond E. Baldwin, who took office in January, 1939. Its success, though, has been largely due to a young manufacturer, Carl A. Gray. Mr. Gray, now president of the Grenby Manufacturing Company, a machine-tool concern of New Britain has given more than a year of his time without pay as chairman of the governor's commission to study unemployment.

Everyone Must Help

One of the first tasks of states trying to emulate Connecticut will be to find a Carl Gray, which won't be easy. On the other hand, they can adopt certain basic principles which Mr. Gray believes vital to any plan for the training of defense workers. He thinks the work must be done by the local communities, with minimum supervision by state or federal authorities. He insists that all elements in the community must co-operate—finance, industry, education and labor. This has been done everywhere in Connecticut. A representative of the A. F. L. or the C. I. O. has been active on each community committee. In consequence, union labor hasn't interfered, as it has often done in the past, with the training of new men for industry.

The Connecticut plan goes back to a meeting at the Hartford Club in July, 1939. Governor Baldwin presided, and it was attended by such men as John A. Coe, president of the American Brass Company; Eugene Wilson, president of United Aircraft Corp.; Frederick Conard, vice-president of the Underwood Elliott Fisher Company; Harry C. Knight, president of the New England Telephone Company.

Mr. Gray addressed the meeting. He said that a rapid survey of unemployed and unemployables was being taken and that local committees would have to help because the situation differed in different communities. He said two main groups required help—the "forgotten youth" with no adequate training and the "skill-rusty" older men who had abandoned their trades because of the long depression.

The unemployment survey was finished in two months. It revealed that a third of the state's employable unemployed were young men and women between sixteen and twenty-five years old who were untrained and unskilled, who were the living casualties of the depression. In due course the Young Commission, working on a national basis, confirmed these figures. Another third represented "skill-rusty" older workers. Mr. Gray of Connecticut thereupon set out to train the first group and to salvage the second.

He picked key men in Bridgeport, Manchester, Meriden, Bristol, New London and other manufacturing centers in the state. These were men of the type that had met at the Hartford Club in July, and in due course they constituted an advisory council to which Governor Baldwin also appointed the commissioner of the state board of education, the director of the State Employment Service, the commissioner of the Department of Labor, the president of the State Manufacturers' Association and representatives of the labor unions. Carl Gray told this group, again, that unemployment was a local rather than a state problem. Governor Baldwin lent his prestige and influence to the cause and addressed meeting after meeting throughout the state.

Meanwhile, Mr. Gray was preparing to illustrate what he meant. He was getting ready to set up the first training course in Hartford.

No money had been appropriated, but the governor agreed to draw on his contingent fund for \$2,000 or so. Gray found, of course, considerable skepticism as he started. Industrialists said that the "forgotten youth" of sixteen to twenty-five could not be trained and would wreck costly machinery. They added that the "skill-rusty" older men were beyond help. Labor leaders expressed alarm that the new men would displace union members. Finally, Gray was told, no place for a training school was available in Hartford. His answer was that the Hartford Trade School would do. He would schedule the classes from eleven o'clock at night to seven in the morning so that the regular sessions would not be interfered with.

The most difficult part of the job, at first, was to select the boys who would take the course. The State Employment Service, fortunately, had fairly adequate data on the education and qualifications of the unemployed youth. The service agreed to select an initial

batch of about one hundred. Then came the decision which may have been the most important factor in the success of the Connecticut plan. This was to subject all candidates to the mechanical aptitude tests evolved by psychologists during the past decade or two.

Gray was somewhat dubious as to the value of the tests. So were Major Leonard Maloney, head of the State Employment Service, and a good many manufacturers. Psychologists at work on WPA projects—themselves otherwise unemployed—were available to give the tests, however, and the experiment was tried.

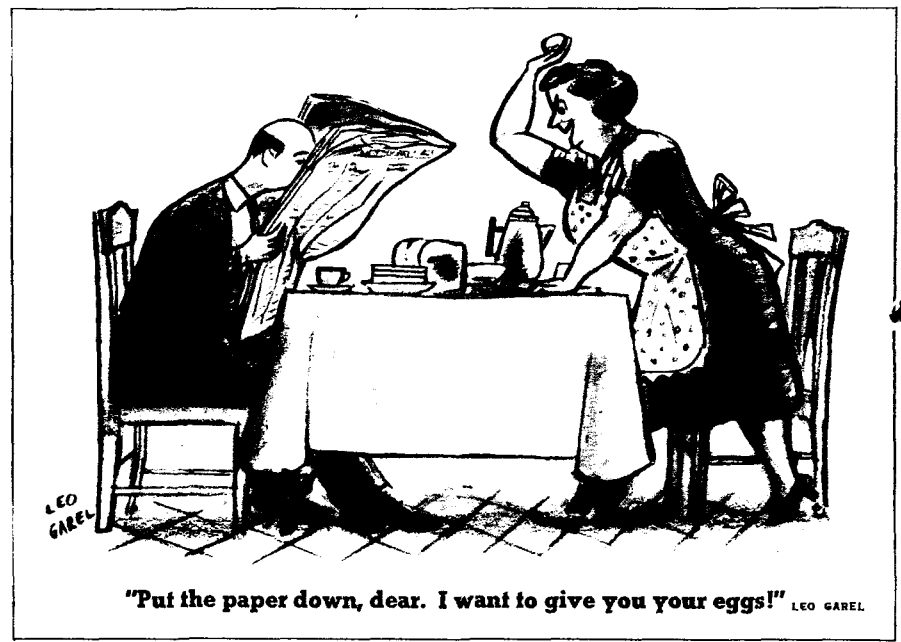
The Cream of the Class

Major Maloney, George H. Stone, manager of the Bridgeport branch of the employment service, Charles F. Bahner, his assistant, and Mr. Gray are now unanimous that aptitude tests worked very well indeed. The misfits—the boys who are clumsy with their hands or are afraid of machinery—are culled out at the start. So are the unintelligent.

Out of each 100 boys taking the tests from 50 to 55 qualify for further examination. An additional ten, on the average, drop out because of physical defects. Another ten may be eliminated by personnel managers who interview all candidates with an eye to hiring them when the five weeks have passed. Thus out of every 100 only 30 to 35 are allowed to take the training courses. But this does not mean that the others do not benefit greatly. They are sent to stores, shops and filling stations. Some of them get the jobs vacated by better-qualified boys.

Fifty-three boys were finally selected for the first course in Hartford. Meanwhile, Pratt & Whitney Aircraft had put additional equipment in the school. It had assigned about a dozen of its own foremen and workmen to serve as teachers, and had agreed to pay them. L. R. Weston, of the regular staff at the trade school, was placed in general charge, and one night at eleven o'clock in the middle of November, 1939, work started. It was going to be tough. Only a half-hour break, for lunch, was permitted at two o'clock in the morning.

During a mere five weeks 200 hours of training would be jammed into the boys. But on December 22d the entire batch of 53 was graduated; not one had fallen by the wayside. And every single boy was hired at once. They went to work for Pratt & Whitney Aircraft, for Colt's



"Put the paper down, dear. I want to give you your eggs!" LEO GARELL

Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Company and for other concerns. In a month or two word started to spread in Hartford and elsewhere in Connecticut that promotions had been rapid among the 53; a number were already earning \$40 a week. One bright youth had been told by his foreman that two assistants would shortly be placed under him.

Reports of the jobs and the wages started a deluge of applicants for training as 1939 ended. Reports of the caliber of the training-course graduates convinced Connecticut's industrialists that it would be wise to go along with Governor Baldwin and Carl Gray. Besides, Europe had exploded into war and orders for planes, for engines, for guns and for ammunition were beginning to pour into the "Armory of the Nation." A vast defense program for the United States would soon start, too. Gray spent most of his time traveling from city to city. He organized local committees which, in turn, got additional schools in operation. Among the twenty in full operation today there is even one for women. Fifty girls are getting an intensive course in operating power sewing machines at the Manchester Trade School. As contracts for uniforms and blankets are signed, more such courses will be needed everywhere in the country.

We visited the Hartford Trade School—the first among all of them—one night at about 9 o'clock. The place was humming. About 200 men were at work and not all of them, it was pleasant to note, were young. For the "skill-rusty" older men, whose plight had been one part of the original problem, had not been forgotten. Most of the younger men were working at lathes, milling machines, grinding machines and drill presses. Supervising them were employees of the United Aircraft Corporation; they seemed only slightly older than the boys being taught. A good many of the boys had been enrolled for but two or three nights, but they seemed amazingly familiar with the machines.

"A few in each batch drop out," I was told, "but most of them are okay. No; they haven't smashed any machines yet and we haven't had a single serious accident."

Nothing's too Difficult

The Connecticut plan is flexible. Carl Gray said that the basic purpose was to meet the needs of industry. "We'll take a shot at teaching anything," he said. And he illustrated this by showing me a group of men, most of them older, who were filing small pieces of metal in another room. Some months earlier, he explained, the management at the Hartford plant of Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Company had reported a serious bottleneck in their machine-gun department. A certain part of this intricate weapon could be carried almost to completion by machinery. Then it had to be finished by hand, through a careful and laborious filing process. Only the most skilled men at Colt's had been trusted to do this because the part, by then, was worth \$600. Not enough skilled men could be found.

So the Hartford Trade School began picking out men to train as filers. They had to have steady hands and patience. Fifteen or so were being taught this work the night of our visit. Next morning we went to the plant itself. Herbert Walker, employment manager at Colt's, took us through the first stages of the manufacture of this vital part. He did not take us to the wing of the plant where the filing was going on. Rulings of the War Department forbade that.

"I can remember when nobody was allowed to do that filing except eight or ten men," Mr. Walker said. "But today we have fifty who may never have seen

a file until they took the training course. We'll employ all they will send us."

That morning was a cold, damp, rainy New England day. Outside the Colt plant, wet and bedraggled, was a line of about 200 men looking for work. I asked Mr. Walker how many of them he might be able to hire.

"With luck, three or four," he said. "On the average, about two."

"How many men could you put to work immediately, if only they had some training?"

"At least 200, easily," he said.

But the soggy 200 had no training. Colt's had neither time nor facilities for teaching them the essentials—even the very basic essentials—of the machine age. Mr. Walker was emphatic, however, in his praise of the boys who had taken Connecticut's training courses. He was astonished at the progress they had made, he said. In the plant, at the moment, 250 were at work.

It's Better Than Relief

The young men of the United States may be mechanically minded, as the Connecticut plan appears to prove. This does not mean, though, that many of today's youth have had experience working with tools. Less than 42 per cent of Connecticut's unemployed had previous manufacturing experience of any kind. Most of the boys with whom I talked admitted that their familiarity with machinery was, at the best, sketchy. One said he had spent a summer in a saw-mill. Another confessed that he did not even know how to drive a car.

Today's war is a war of machines. The defense program is a program of machines. In the classified advertisements of nearly all big newspapers today may be read the story of industry's compelling needs. In a single issue of the New York Times are help-wanted notices of the Sperry Gyroscope Company, the Wright Aeronautical Company, the Federal Shipbuilding and Drydock Company and many others. Assemblers, machinists, grinders, operators for turret and engine lathes, for the Bullard lathe—all these are lacking. Immediate employment is available for such men.

But throughout the United States the relief load and the number of men on WPA projects remain about the same.

The answer is training. Connecticut has proved that not very much of that, provided it is efficiently given, is needed. The federal appropriation of \$15,000,000 is now being used to pay teachers where states inaugurate training courses. New York State has appropriated \$110,000 for the purchase of tools and machinery. Other states are getting under way.

The defeat of Governor Baldwin in November will in no way interfere with Connecticut's program for training men. The greater part of the work is now in the hands of private industrialists, in any event. Besides, Mr. Gray's commission receives its authority from the legislature of the state. Finally, Governor Robert A. Hurley, who has succeeded Governor Baldwin, is pledged to carry on the training.

The cost? Up in Connecticut, operating with Yankee thrift, Carl Gray has paid but a mere \$600 for administrative expenses during a year and a half. He has no staff. His stenographer is a part-time volunteer. Money has to be spent for materials, for light and heat and power, of course. And how much have these cost?

"The experience of Connecticut," says Carl Gray, "has been that thoroughly competent beginners, entirely satisfactory to the employer, may be turned out at an average cost of \$17 per student. With increased job-training volume, this per capita cost will be further reduced."

Not much WPA employment or relief can be supplied for \$17 per man.

You'll like yeast this new way



GOSH, YOU LOOK
SWELL! BEEN
EATING YEAST AGAIN?

NO... DRINKING IT!
I LOVE FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST IN TOMATO JUICE.
IT'S SO EASY TO MIX, TOO.



JOE: You know, I felt absolutely tops when I was eating yeast. But I didn't like the taste. I couldn't stick with it.

ANNE: Same here! But this new way, in tomato juice, gives you all the benefits of yeast, plus a delicious taste. I'm staying with it this time... and twice a day, too. Nobody needs to sell me on the idea. I know how much better I feel.

JOE: Maybe I'll start again. I read that "yeast is one of the richest of all natural sources of the wonderful vitamin B complex." Right?

ANNE: Certainly. It's been proved, and lots of us don't get enough. That's why it gives you that up-and-coming, going-to-town feeling! Try it out again... first thing in the morning, last thing at night. And take my word for it, you'll like what it does for you.



MASH... Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR... Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and...



DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too... whole business takes less than a minute!



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Standard Brands Incorporated

Fleischmann's
Fresh Yeast

DRINK IT... TO YOUR HEALTH!

They've Got the Flu!

Continued from page 18

they would have taken an enormous stride forward. They would have cornered this violent death in a single animal where they could watch it, fret over it and perhaps get some real facts about it.

Laidlaw filtered the throat washings the group had collected in hospitals. The filter would strain out any bacteria—and the stuff that went through would be—what? Laidlaw didn't know. He hoped it would be virus—the virus of influenza. With a blunt syringe he installed a few drops of this elixir of death in the nose of a squirming ferret. Then the group sat back to wait. It wasn't a long wait—only 48 hours. Then one ferret got sick with a disease that looked like flu! Younger members of the group enthused. They had flu cornered in a research animal! It would be easy from this point on. Laidlaw, patient and careful, curbed their enthusiasm. What made them think this was flu? Certainly it looked like that unruly disease. But unfortunately, he said coldly, good medical research wasn't based on casual appearances and youthful enthusiasms. They had to know.

They passed this sickness—whatever it was—from ferret to ferret; and from ferret to mouse. Then, after a few months of this, a splendid thing happened. Stuart-Harris was examining a ferret one day when it let go a beautiful full-blown sneeze, right in his face! Two days later he was flat on his back with fever, headache, sore muscles—but he had an ear-to-ear grin on his face. The cycle was completed. They had passed flu from sick man to ferret, and back to man again. It was a virus disease. Now things were moving.

Flu researchers the world over had a hot scent and were now on the trail. Down in Australia F. M. Burnet made a happy discovery. He found that flu virus would grow and thrive in fertile eggs. One simply punched a minute hole in the end of an egg and dropped in a little virus. Then the hole was sealed and the egg placed in an incubator. The virus, which lives only on live tissue, went to work on the embryo.

This discovery gave researchers the ready source of infective material that they needed. It saved them the tedium of grinding up lungs of mice killed by flu; or the nasal passages of ferrets.

Work of this sort, clever as sin, began to pop everywhere. A group of Russian workers in Moscow wanted to know what would happen if you dropped virus into human noses. They got a group of "volunteers"—whether or not they were captured from a passing streetcar the literature does not record. In any case the volunteers got the virus and got the disease.

Up at Harvard other men wanted to check on the belief that flu is spread by sneezing. So they built a sneezing machine—a small, glass-enclosed cage with an atomizing nozzle stuck in one side. Ferrets in the cage got flu after a couple of blasts of the atomizer. Further work with high-speed cameras and other equipment indicated that droplets are expelled from the mouth of a sneezer at the rate of 100 miles per hour; and that flu microbes in the droplets float in the air, well and happy, for as long as half an hour!

Meanwhile, the Rockefeller Institute in New York had its own problems. Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr., pink-faced, cherubic, confirmed the work of Laidlaw and began hunting virus strains of his own—in Alaska, Puerto Rico, Philadelphia. He noted that all strains were not alike; some were blustery and killing,

others were meek and mild. As often as not an animal that was immune to one of these strains (by virtue of a recent attack of the disease) would not be immune to a second. Was flu, then, a disease like pneumonia, of which there are 32 types? It looked as if something of this sort might be the case.

A Vaccine with Drawbacks

Tommy Francis, friendly, gracious, a superb worker, chased flu microbes through the San Joaquin Valley in California and in the labyrinthine depths of Brooklyn. He found that he could shoot the microbes of a certain strain—say Philadelphia 37—into the bloodstream of an animal. Instead of getting the disease—as it would if the virus were dropped into the nostrils—the ferret reacted in quite the opposite direction. Somehow this potent juice caused the animal's blood to build antibodies—immune factors which fight off infection. After being vaccinated in this manner ferrets got high-grade protection!

made on flu. Shelves sagged under the literature that accumulated; but the key to the situation was missing. No man could be sure but what he would be among the twenty million that went to the graveyard next time flu took a world tour. Then a magnificent, history-making laboratory accident happened.

Dr. Frank Horsfall, who took over the Rockefeller flu work when Tommy Francis accepted a faculty job at New York University, noted that his ferrets were dying for no accountable reason. But a little investigation disclosed the cause: there was a lab epidemic of distemper, terror of all researchers who work with ferrets. This disease kills the animals surely and swiftly. It is costly—ferrets come at \$4 each; and often erases months of tedious work already done on the animals.

Horsfall rushed to save what animals he could. His soft voice grew sharp as he prodded his four assistants to hurry: grind up lung tissue of animals that had died, whirl it in a centrifuge to remove solid particles and shoot this back in

virus from dogs seemed to give ferrets wide-scale protection. It seemed—and here was a striking fact—to protect them from all types of virus on hand in the lab. Here was the overlapping effect that research men had sought for so long!

This thing had splendid potentialities. The Australian, Burnet, had shown how to grow virus in fertile eggs. This eliminated troublesome animals from the picture. One could shoot both the flu and the distemper virus into an egg, slip the egg into a nice warm incubator whose temperature was kept at 100° F. The microbes would grow and reproduce into a rich culture that could be used as the basis for a vaccine. There was but one catch to these pleasant, lulling thoughts. Would this combination virus vaccine protect men as it protected ferrets?

Horsfall inoculated various lab workers, checked their blood after a few days and found that average antibody content had shot up several hundred per cent! Such an observation is by no means conclusive proof that these men would ride unscathed through a flu epidemic. But it is the next thing to proof. One large-scale check indicated that people with many antibodies in their blood were only an eighth as likely to get flu as people with only a few.

The Big Opportunity

What Horsfall needed at this point was a good, lusty flu epidemic.

While the mild, soft-spoken Horsfall didn't exactly wish anyone bad luck, it still wouldn't be altogether accurate to say that he was distressed by word which arrived last summer from Puerto Rico. Flu had broken out. Working day and night, he and his helpers prepared thousands of doses of vaccine.

The finished stuff was rushed to Puerto Rico. Tragically enough, it got there too late. The epidemic, instead of growing and spreading, had petered out. No conclusions could be drawn from the few people who did get the painless shots in the arm. Then a few weeks ago good news came from the West Coast—that is to say good news for the medical researchers. Flu was knocking people over by the tens of thousands, in California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Arizona and New Mexico. In some communities it was putting 20 per cent of the inhabitants to bed! It wasn't the killing flu like that of 1918 but, just the same, it was flu.

Horsfall hurried his vaccine to several California towns and vaccinations began. Results of this work won't be known for several months—until the epidemic has worked itself out.

While there is no evidence that this present mild flu will develop into the killer variety, conditions are ripe for the appearance of the killer. Epidemiologists are betting even money that London will have a severe outbreak this winter. With thousands of people piled pell-mell into unsanitary, badly ventilated bomb shelters and subways looking like termite tunnels, conditions are ideal for growth and spread of two diseases, meningitis and flu.

British health authorities have already expressed interest in Horsfall's vaccine; and he has put his staff on an 8 A.M.-to-midnight schedule. The lab is making a million doses of vaccine for instant shipment. If it gets this opportunity and proves to be successful, the final chapter will have been written in mankind's most costly, most lethal plague. Tomorrow's newspapers will be telling you how the tide is running.



Would a man react the same way when given shots of virus? Francis got a hundred volunteers and shot the flu juice into them. None of them had adverse reactions. Antibody content of the blood of nearly all of them shot up! It appeared that live virus vaccine would protect. Still, it had its drawbacks. For one thing, it was good only for a single strain. PR-8 recovered in Puerto Rico wouldn't protect against WS (named for Wilson Smith) found in London.

This was a discouraging fact with obvious implications. There were dozens of strains loose in the world and you couldn't vaccinate against all of them. If you did, like as not an unknown one would drift in from somewhere to knock the vaccinated man over.

So things were left still pretty well up in the air. All researchers could do was wait for an epidemic. Then they could rush out, isolate the virus responsible, grow it in eggs and make a vaccine. No, this wasn't the answer. But this was the situation last spring.

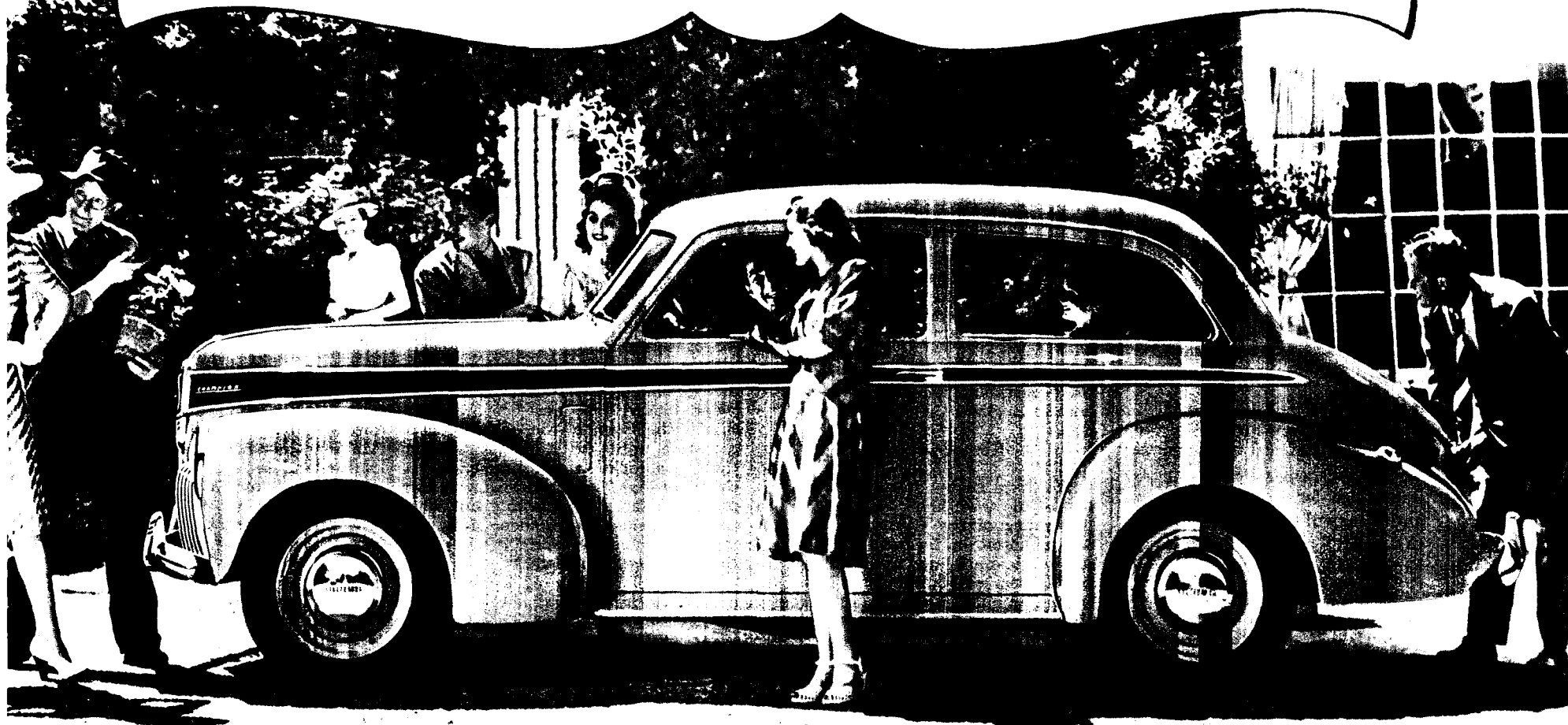
In the course of the seven previous years a tremendous assault had been

the hundred ferrets still alive. This would prod their blood into making protection. In a few days the epidemic eased; and in a week or so the decimated colony was safe. Horsfall heaved a mighty sigh of relief; then went on with the flu work.

Grasping better-tempered ferrets by neck and tail, and evil ones with forceps, he again started dropping virus in noses to infect the animals with flu. Then he sat back to wait for them to get sick with the same assurance that a man looks to the West for the sunset. But they stayed contrarily, obstinately well! Horsfall bridled. Those creatures out of hell had to get sick. He was wrong as could be. They didn't have to at all. And they didn't. For some unaccountable reason the Stuka microbe that had always caused flu before wasn't working!

Worried, Horsfall checked his virus and found it still potent enough to kill mice. There was but one explanation. Somehow—he hadn't the slightest idea why—the combination of the flu virus from human beings and the distemper

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George Windsor, Citizen of London

Continued from page 15



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decided to visit Southampton, see the amount of damage and reassure himself that everything is being done for the homeless and the wounded. If you want to come along you'll have to get up early—we must be at Southampton by nine-thirty. We'll have to get up at six-thirty. That's what the King is doing. Shake the sleep out of your eyes and stop shivering; sure it's cold, but there's no heat in Southampton at all and no hot water either. It's a lot colder there.

Herbert Morrison, minister of home security, usually accompanies the King on these expeditions. There are no ceremonial rites connected with a trip by the King. Following his car is another occupied by Harold Campbell, the King's equerry, and a Scotland Yard man. There is no screaming of sirens and no motorcycle cops lead the way. No secret-service men stand on the running boards of the cars. Traffic lights are obeyed. Once out of the city the cars travel fast, but then there are no speed laws in England.

Heroes in Review

The civic center (England's equivalent of the town hall or city hall) is in the center of the city. The center of Southampton was hit badly. The volunteer services are lined up in front of the white, scarred building. There are women ambulance drivers, air wardens, auxiliary firemen, canteen workers—all wearing the uniforms of their services. They have only been told this morning about the King's visit. As the King steps from his car a full-throated roar of welcome comes from the two hundred men and women who stand there. People hearing the cheering come running. The mayor, wearing his gold chain of office, welcomes the King. He tells the King of the two horrible nights and he tells of the heroic work done by the men and women volunteer workers.

"I'd like to meet some of them," the King says briefly.

He walks up and down the lines and now and then the mayor singles one out who has deserved especial attention. Here is Mrs. Francis Hartley, for instance, dressed in the dark blue of the ambulance service. "Mrs. Hartley drove an ambulance all during the bombing," the mayor reports. "Once the blast of a bomb lifted her ambulance right up on the sidewalk. She was stunned, but recovered, and she kept on driving all night."

The King congratulated her. He moved down the line. He smiled when he noticed a clerical collar showing above the blue uniform of an Air Raid Precautions worker. Who wore dusty, muddy dungarees and whose face was lined with fatigue. On his left breast there was a line of war ribbons. He was Colonel Reverend Sydney Turner; he had a right to be tired. He and his men had been on duty fifty-two hours. They had just taken an hour off to meet George Windsor, citizen of London. "Did you lose any men?" the King asked.

"We lost three," the fighting prelate said simply.

The King's lips tightened and his face became grim. He had just been told that the dead and wounded had mounted to more than 300.

The King left the civic center. He walked down High Street for three blocks. Only desolation and destruction met his eye. This was Southampton's main street. Here were the shops, the banks, the newspaper—smoldering

ruins now. He went on to the water front to inspect the docks and to talk to the workers.

I walked back to the civic center to pick up my car. I was stopped a block away. Even my military passes, my press passes and the special pass saying that I was a member of the King's party wouldn't pass me through the cordon that had been thrown around the civic center. But they did give me an explanation of what was going on. Three minutes after the King had left the civic center an unexploded bomb had been discovered in the ruins of a moving-picture theater just fifty yards from where he had been greeted by the mayor. It was being dealt with now. It might explode any moment. "That's why we wouldn't let the Queen come down here today," a member of the King's party whispered. He knew there were unexploded bombs here.

The King went to look at fire headquarters. The large fire engines, usually gleaming with brass and bright paint, looked tired now—covered with mud. The firemen, too, who stood at attention until the King put them at their ease, looked worn. Women served them hot tea. Their uniforms were torn and their faces were grimy, but when the King asked one of them "How was it?" he grinned and said, "It was pretty thick, but we beat them."

The civilian army of England, the army that is really fighting this war, had won another victory. The town of Southampton—it is not a city—had been hurt, but her people were able to grin. The civilians of England are magnificent soldiers.

The King walked to his car. People surrounded him. The two Scotland Yard men and the police were elbowed good-

naturedly aside. The King didn't mind. They crowded around him, talking to him, and he answered them. He was not only the King of England now, he was one of them. He was sharing their common danger. After all, his house had been bombed too.

England's Hardest Working Ruler

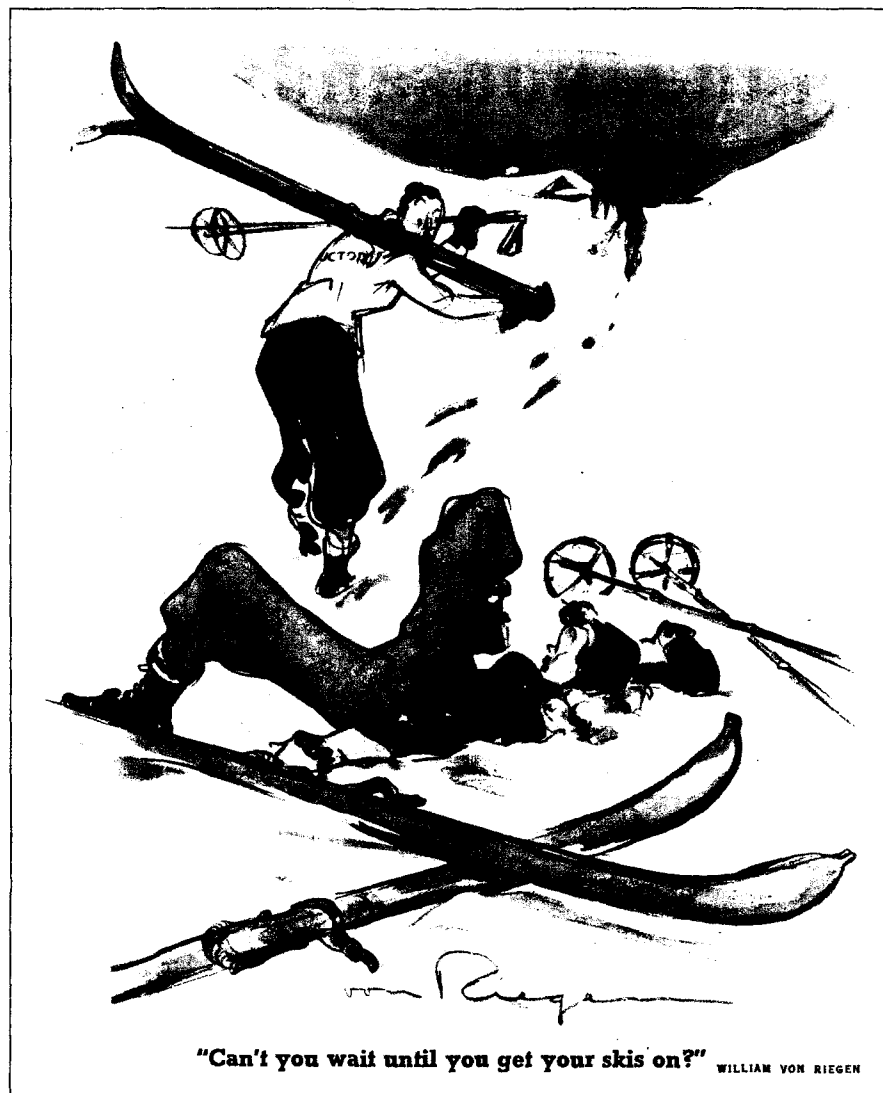
"We're all right," a plump, middle-aged woman called to him, "and how are you?" "Now give it to Berlin," another cried out, "only worse!" The King nodded grimly. After all, he worked for these people. They, in the broad sense, were his employers. He was merely a civil servant doing a good job. He was and is probably the hardest-working civil servant in England, he is certainly the hardest working ruler England has ever had.

The conscientious King stepped into his car. Corporal of the Horse William Hawes slipped the clutch into gear. The big, old-fashioned limousine began to move. My car followed. A full-throated roar went up as the King left. Make no mistake about it—the people of England have a great liking and a great respect for George Windsor, citizen of London.

During the early days of the blitz the King appeared unexpectedly in the East End one morning. He walked through the ruins of still-burning houses. He dodged falling bits of wreckage and he talked to the men who were trying to reduce the chaos of destruction.

"You're a great King!" a leather-lunged Cockney cried to him. He looked at the man, smiled, and cried back, "You're a great people!"

It is quite possible that both were right.



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The Forward Faun

Continued from page 13

she got through the tests and waited for the verdict.

"The job is yours," said Welles simply, just like that.

"Now, listen..." she began defensively.

"The job is yours," he repeated, to show it was no gag.

"Well, Mr. Welles," she began tentatively, "I think I ought to tell you something: I'm going to have a baby."

"What?" howled Welles.

"A baby."

"When?"

"About seven months," said the expectant mother, timidly.

"It's all the better!" he yelled ecstatically. "You're hired. If you start in it, it'll really prove to those bums that I'm going to finish the picture on time."

Dorothy was born in Los Angeles, where her father was a printer. Dorothy went through high school and was at the University of California at Berkeley when the wanderlust struck her. She ran off to Taos, New Mexico, where she got a job at the Kit Carson museum. After a year at Taos she came back to California and settled at Downieville, a little gold-mining town in the northern part of the state where she got a job as a soda-jerker, which she didn't like. She moved on down to Carmel because she had decided she wanted to be an actress and thought she might catch on with the Carmel Little Theatre. The going was tough down there, too. Dorothy tried selling pictures and managed to starve at it. Then she modeled for artists.

It took her a year to get into the Theatre but she finally had parts in The Night of January 16th and The Cradle Song. Charlie Chaplin was visiting in Carmel that season and raved about Comingore in The Cradle Song.

"People say he sat out there and bawled," says Comingore, "but I didn't see him."

No Romance, but a Job

Chaplin's opinion got into the papers and a reporter from San Francisco came down to say he'd give her a story if she told him the real low-down on the Comingore-Chaplin romance. Since there hadn't been a romance, she was somewhat at a loss and compromised by refusing to say anything. Nothing daunted, the young man went back and wrote the story and printed her picture.

Pretty soon she had a wire from Warner Brothers saying to come down at their expense and let them have a look at her. She came down and they put her up at the swanky Town House.

"The Town House (laughter)," says Comingore. "It was like Annie the Apple-woman at the Waldorf."

They made tests of her and finally decided after meditation that parting with \$75 a week wouldn't ruin the firm and she was signed. The man who signed her was Max Arnow and pursuant to the quaint Hollywood custom, Miss Comingore went right out behind Arnow when he left three months later.

She had a brief experience with the quickies, then landed with Columbia for a year and was back with the quickies when Welles dredged her up from the bottom of the well. Her most famous quickie was Prison Train, in which she worried desperately about her brother, who was being lugged off to the Rock. They worked with the famous old Burbank train, which has appeared in a thousand movies, and it was a question of getting done in a rush because

the rent on the train was mounting up. It was Comingore's job to get off at each stop of the fictional prison train and comfort her brother.

"They set up the camera and took six shots, all alike except that I had a different costume each time. Come down the steps, talk to brother, race back into the car, change, down the steps, talk to brother, back into the car, change.... By the last time I was too fagged to talk to brother; just lolled my tongue at him. Had to furnish my own clothes and make-up. Made about nine dollars net on that engagement."

Mr. Collins Does It Right

In Hollywood she was rushed by the usual boulevard menaces. She didn't like it but it meant a free meal and she was in a mood for food. At this juncture Mr. Richard Collins, the screen writer, appeared on the scene. Not only did Mr. Collins appear but he turned out to have the instincts of an old-line gentleman.

When he rang the doorbell on the evening of a date, he held under his arm a box of bonbons and in his hand bloomed a bouquet of posies.

"Bucked me right up," says Miss Comingore. "Made a new woman out of me. He said he wanted to marry me. I married him."

And that accounts for the baby which would hurry Citizen Kane along to its finish even if Mr. Welles flagg'd in his zeal, which is something Mr. Welles never does.

However, he can be a bit negligent as was proved soon after the picture started shooting when he fell off a ladder, like Humpty Dumpty, smashed his ankle and all the physicians of Hollywood and the prayers of the RKO directorate couldn't put him together again for six weeks. But he sat in a wheel chair and directed the company and continued to get from the unknown Comingore emotional acting of a type not often seen in the City of Shadows.

"Why shouldn't she be good!" demands Welles. "She's grown up. Some of the others would be good, too... if they were grown up."

This sort of talk will obviously get young Orson nowhere with the people who count in Hollywood. But if Citizen Kane is good, a few additional insults will not matter. If Comingore flops, Citizen Kane will flop. If Citizen Kane flops, Citizen Welles will depart Hollywood in the night, passing through Needles with his shirttail sticking straight out behind him. He may not be a genius, as some people claim, but he is certainly a brave man.



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Goodby to Love

Continued from page 20

Grand fighter. You fellers should know each other."

He was pawing at me and Kinlock was not looking at me at all. He did not have a mark on him to show for Steve Russell's left hand and his eyes were bright and hard, his lips curled kind of mockingly. Julie was looking at him like somebody that is hypnotized; but that is only for a moment. The look goes off her face as though somebody has waved a magic wand and she is as aloof and as indifferent as though she didn't catch the name.

I introduce Sam first, then Earl Kinlock. Sam adds a postscript to my introduction of Kinlock.

"The new champ," he says thickly. "This is his party. Great boy. Great fighter."

Julie almost yawns. "I saw the fight," she says. Just that. She looks at Kinlock but she leaves his hand hanging in the air. Both of his eyebrows go up this time but he doesn't look mad, merely interested—and hard, very hard; just the way he is in the ring.

"I'd like to have this dance with you," he says.

The orchestra has just started to play. Julie shrugs a little and turns to me. There is a big difference between what I would like to tell her and what I have to tell her, so it is my turn to shrug.

"Okay."

Kinlock steps in and they dance off through a lane that the crowd makes for them. They are in step right from the very first second and this Kinlock can dance. It is no treat for me to watch him, so I turn away—and that is that, like the first round of the fight.

A world's championship had changed hands tonight and on the champion's night all things belong to the champion. I swallowed hard and let it go at that. I had been a champion once myself.

I KEPT the phone hot for a week trying to get Julie after that night. When I did get her, she was very pleasant but just too busy to make any dates.

A couple of days later one of the Broadway columns made a crack: "The glove artist who recently licked one champion in the ring," it said, "is giving another one a beating in a game of hearts."

That was the first of a long list. Later

columns did not pull any punches. They stepped right out and named Earl Kinlock and Julie Carter as stepping a fast pace in the night clubs. Other things, too, were hinted at in print, but I did not believe them.

Julie had not met Kinlock as a girl swept off her feet. She had met him as a woman who wanted something. It had been a fight from the start and I could not see her as letting him win any of the rounds; not after the way that she started. There was, I told myself, a chance for me until they published a marriage notice. Just thinking about her still set my pulses to hammering and I was not taking a count for anybody while I could still make a fight of it.

She had seen Earl Kinlock in a ring on the best night that he ever had, but she had never seen me do anything in a ring except take a bow.

Three weeks after the night Earl Kinlock won the championship, I was sitting in Sam Menton's office. Sam was smoking a cigar and looking as if he suspected what I came for and wasn't ready to believe it.

"Sam," I told him, "I'm coming back. I want to go in with Kinlock."

He took the cigar out of his mouth slowly and his eyes went into hiding behind the little flesh pockets that bulge all around them. Sam did not become the biggest promoter in the game by being the kind of slob that he is at parties. In his office, he is somebody tough to handle.

"Na, Jimmy," he said. "That's no good. You're all through."

"Nobody ever knocked me out."

He shrugged. "This Kinlock would do it. He's a hooking fighter, Jimmy. That kind would cut an old fighter up pretty bad."

"On the way he fought Russell, I'd murder that slob," I told him.

Sam's eyes came out from the pockets. "Once you could do that, Jimmy," he said, "because this Kinlock is not yet a great fighter. But now maybe you are jealous. It makes you crazy."

I squared myself for a battle and I poured it to him. "It would be the biggest gate you've had in two years," I told him. "No middleweight ever packed them in for you like I did. You'd double them up in the cheap seats with



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people who'd be wondering if he could put me on the floor."

He shook his head. "Your friends wouldn't like to see you on the floor, Jimmy." He screwed his face up. "Should Pop Weyling come to me and say he wants that fight for you, okay," he said. "Otherwise, not for no million bucks, Jimmy."

We looked squarely at each other and we were two people who had made a million dollars plus together. We shook hands and that was that.

Pop Weyling had managed me since I was in knee pants and fighting at smokers. He had treated me like a father, and on the night that Steve Russell punched me apart he had clucked over me like a mother hen over a chick. He swore that night that it was my last trip to the wars—and it had been. Telling him that I wanted Earl Kinlock was going to be a lot different from telling Sam Menton. I did not have the same arguments.

For an hour I just walked around, trying to make up my mind to see Pop Weyling and tell him that I was putting the gloves on again. My nerve just wouldn't come up to the mark. In a long lifetime, Pop was the only man I had ever been afraid of.

At the end of an hour, my mind was made up. I checked into a hotel, took a suite and called up the sports editors of all the morning papers. They were around in twenty minutes and they came personally. They did not send any cubs. I shot the works with them and when the midnight editions came out, I was in the headlines:

DANE CHALLENGES KINLOCK

Ex-Champ Plans Comeback Try for Middleweight Crown

There were a number of variations of that and pictures out of the files. When I got back to the hotel, Pop Weyling was waiting in the lobby. He was a little older and he had less hair than when I last saw him, but meeting his steady stare still sent the cold chills down my spine. He waved a copy of the Courier.

"How about this?" he barked. "Have you signed anything?"

I swallowed hard before I answered him. "You're my manager," I said. "I've never signed anything."

He wadded the paper and tossed it aside. "Okay. That's all I wanted to know. I'll see Sam Menton."

That was that and he left me without any postscripts. Somehow I would have rather had the blasting that I expected. Pop knew about Julie, and he knew I wasn't going to change my mind. There was only one thing for him to do—and he did it.

CARLO was on the top of a mountain and I went up there with a young heavyweight that Pop was managing and a black boy who knew how to cook. It was one of the loneliest spots in the world and for three weeks I did nothing but chop wood and climb mountains.

At the end of the three weeks, I was hard again; not exactly glowing the way I had been once, but hard. I came down then to the old camp at Station Landing where I had trained for most of my fights in the old days. Pop was there and he had Nora Garran, the Irishwoman who had cooked for all his camps. He also had a trio of tough sparring partners and an outdoor ring.

"I've told the boys to go easy with you for a while," he said curtly.

"Thanks. They don't have to be careful."

I was just as curt as he was. No sparring partner of mine had ever had to pull his punches to keep from licking me and I had a sudden desire to beat the daylight out of this trio and knock

them, one at a time, into Pop Weyling's lap.

I did nothing of the kind. Leveling at them with everything that I had, they still made me look foolish and I saw that they were following instructions. They weren't half-trying and any one of them could have taken me.

I knew then that two years is a long time in a fighting man's life and that the way back was going to be rough. I went to work in earnest.

If Julie wanted youth and speed and strength, I was going to give it to her. Kinlock was "good-looking and savage" according to what she said on the night of the fight. Well, I couldn't offer her any good looks. If I had ever had any, I had left them in a hundred rings. I could give her the savage part, and when I got through Kinlock wouldn't have the good looks to offer, either.

I went to sleep on that thought night after night. And at the end of a month I had my sparring partners fighting for their lives. The timing that was so badly off in the first weeks of training was becoming sharp again, my muscles had loosened up and my legs gave me a solid platform from which to fire my heavy artillery. Even Pop had warmed up.

He was more like the Pop of old; yelling at me and encouraging me, patting me on the back or bawling the blazes out of me. He watched me like a hawk in the ring and he was liking what he saw. The tip-off came when he started reading me the sports pages in the evening.

The boys who were covering my camp had started to root for me. They were remembering that I had lost my only important decision to a clever boxer and that the boxers had always given me trouble. They were remembering, too, that no puncher had ever stood up and traded with me and stayed on his feet. I was close to an even-money bet as the result of their ballyhoo—and I had been away for two years.

Three nights before the fight, Julie came out to the camp. I was relaxing in

my room with the radio turned low when Pop Weyling came in. His face was wooden, the way it is when he is talking terms with a promoter.

"There's a girl downstairs," he said, "that says she'll sit in her car and honk her horn till you come out."

"Julie?" I said. Pop shrugged.

"I didn't ask. I just told her that she didn't have to make threats."

I was out of that room fast and I did not look back.

JULIE was sitting in a car outside and I could not see her very well. I did not have to see her. There was some instinct inside of me that would have told me whenever she was near. I had been living with the thought of her and the want of her for months.

"Jimmy!" she said. "Jimmy, I knew you'd see me."

"Sure." I got into the car beside her and she laid her hand on my arm.

"I've been reading everything that the papers said about you, Jimmy," she said. "I never knew before what a good fighter you were. They all write about how hard you hit and—"

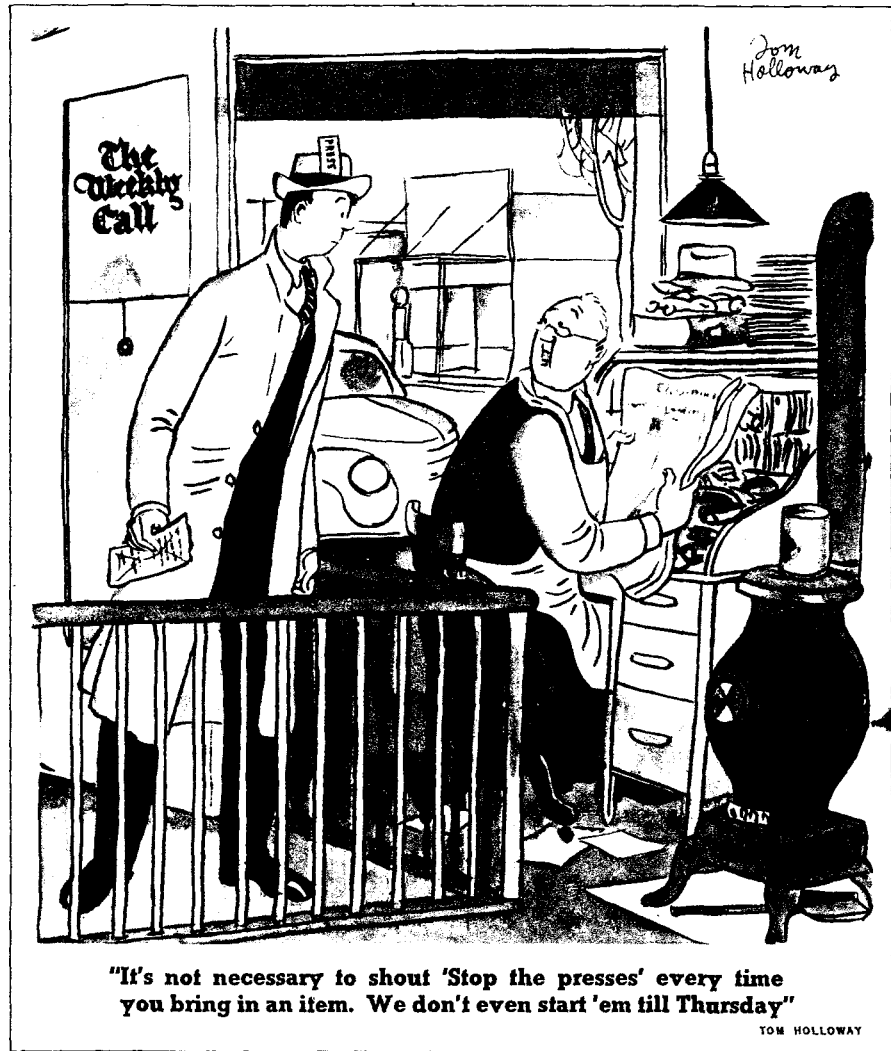
My heart was turning over slowly and my eyes misted a bit. She had been reading about me. I wasn't Paul Revere to her any more. She knew how good I was now; not just an old guy taking bows. Her fingers bit into my forearm.

"Jimmy, I came out here to get you to call off the fight. You don't have to come back, Jimmy. You liked me once. I don't want you to fight."

I turned to look at her and the blood was pounding so hard in my veins that my eyes saw everything in a haze. My tongue felt thick. She did not want me to fight.

"Why?" I said.

She kept my arm in that grip and shook it. "Jimmy, I can't stand it. I keep seeing Earl in there," she said, "and I dream at night that you are punching Earl the way you punched those others. I wake up trembling when I dream of seeing you knocking him down. I can't stand it, Jimmy. I can't. I'm in love."





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Mrs. T---- handles a Difficult Case



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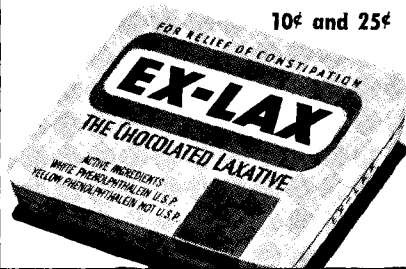


Mother had a bright idea. Told me to try giving Billy some Ex-Lax. He balked at first, but one bite and he was all smiles! Simply loved that chocolate taste!



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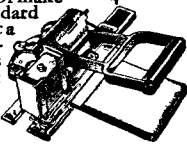
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with him, Jimmy. I don't want him hurt—"

I drew the breath into my lungs and it hurt them. For a few moments I had been building something. For a few moments she could have had the fight or anything else that she wanted. Now I looked at her in the light of the dashboard and a cold wind blew from somewhere.

She was no longer Julie of the cool, clear eyes and the confidently poised head and the soft, remote lips; she was haggard-eyed and heavy with make-up—not fresh any more, but desperate. I asked a question because I had to, not because I could not guess the answer.

"Are you married, Julie?" I said.

"No, but—"

"I know."

She did not have to tell me any more. Earl Kinlock had won that fight as he had won the fight against Steve Russell; taking everything for a while, then moving in savagely and without pity. Julie had challenged him that night at Sam's party and anyone had only to look at her now to know who had won when the sparring was out of the way. Something died in me, but I shook my head.

"I can't do anything about the fight now," I said, "without letting a lot of people down."

It was all that I could say. She was watching me desperately and I knew that she had never seriously hoped that the fight could be postponed or put off. She came right in with her counter:

"You don't have to hurt him. You won't, Jimmy. Please."

"He's in there to fight, Julie. He won't pull any punches."

"But you can beat him. You hit so hard. They all say so. I can't stand it, Jimmy."

There are things that a man can take and there are things that he cannot take at all. I've taken everything that they could throw at me in the ring, but I could not stay in there with Julie. I opened the door and stepped out.

"No decent man throws fights, Julie," I told her. "Sorry."

I turned away then and went indoors and I knew that she would not sit out in front and honk and that she would not follow me in. In the ring or in love or anything else, when a person is licked and admits it, there is not much fight left in them to throw at anyone.

Pop Weyling was sitting quietly in my room when I came back. He had his old pipe in his mouth but he wasn't smoking. He knew me better than I knew myself and he must have seen from one look at my face that I had taken another beating.

"Did she let you down, son?" he said.

I couldn't lie to him but I was looking away from him when I answered. "Yes," I said.

Pop got up slowly. "Maybe I should have let you find out about women when you were young," he said. "Maybe not. But you're a fine, clean lad, Jimmy, and there's a girl somewhere who'll know it and appreciate it."

He walked rather heavily to the door and turned for just a moment. "That's not saying that I'm not damned sorry about this one," he said.

"Okay," I said. "Thanks."

I DID not fight my fight with Kinlock in my mind on the nights that were left before the fight itself. I was done with that, somehow, and I could not bring it back. On fight night in my dressing room, I looked off into space and let my handlers fuss over me and rub my back and muscles. Usually I was touchy and cursed everybody in sight, but tonight I just sat there and let Pop Weyling worry about the fact that I was not on edge.

If the fight had been three nights

earlier, I would have come to the dressing room with a hate of Kinlock and a desperate anxiety to get out and put on a show for Julie. Now I no longer hated Kinlock and Julie was finished. I did not want her as she was and neither Kinlock nor anyone else could give me back the Julie that had been.

The dressing room was tense as it usually is before a big fight and people dropped things noisily because they were trying to avoid dropping things. Then somebody pounded on the door and a voice said:

"All right, boys. Let's go down."

I drew my robe tight around me and we started the long march down the dark aisle. It was a ball-park fight and the place was packed. At the foot of the aisle the ring blazoned white under the big lights and there was a half-sighing, half-murmuring noise from the crowd with occasional shrill overtones.

We reached the ring and I climbed the steps with the crowd roaring. Kinlock came into his corner right after me and I scarcely looked at him. The announcer was introducing Tunney and Dempsey, Jim Braddock and Barney Ross. I looked down past the press section to the seat that I usually occupied and it was a strange sensation. The announcer was swinging into another introduction and I only caught part of it.

"—that great champion in this very arena—Steve Russell!"

Steve was rising from a seat behind the press section and then he was climbing into the ring and taking his bow while the crowd roared for him. He turned and came to my corner.

"The best of luck, Jimmy," he said.

HE HAD my gloved hand and he was shaking it. I patted his shoulder with my other glove but my eyes were hazy. Steve Russell had just taken the bow that I used to take. He was going back to his comfortable seat back of the press section where he could light up a cigar and relax as an ex-champion should. Me?

I was up here with a bathrobe over my shoulders and the shooting mittens on my hands. I was going back to the rocky roads of championship; up at seven and hit the road, exercise and spar. No Julie to fight for—nothing but the championship. I had already had that!

The referee was calling us together and the crowd stilled. I stepped forward from my corner and I heard the instructions through a haze. I walked back then and in a few seconds there would be the bell. I scraped my feet in the resin and then, for the first time in

any ring, fear came up and gripped my muscles.

I was suddenly aware of the fact that I did not want to be a champion. I liked being an ex-champion. I wanted what I was leaving and not the prize of the fight. Julie was gone and hatred was gone—and the want of the crown. I felt naked and terribly alone. Nothing in the world for which to fight—and the gloves on my hands.

Then there was a hand on my arm and I was looking into a pair of eyes that had grown old squinting into the ring lights. Pop Weyling was looking at me as he looked on the night when Steve Russell cut me to ribbons; a little scared, a little sick and feeling hurt worse than I was.

HIS lips moved but I could not hear what he was saying. I was hearing instead what he had said on the night that Julie came around to the camp.

"You're a fine, clean lad, Jimmy, and there's a girl somewhere who'll know it and appreciate it."

I drew a deep breath into my lungs.

"Okay, Pop!" I said.

I did not know whether there would be a girl or not. I was still full of the ache for Julie and I couldn't imagine another girl anywhere who would be different and still make me want her. It was not important now, though. I wasn't frightened any more.

The bell rang and I turned fast. Kinlock was gliding toward me with his lips flattened against his teeth and his eyes like marbles. I moved into him and my muscles were loose.

I made him miss his first lead and I hooked to his head. For just a moment there was fear in his eyes—and I knew I had him.

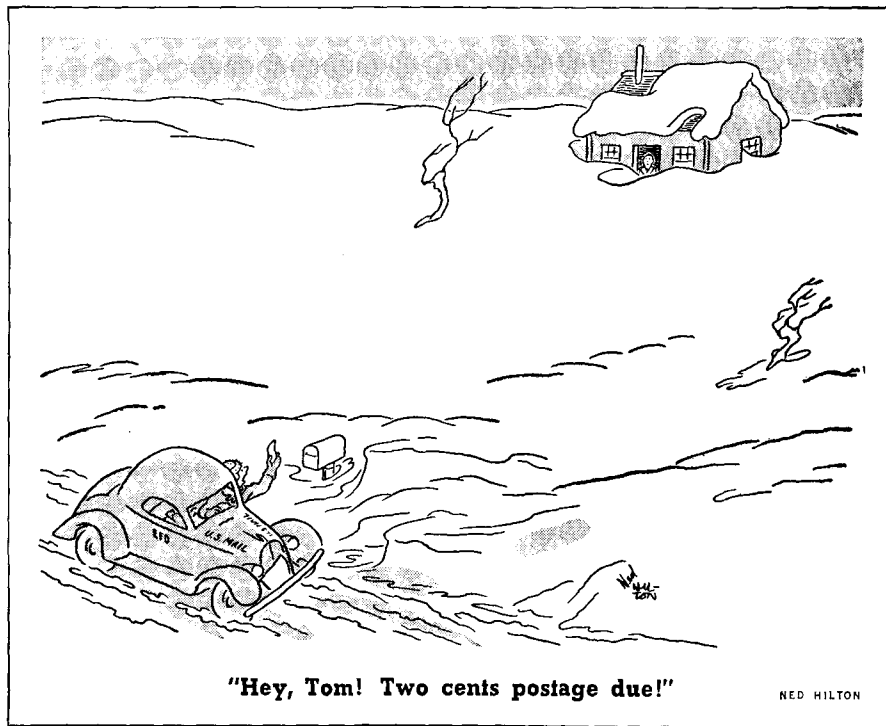
It flashed into my mind, too, that Julie had done this to him; Julie worrying over him and sure that he was going to be licked.

I shook him up pretty badly when he tried to swarm into me and between rounds I had a thought that was pretty big for a guy like me: Kinlock, I figured, was no good and when he won a fight that he had no right to win outside the ring, he threw away the thing which made him a winner inside the ropes.

Maybe I was wrong, but when I knocked him cold three rounds later, I wasn't thinking of Julie nor of the girl I might find some day nor of my seat on the aisle where Steve Russell was sitting.

All I thought about when Kinlock went down on his face was, "Gee! Pop is going to like this!"

And he did.



"Hey, Tom! Two cents postage due!"

NED HILTON

Alien Dust

Continued from page 14

the turn of the hill. Mori ran too, and panted. He wished she wouldn't go quite so fast or so far. His shoes were heavy. He stopped for a breath. He wished he had brought his bunk mates with him to help catch her.

The woman ducked into one of the ravines now. Mori followed, grinning. He didn't look at the steep walls of the ravine or at the queer twist it took against a high hill. He saw only the woman ahead. She had stopped running and was pushing the straw bundle away from her under a ledge. Then she stood with her back against it, and faced him.

Mori ran to her. She was young and round and pretty. Her eyes were big, bigger, Mori thought, than a woman's eyes should be. Was it fright made them so wondrous big and black?

Mori saw her body shake with that same fright, and as she swayed he saw

gently, a clump that was too big, pinching off a weed caught in the roots. He squeezed some and saw a drop drip between his fingers. It was wet still from water. But not wet enough! It must go back in water or it would wilt, and wilted shoots are the same as no rice at all.

Mori looked at the woman, and smiled, suddenly. "Where?" he asked. "Where?" and he held the rice up before her.

She did not know the words he spoke and shook her head.

Where was she taking the rice? Where was she planting it? Mori wanted to know. He looked about him now with different eyes. The sharp walls of the ravine, the bushes that masked this path from the road, and a tunnel that led beyond to . . . Mori stooped to look. There was light beyond, and a flicker of green.

"There!" Mori said, pointing with the clump of rice shoots. "There!" he urged, and motioned the woman forward.

But she did not move. She only stood staring at him with her eyes that were so big. Then Mori walked there himself, carrying the rice in his two arms as tenderly as the woman had. When he bent his head to enter the tunnel the woman was following him.

The tunnel was short, burrowing under the abrupt hill that closed the ravine, to come out into a small hushed valley. It was sweet and green, not a valley really, but round and hidden like the bottom of a teacup.

"Mah!" Mori exclaimed running forward, gulping the air in gasps, and eating the green with starved eyes. He touched the grass to know the feel of it, he slid his hand down the satin bole of a big bamboo. Then he went to the little brook and knelt beside it as though it were a shrine.

BYOND the brook was the paddy. Mori saw it now, and saw it was half planted with scattered rice shoots. He gathered up the bundle of straw that lay on the grass beside him and crossed to the paddy. The woman came and stood by his side, always silent, always looking at him warily.

Mori saw the rice was badly planted. Mori knew the fine, healthy shoots he held in his hand would not make good rice, planted this way.

"Who . . . ?" Mori began, and then used his hands to ask the question, pointing to the woman and pointing to the paddy. He asked twice this way.

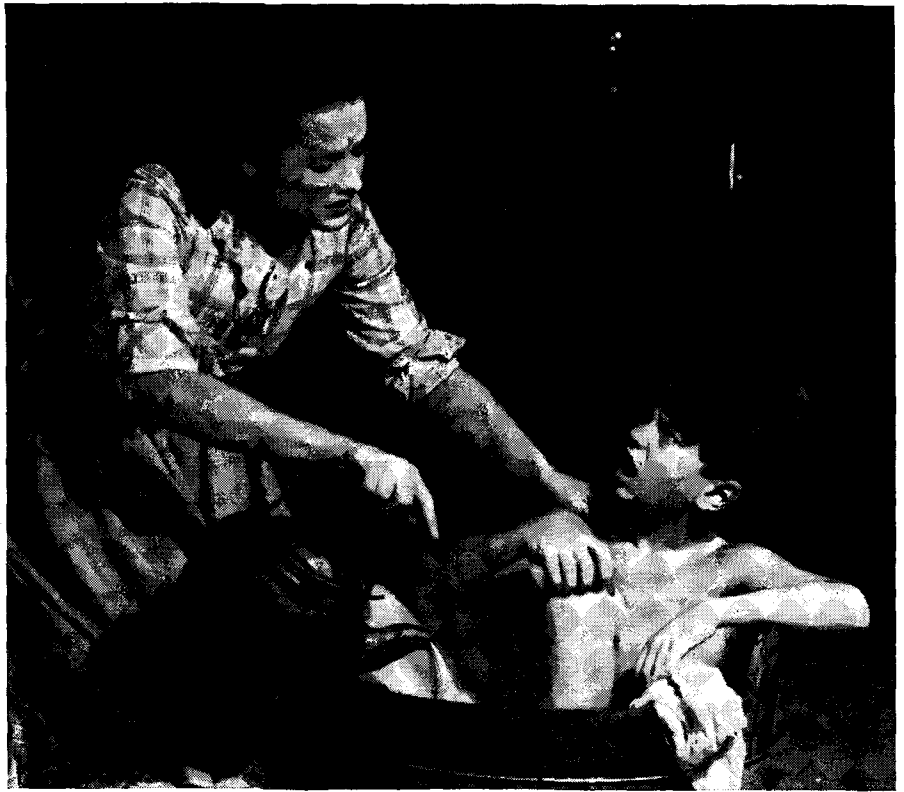
The woman nodded then to tell him she had done the planting, and shook her head as though to say she too knew it was hopeless.

Quickly Mori looked around, at the mud-brick house backed against fringed bamboo, at the old woman standing in the doorway, and at the child who hid behind her pantaloons—a boy, Mori saw, of the height of the boy who was his son. Mori looked back at the woman.

She knew what he was asking this time and held up three fingers to show him there were only the three of them living in this teacup valley.

Mori filled his lungs, and did what he had to do. He unbuttoned his tunic, his shirt, his trousers, he loosened the lacings of his boots, and stepped out of those unnatural bindings to become a man again. Clad only in the wide cloth he wore about his middle, he felt free once more.

All afternoon he worked there, planting the new rice the woman had brought, replanting the rice that was not even, and mending the dikes. He carried weeds and sod and mud to strengthen



"Hurry Up Now! Pa's Waiting!"

THE kitchen stove used to feel pretty good on a winter's Saturday night when the thermometer was down around zero. So did the heated flatiron in the foot of the bed. But how many of us would trade the comfort and privacy of our modern, heated bathrooms for the cramped discomfort of the wooden tub and the sting of the home-made soap? And who wants to lug out the water afterward and mop up the kitchen floor?

There are a lot more of today's home conveniences that we wouldn't trade for their counterparts of the "good old days." The electric washer, for instance, for the scrubbing board; the electric light for the messy coal-oil lamp; the furnace for the parlor base-burner.

Most of us are incomparably richer than the people of a generation ago—not so much in money, perhaps, but in the things our money will buy. And in most cases these are the products of American industry—manufactured articles that have been developed by industry, improved, made less and less expensive so that more millions of people can afford them.

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FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 22



An ex-Californian, born in 1904, Ned Hilton had no formal art training, sold his first drawing to a newspaper at the age of thirteen, and has since worked in a sign shop, as a poster designer, agency layout man, cover artist and illustrator. Cartoons like the one on the facing page are his chief interest from now on, he says. Drinks mostly beer and is not as sour as he appears above despite his residence in Manhattan's Greenwich Village.

the straw of the bundle she was hiding, and he remembered the way she had carried it in her two arms. It was something precious, something dear . . .

Mori reached and held the woman with one hand. With the other he groped for the straw covering. The woman groaned, a hopeless, shuddering groan, but made no move to stop him. Mori's big hand fumbled at the straw and turned it back.

"Ala mah!" he exclaimed, and did not believe what he saw.

He forgot the woman to take the bundle in his hands and look at it again. It was filled with rice shoots—the young, tender, vibrant green of rice shoots.

Mori rolled a clump in his hand and felt it, wonderingly. His fingers pressed and prodded in the way they had not pressed and prodded for two years. It was good rice. Yes, spongy in the roots and brittle in the stalk. It was good rice. It would grow well. He picked it up and laid it down, separating,

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those dikes, to tighten them so the water would lie full and deep.

The woman stood and watched, not afraid now, just watching. She brought a mattock and put it in his hands as he straightened the rice rows, and then stood and watched his hard, broad torso bend to the rhythm of the strokes he knew.

She came with an earthen pot of tea and little cakes that were sweet and held them for him. Mori dropped the mattock and came to sit on the bank. He wiped his face in the grass, and drank the tea, and laughed a little.

When the first shadow fell on the paddy, Mori looked up at the sky, and remembered. He wiped the mattock and took it to the house, the little mud-brick house close by a pomegranate tree with red blossoms reaching out like thin tongues of flame. He went to the brook and lay in it, letting the clear water sluice the mud from his body, and then he got into the harsh garments he had laid aside.

WITH his hands Mori talked to the woman again. He pointed to the sun and held up four fingers to show her he would return in four days.

She nodded, showing no fright, but questioning. Mori could not answer these questions, not even in his own language could he answer them. He only felt that he must come again. So he bowed in the bow of his country; and the woman who did not know this bow knew he had not harmed her and her child and the old grandmother, and tried to give the bow back. And when she bent too far, and jerked up to keep from toppling, she laughed a small laugh with him.

Mori looked again at her before he turned into the tunnel. Her eyes were very big.

And he came again in four days.

The woman was washing in the brook when Mori stepped out of the tunnel. She jumped up and stood stiffly for a moment, watching the tunnel mouth for other soldiers coming through; and when they did not she turned to watch Mori cross the yard and come to her side.

In his pockets he brought broad beans. He scooped them out with his hands and held the hard white kernels before her. For planting they were, and he pointed to the sunny patch where he would put them. She thanked him with a wondering smile.

But he could not tell her how he had scraped them up from the floor of the commissary truck, so he reached in another pocket to bring out a roll of wire, a leather thong, and a cutting knife. Her eyes grew very big at the richness of these things.

Mori went on across the brook. He took off his uniform as he had done before, and then just stood looking—at the shimmer of many greens, at the red of pomegranate blossoms, and at the flutter of slender white birds. But he did not speak. He had no words for the feelings of these things. He only filled his lungs with a quick, glad breath.

Soon he went to the paddy. He saw the young rice pushing up in the sun. Yes, it was strong; it was good.

He paced the dikes and saw that they held. He measured the water with his eyes and knew there must be more. So he set himself to mend the water wheel. He fastened the blades with the wire he had, and with his knife he cut new bamboo spokes and fitted them where they should be, until the wheel was turning and lifting water up from the brook into the paddy.

When the woman came with the tea, Mori was lacing splints into a rake that was like a bear's claw. She watched the way his hands moved, quicker than hers, and sure. And the boy came, too, and sat beside them, and helped with the

lacing. Mori's eyes strayed again and again to the little-boy hands.

Suddenly, Mori put down the rake, and with his knife cut a small round of bamboo. He scooped it and trimmed it and pierced it just so while the boy watched him. He fitted a reed into a hole and tied it there with a hair. It was a whistle and Mori laughed when he gave it to the boy. The boy blew it and they heard the thin warble of a bird, sweeter by far than the call of the slender white birds above.

They went together to the patch where the beans would grow—Mori pulling and tearing at the weeds, the woman raking, and the boy running through the rows blowing his bird song.

Not that day, but another day Mori whittled in the sun to make a cricket cage, and then hunted crickets in the grass with the boy. They hung the cage in the shade behind the house and sat through the minutes until the tiny choristers began their eerie chantey.

So the short spring went on, those precious days when Mori didn't stand duty in the barracks, when Mori lied and sneaked to get away from his bunk mates, when he took the long road up the valley and doubled back to hide in the bushes near the tunnel mouth to be sure no one followed him.

He mended the thatch on the house, he spliced the well rope when it broke. He did all the things a man does. And one afternoon he took the woman's hand and went with her through the bamboo grove. In the grass beyond, he drew her to him. She did not pull back. She was content.

Mori heard the stories, though, that were running through the barracks. Guerrillas in the upper valley, guerrillas in the lower valley, guerrillas swooping down from the hills at dawn, guerrillas creeping into a village to fire a barracks in the heavy hours of night. . . . New troops came marching in, and word went round the regiment would move that very day against the guerrilla stronghold two valleys distant.

That very day, that very day. . . . Mori counted the time on his fingers. Could he get to the farm? Could he slip out for his little farewells and get back in time? He went. It took cunning and stealth, but he had cunning and stealth for such a little thing.

ning and stealth, but he had cunning and stealth for such a little thing.

Out on the road Mori heard the roar of bombers coming up from the lower valley. They came in two files, flying low, fanning the hills on either side with their deadly flight. Mori knew what it was then, for Mori had seen their bombers do the trick in other valleys, pounding and pounding to drive the scattered guerrillas back to their stronghold, back where the troops with heavy guns could fall upon them this night.

Then suddenly Mori was afraid. Bombers here! Bombers looking down into the teacup valley! He saw the one bomber fly out from the others, fly out over the little hills and let his cargo go. Mori felt the bump, and slowly, slowly saw the dust rise up like a giant mushroom.

He knew, even though he began to run, that the tunnel was gone, choked, filled, covered with earth and rocks. And when he saw that it was, he climbed up over the earth and rocks, up, up, scrambling, clinging, clawing, but always up over the high hill.

He stood on the rim and looked down. He dashed the mist from his eyes, and then wiped them slowly, for they were wet, and looked again to see if any part of that green was left.

He saw a hideous hole, gaping with stones and dead earth. There was no living thing in it—no house, no brook, no tree, no woman, not even the splintered green of young rice. Empty dust lay everywhere.

A BUGLE blew back in the barracks. Mori heard its clear message, and his feet shuffled to obey. In the moving he raised his head somehow to stare at the sky where the bomber had been, for he was thinking of bombers . . . bombers, soldiers, guns, killing and destroying, blotting out growing things, wasting the good, green rice. . . . Mori raised his two arms in a screaming curse.

Then the bugle sounded again. Its clear call cut into Mori's consciousness, and he lowered his arms. His body moved in the chains of obedience. Down the hill he went, down the scarred path, down, down, to do the thing he was told to do.



**"I simply can't go on living without him,
but I'm going to try not to let it bother me"**

JOHN A. RUGE

Tough as Whitleather

Continued from page 12

run his string to thirteen when he slipped back to his lines in the frosty twilight of January seventh. A Choctaw sentry stopped him and Mister Plunkett gave the password: "Fight on." It was just about all the English the Indian understood.

Mister Plunkett ate his burgoo and drank his ration of Monongahela whisky and then slipped back through the lines to his post on the edge of the cypress woods, less than twenty yards from the open field. The sun turned red and ran down behind the Mississippi. Blood on the sun, the Choctaws said. The night had a thousand smells and sounds. Mister Plunkett could smell spicy food from Lacoste's campfires, greasy food from the Dirty Shirts' camp and fine coffee from the charcoal burners of Lafitte's men. Smuggled coffee. He heard somebody singing *Chant du Depart*. A Dirty Shirt shouted, "Dry up, you bloody monsieurs. You ain't dead yet." The Negro freemen began wailing their voodoo rites.

Mister Plunkett was lonely for one of the few times in his life and there was a strange feeling in his heart, a tugging. He didn't understand it, or try to understand it. All of these were Americans, too. What a conglomeration! But it was a comforting thought. If he got into trouble, an American comrade would come and help him. Maybe a Creole, a Kaintuck, a Chock Flathead, a freeman . . .

The British campfires glowed red down toward Chalmette House. They were shouting down there and probably drinking good rum. The king's men got better liquor than the Americans. A Tennessee scout answered Mister Plunkett's challenge and slipped into the woods. "Hell's a-bornin'," he whispered. "Ned Pakenham is having a powwow with all his generals. The Red Coats are drinking extra rations. That means a fight. I'm heading for Andy."

Another scout reported that the British were making fascines of cane stalks to get across the ditches.

TOWARD midnight, Mister Plunkett was relieved at his post and was told to report to Jackson. He found the general reclining on a couch, an old coat around him. Mister Plunkett thought he was a ghost. He looked as though a breeze would blow him away. Jackson got up and offered his hand. "Been hearing a lot about you. Glad to shake your hand, Mister Whitleather."

"Name's Whitlock Plunkett, but Whitleather is close enough."

"Take twelve Flatheads and worry the enemy. Don't let 'em sleep this night."

Mister Plunkett turned to go and Jackson tossed him a strip of whitleather in which was tied nineteen knots. "It's easier to untie a knot every time you get a man than to tie one. Saves time."

"Haden't thought of that," Mister Plunkett said. "Good idea, but I've already started my way and ain't no use of changing. I'll keep the whitleather, if you don't mind. No need of wasting it."

He and the Choctaws crawled to the British lines and the Indians tomahawked two pickets. Mister Plunkett fired into the first campfire he saw and wounded a Creek Red Stick. He made no attempt to kill the man. He wanted only to keep him out of the fight. He had no grudge against the Creeks and saw no need of wasting life. Later he shot a Spaniard, a deserter from Pensacola, in the gun arm.

The Choctaws and a few marauding Dirty Shirts kept the British nerves on

edge and the weary, bewildered Red Coats were not given an opportunity to close their eyes. They complained bitterly of the Americans' unorthodox tactics. Their officers assured them they could not expect civilized treatment from a rabble of Dirty Shirts. The Yankees didn't understand the rules of war. They didn't know that war was a business for gentlemen.

Mister Plunkett got back to his lines by one o'clock, just as Jackson had his men aroused. "You've slept enough," Jackson said. A half gill of raw whisky was issued and the Americans stood to. A fog, thick as cream, rolled up. Mister Plunkett went to the edge of the woods and waited.

HE COULD see the dry space between the cypress and ditches. An army coming through that way would be like a bull walking down a church aisle. Jackson had the opening covered by four batteries. Directly behind the batteries were Carroll's Tennesseans and Adair's Kentuckians. Behind them were recruits armed with rusty Spanish *escopetas*, and behind the recruits were the Dragoons, ready to ride to the left, through the woods and into the British rear.

The Southerners built small fires to warm their hands, but Mister Plunkett wasn't cold. There was a nip in the air. This would be called spring weather back home. Mister Plunkett heard a stir in the American lines. It was three A. M. and Jackson was visiting the batteries. Mister Plunkett heard Jackson speak to a boy: "Joe, how are they using you? Wouldn't you rather be back home with Aunt Lucy than with me?"

The boy said, "Not by a damned sight."

The general said, "Stick to 'em, Joe." Some of the men laughed. The laughter was not merry, but hoarse and strained. The Dirty Shirts never admitted it, but they had a great deal of respect for those Britishers out yonder. Mister Plunkett didn't have any respect for anybody who would shoot holes in hides, wasting hides, powder, lead and the time it took to shoot.

At six o'clock on Sunday morning, Mister Plunkett sniffed the fog. It would clear in an hour. He knew fog. A pale light broke in the east and Mister Plunkett saw the British lines. They had come up during the night. He saw about seven hundred Red Coats crossing the river to assail Morgan's men on the other side. He saw Keane with twelve hundred men preparing to attack up the east bank of the river. General Gibbs had twenty-one hundred men near the edge of the woods. A regiment of West Indian Negroes were ready to strike through the woods, and Lambert had fourteen hundred in the middle of the field to be used where needed most. Mister Plunkett grunted. That was a lot of men.

He scarcely was able to make out the form of the British soldier who was standing at ease in his line near the woods. He could see the red jacket. Mister Plunkett straightened and brought his gun to his shoulder. His rifle was so long that he had to throw back his right shoulder to handle it and he stood in what military men called an awkward position. He closed his eyes, then opened them quickly to steady his sight. It was the longest shot he had ever made.

He took a deep breath, then allowed his breath to slip back into his throat. That steadied him. He drew his bead and fired. He saw the man stumble and

SOMEONE OUGHT TO TELL HER ABOUT RY-KRISP

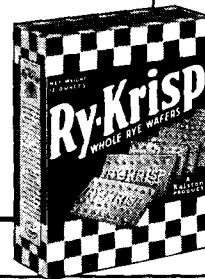


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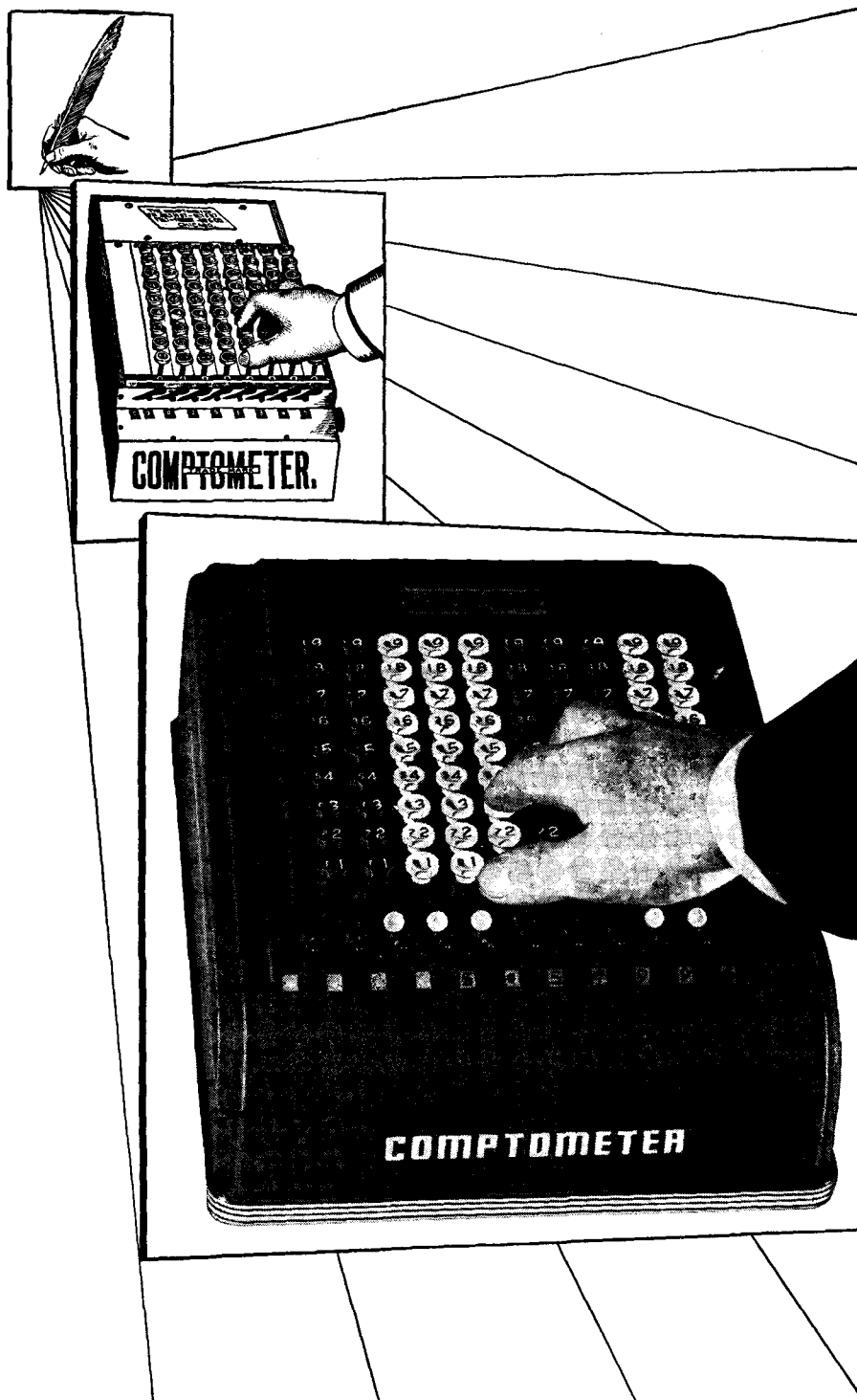
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Does your throat feel prickly when you swallow—due to a cold? Benefit from Luden's special formula. Contains cooling menthol that helps bring quick relief. Don't suffer another second. Get Luden's for that "sandpaper throat!"



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PROGRESS AND PROFITS

There's more to the caption of this advertisement than alliteration.

There's the fact that, in almost every instance, those business and industrial concerns which are quickest to recognize progressive change, and adapt themselves to it, are the concerns which show the highest profits.

There's the fact that yesterday's production methods are almost as obsolete as yesterday's military tactics. And that goes for figure-work production methods—where progress has been less spectacular but no less real.

Comptometer methods are an integral part of "Comptometer Economy" in the handling of vital figure work. They are as modern as the new Model M Cushioned-Touch Comptometer. Together, methods and machine handle *more figure work in less time at lower cost.*

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.

was tying the fourteenth knot in his rawhide when a messenger ran out from the lines and commanded, "Hold your fire! Old Andy said hold your fire!"

"I shoot 'em when I see 'em," Mister Plunkett said. "Tell him that."

The Choctaws began picking off Red Coats and Jackson fumed. The Indians didn't understand his profanity and thought he was praising them, so they advanced into the woods to surprise the West Indian Negroes.

A rocket soared from the British lines, whining at first, then whistling. It exploded in a burst of blue. Another signal rocket exploded near the river. Mister Plunkett filled his mouth with rifle balls, crammed greasy patches into his shirt. The durned fools were announcing their attack. Drums rolled a charge and the fog lifted as though the drums had beat it away. The field was a carpet of frost. Mister Plunkett had seen so many beautiful things in his life that he was hard to impress, but this sight took his breath; blue-and-silver rockets bursting, cannon belching red, drums rolling and Red Coats marching in perfect precision across a carpet of silver. They were almost too pretty to shoot, Mister Plunkett thought as he drew a bead. . . .

JACKSON was standing on the ramparts near Carroll's men, a walking stick tucked under his arm. Major General Gibbs, on a black horse, led his men into the narrow pass by the woods. The Americans loaded their cannon with grape, bits of chains, slugs, anything that would scatter. They aimed point-blank at the Red Coats and opened fire.

The smoke from the big guns spoiled Mister Plunkett's aim and Jackson sent word that the cannon should be cooled to give the riflemen a chance. The British ranks closed and the Americans waited until they were within two hundred yards. Jackson nodded to his riflemen and stepped down from the ramparts. Mister Plunkett had drawn his bead, but the first row of Red Coats went down before he could fire.

The Seventh Fusiliers moved in and Mister Plunkett got his fifteenth man. The Dirty Shirts worked in relays, one line stepping to the ramparts to fire, while their comrades loaded. The Fusiliers withered. The ranks looked like a currycomb with half the teeth broken. The British column melted into a skirmish line. Major General Gibbs urged his men to push on with the bayonet. The men in the front ranks quailed, a strange thing for British veterans to do. They turned toward the rear and threw the column into confusion. General Pakenham rode up to rally the men. A rifle ball smashed his arm and the column retreated out of range to reform. Mister Plunkett had fired three times, but wasn't sure he had got his sixteenth man. He put the rawhide thong on a bush. It was too much trouble to take it from around his neck every time he killed a man. During the respite he tied knot number fifteen.

The praying Ninety-third Highlanders, every man a six-footer, obliqued to support Gibbs. Keane gave the order and Colonel Dale commanded them.

Mister Plunkett's sixteenth man was a Scotsman. He loaded and primed again, waiting for the smoke to clear so he could get a shot. The Royal Scots Fusiliers and the Forty-third Monmouthshires charged with Pakenham leading them. General Gibbs was to the left of the front, waving his hat.

It was the hat that attracted Mister Plunkett. A man who waved his hat and yelled must be somebody important. A man who could afford such a pretty hat was bound to be a nabob. Mister Plunkett supported his rifle against a tree and aimed at the man's head. It was closer than good buck range. The hat fell

at the edge of the ditch. General Gibbs slumped in his saddle and his horse dashed to the woods, so close to Mister Plunkett that he could see the hole in the man's head. Then the general slipped from the saddle.

The Scots were riddled and were milling about in fatal confusion. Pakenham, Dale, Wilkinson and Gibbs were dead or dying. Keane was wounded and had lost his sword. Never before had so many officers been killed in so short a time.

The British were retreating. Mister Plunkett fired into the red mass, but he wasn't sure that he got a man. He moved his gun to the left and brought it to bear on the chest of a huge Scotsman, who was just standing there like a dumb ox, his head bowed. He was one of the praying Highlanders. If Mister Plunkett had known he was praying, maybe he wouldn't have shot him. But then maybe he would have. A man who would stop to pray in a fight might expect favors from God, but he wouldn't get any from Mister Whitlock Plunkett.

Pakenham's last order was that Lambert's reserves should charge, but Lambert knew it was foolish. The army was fleeing. A Highlander threw down his gun and picked up the body of Pakenham. Mister Plunkett started to shoot him. He'd be number nineteen, but he couldn't shoot an unarmed man. The Highlander took Pakenham's body to the rear and they put it in a keg of rum to preserve it.

Mister Plunkett rubbed the powder out of his eyes and scratched his chin. He didn't know the English were defeated. The fight had lasted less than half an hour. More than two thousand Britons were dead. The American dead totaled eight. As the enemy huddled like helpless sheep at the far end of the field, Mister Plunkett saw five hundred men get up suddenly and surrender. They had fallen prone to escape certain death.

MISTER PLUNKETT fingered his thong. He didn't have much more room, but needed only one more knot. The British would be back. They always came back. He tied the thong around his neck, leaned against a tree at his advanced outpost and waited. A Dirty Shirt brought him orders to report at headquarters. Mister Plunkett ignored the man. The courier told him the battle was over and Mister Plunkett stared at him, then swore softly and started walking down the field.

"You're headed the wrong way," the Dirty Shirt said. "Them's British down there."

"I need another man," Mister Plunkett said, and turned his cold, bloodshot eyes on the Tennessean. The Dirty Shirt was awed. Mister Plunkett's jacket was open at the throat despite the chilly weather and his bony chest was covered with mud and welts. The insects had been bad. His eyes were puffy and he scarcely could keep them open. He had been on his feet for forty-eight hours. "Batty," the Dirty Shirt muttered. "Plumb crazy as a loon. Powder crazy and blood mad."

"Who said the fight's done?" Mister Plunkett demanded.

"Old Andy. He wants to see you."

"I want to see him, too. I ain't ready to quit. Still shy a man." He moved away dragging his feet and reported to headquarters. Jackson was busy with a hundred details, but Mister Plunkett waited only a few minutes, then pushed an aide aside and went to the general. "Is it so?" He leaned over a table and his eyes bored into Jackson's.

Andy smiled at his staff and got up and shook hands. "It's true, Mister Whitteather. We beat 'em. Sit down. You look tuckered."

"Is it over?"

"Yes, thank God—"

"I'm shy a man. Only got eighteen. Can't go home until I get nineteen. The boys will josh me."

General Jackson offered him a drink of brandy and pushed aside the important papers before him. "Well, say now, that's a problem. You said you'd get nineteen and a man's got to keep his word. Maybe I can help you. I believe you shot General Gibbs. That's why I sent for you. From where I was standing it looked like you got him. Mighty fine piece of work."

"I don't know him," said Mister Plunkett.

"He was waving a hat."

"Oh, that fellow." Mister Plunkett accepted a cigar and began chewing it. "Guess I got him. Mind you, I ain't bragging. Some of the other boys were shooting, too, but I'm taking credit for him." He pointed to knot number seventeen. "That's him."

General Jackson glanced at his officers, but didn't smile. "It seems to me, Mister Whitteather, a general's hide should count for two. That'll give you nineteen."

MISTER PLUNKETT shook his head. "Nope. One man's hide is just like another. It ain't so with animals. A beaver is worth more than a coon. But with men, one hide ain't no different from another."

The general rubbed his long face. "That's right, I reckon. I see your point. I have a report that you wounded a Creek and a Spaniard. Did you count them? Seems they could count for a half each."

"They don't count." Mister Plunkett was distressed. "I'll never be able to face the boys back home. You hadn't ought to have called off the fight so soon."

"I reckoned you had your nineteen by then. It's too bad, Mister Whitteather. You never will get another chance at the British."

Mister Plunkett glanced from one face to another and muttered, "I came a long ways, too."

"More than two thousand miles," Jackson said and pointed to a map on his table. "I'm writing the War Department about you."

Mister Plunkett didn't hear the general mention the War Department. He was staring at the map. He couldn't read. "Where is Maine?"

The general pointed to Maine, then to New Orleans, and Mister Plunkett whistled. "I did come a right smart way, didn't I? And all that's United States. Big, ain't it?"

General Jackson nodded his head and the other officers nodded, too. Mister Plunkett continued to look at the map, fascinated. "If I come two thousand miles, reckon I can go two thousand more. Lot of things I want to see." He lowered his voice. "I ain't bragging. I'm a moderate man and never lie. You don't have to believe me, but I saw some strange things coming down here. I saw a man take a bath in a tub. I saw a man wash his teeth. I swear it. I saw a woman in a silk dress and the people said she was a good woman. I want to see some more things." He took his rawhide thong and put one end of it on the map at New Orleans and the other end at Eastport. Then he swung the thong around in a quarter circle. "Who owns the land out there? Is it still the United States?"

"That's right," the general said. "Nothing out there much except mountains and Indians and a lot of fresh air. No folks."

Mister Plunkett got up and reached for his rifle. "Well, there's going to be. I'm aiming that way. I'm grateful for the time you gave me."

General Jackson walked with him to the door. "You know your own mind, but we'd be mighty proud to have you settle down here. We are God-fearing people. Liberty-loving, sovereign, humble before God, but proud before men."

Mister Plunkett thanked him. "I'll get on. I don't hold to all that talk about liberty. I don't understand all them big words and I don't believe nothing I don't understand. All I want is a place where I can go and come as I please, say what I want to. Maybe I'll get me a woman out there."

General Jackson shook his hand again and smiled at his officers as Mister Plunkett walked away.

An aide spoke up without being spoken to: "He's a crazy old coot, eh, Andy?"

The general returned to his reports. He looked at his map and then up at his men. "No, gentlemen, he's not crazy. He knows what liberty is. I hope he has a raft of children and a multitude of grandchildren. I won't worry about my liberty in that case or about the liberty of our great-great-grandchildren."

Good salesmen are good at figures



Here's one worth figuring out!

DIVIDE the total cost of your last sales trip by the number of customers visited. (One company found this average cost to see a customer was about \$9.)

Now average what it would have cost you to *telephone* each customer before you started for his town.* (The same company computed the average cost of such calls at approximately 75c.)

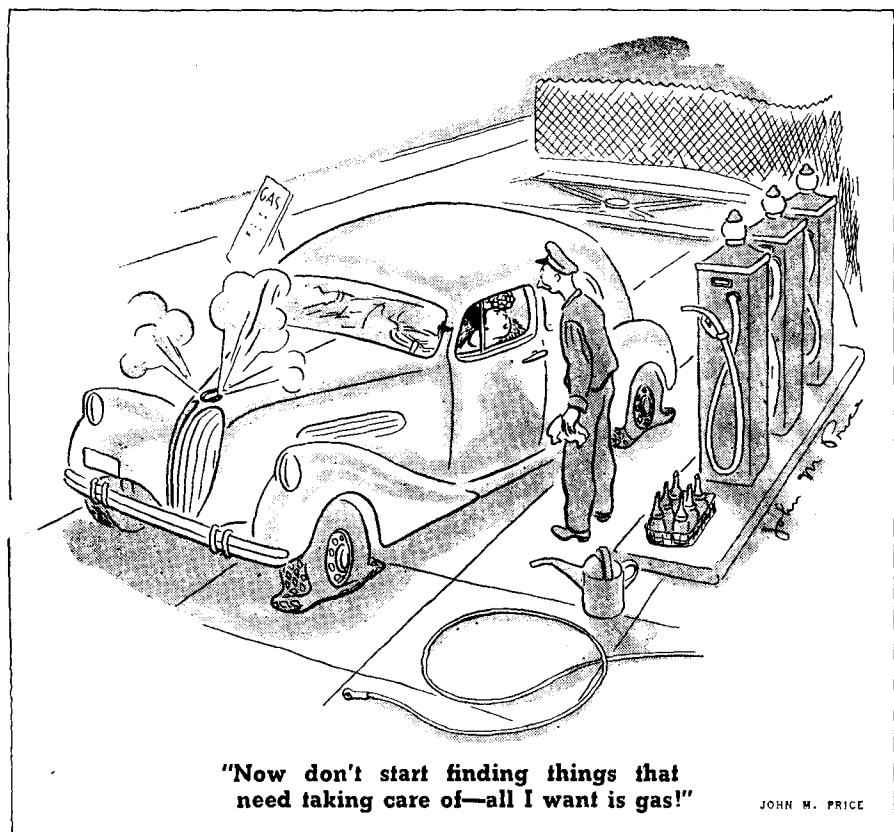
Your figures may be quite different, but the principle stays the same.

If the Long Distance call tells you your customer is tied up or away, you save the expense of a visit!

If you find out he is available, you can make a definite appointment, avoid a long lobby-wait, and have time for more visits per day.

Either way, it's a doggoned good investment!

* Many rates are shown on the inside front cover of most directories.



"Now don't start finding things that need taking care of—all I want is gas!"

JOHN M. PRICE

Safer Safety Pins

A DULUTH doctor's invention, described as a safety pin that really is safe, is being put into production by the Minnesota Homecrafters, a protégé of the Minnesota Department of Education.

This pin, it is averred, can't spring open by itself. Hence, if a baby swallows it there is no danger of its opening up and puncturing the poor little rabbit's liver or lights. It can be opened and shut with one hand (try to do that with the ordinary small safety pin), and it is not easily bent out of shape.

The report sets us wondering how many other articles in common use could be greatly improved but simply aren't.

Shoelaces are still hard to dub into men's shoes, though most laces wear better than they once did. All the brands of our favorite remedy that we know of come in containers whose tops habitually break finger nails. The same is true of various other packaged drugs.

Pen and pencil clips have at long last arrived at a point where they will hold your pen or pencil in your pocket as grimly as a lady holding her stance at a bargain counter. But they still gradually gnaw your pocket edge into shreds—unless we've missed something.

And so on. Maybe we're wrong; but it does seem to us that anybody who will perfect a basic improvement in one of a hundred or so everyday items will make himself some well-earned money and the human race will be distinctly happier.

Keep the Draft Democratic

WE DON'T overwork the words "shocking," "appalling" and "outrageous" on this page, because we don't shock, appall or outrage easily.

We were shocked, though, by the demand of Mayor F. H. LaGuardia of New York City that his policemen and firemen be granted draft deferments as indispensable public servants.

Few of these men will ever be called for military service, except in an emergency, because the great majority of them have dependents or are over the draft age. The move, plainly and baldly, is one to make a privileged group out of certain public servants. It is therefore undemocratic, and it is dangerous.

Begin by exempting this group, and where shall we wind up? Answer: by exempting members of every group that can organize enough pressure to scare the politicians into pricking another hole in the draft law.

If draft-eligible policemen and firemen are indispensable, why aren't postmen and street cleaners likewise; and schoolteachers, public-building janitors, court stenographers, bookkeepers in city auditors' offices? How about dogcatchers and justices of the peace?

And why stop at public servants? Isn't it said every day that practically all industries are key industries in modern war? Then why not exempt all workers in such industries? Why not simply limit the draft levies to unemployed, reliefers and wealthy young idlers, and too bad about the intelligence and physiques.

The fact is that we face an emergency that is testing the power of democracy to go on existing in this world. We'll meet that emergency with all-out measures or we'll invite disaster.

TO GREECE AND RETURN

WHATEVER comes hereafter, the Greeks in 1940 A. D. have shown themselves to be of the same breed as Leonidas' thousand of 480 B. C. who held the pass at Thermopylae till all but one were killed.

Koritza, Konitza, Pogradec, Porto Edda, Argyrokastron—by these signposts the tale of Italy's trip to Greece and return can be read. The glory that the Greeks gathered there will not be dimmed by any reaction that may come. The most probable reaction at this writing is a large-scale spring offensive by Mussolini & Co., possibly with German help, and it is hard to see how Greece's ultimate chances can be any better than were those of Finland last winter.

There's a fighting chance, though, that it may turn out that way. After forty days of Greek victories in Albania, and after the British crippling of Mussolini's navy at Taranto, a British drive suddenly cut loose in North Africa against Marshal Graziani's forces, which had set out for the Suez and settled down near Sidi Barrani.

It may just happen that the British will be able to knock Italy out of the war before spring. If they do, they'll probably blast Mussolini, inventor of Fascism, out of the Chigi Palace. Aside from some serious mishap to Mr. Hitler himself, that would be the most deadly blow that statism could suffer at this time.

Such a liberation of the Italian people seems almost too much to hope for, so soon. And yet . . . the P. S. to the Thermopylae slaughter was the Battle of Salamis. At Salamis the Greek navy smashed the Persian navy of Xerxes. At Plataea, a year later, the Greeks blitzed the biggest of all the Persian efforts to conquer Western democracy for Oriental statism.

It's foolish to make flat predictions these days. We'll just note the fact, though, that, while history doesn't always repeat, neither does it always fail to repeat.





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